Feed me your hate.

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Feed me your hate.

by Helena_lecter11

Summary

Will knew who The Ripper was, but even when his mind knew all along, he was too blind to see the danger stalking him, watching him from every corner, craving for him. William has to fight his own mind and push himself to every limit to see the truth behind the lies, to see who Hannibal really is. Will he see it in time? Or will he blind himself more and more, lost in denial and in those things he won't dare to admit? Hannibal will manipulate fate and circumstances and William will have to face the Ripper all alone, breathe in Hannibal's hell and hope not to get burnt to ashes while Hannibal has to battle his own demons and deal with the fact that perhaps... Only eating Will might not be enough.

Notes

Hi there! Before you read this, I want to point out a few things first. This is my first fanfic and English isn't my first language so... You WILL find mistakes in this fanfic. I just hope the plot makes it worth the trouble of reading my grammatical disaster xD I'm so sorry for that.

With that being said... If you love angst (lots and lots of it), sexual tension and very twisted messed up plots with gore, smut and psychology torture... Well, you're in the right place ;)

I must warn you... You will find raw things such as torture, gore, probably rape, psychological torture and everything messed up you can possibly think of except for animal abuse (I'm a softy for animals).

Also, this is a slow burn plot :3 so be patient, but I promise, if angst is what you're searching for, it will worth it.

Please let me know in the comments what do you think. Nothing keeps me writing more than reading your lovely comments ^_^

-Something is screaming at the back of my head-

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Feed me your hate

Chapter one

Something is screaming at the back of my head

The door from Dr. Lecter's office opened. His psychiatrist was there waiting for him with a polite smile, wearing one of his very fine and insanely expensive suits, perfectly tailored to enhance his elegant figure. Not even one hair was out of place.

Hannibal gazed at Will, who was the exact opposite. Messy curls fell on his forehead. His sweater was probably not even William's size. His head slightly tilted down as if protecting himself from that so annoying eye contact. Small black circles below his eyes contrasted those shaphire jewels, the clear sign of a bad night.

"Please, come in." Hannibal said and steeped to a side to allow the smaller man to step in.

Will nodded and walked past Hannibal.

"You came a little earlier." Hannibal points out as he lifts his sleeve to look at his watch for less than a second. He didn't need to look at his watch at all. He knew perfectly well the exact time already.

"Yes..." Will sighed and shrank his shoulders, "I thought it would be wiser to lose my head at my psychiatrist's office rather than home alone." he spoke quietly, eyes avoiding Hannibal's as much as possible.

A brow raised on Hannibal's forehead even though he wasn't surprised at all.

"Wiser indeed. Please, sit."

Hannibal's hand pointed at the couch closer to Will before pacing to his own seat. He crossed his legs elegantly and laced his fingers over his lap whilst his back rested on the backrest.

"You said you came here to 'lose your head'." he paused and waited for Will to take his seat.

The younger man sat and sighed, shaky fingers reaching his eyelids to rub them behind his glasses.

"Tell me. What makes you think you're 'losing your head', Will?"

"What do you think it's making me lose my head?" William retorted with a crooked smile.

"Swimming in Charon's water may make you feel like you're losing your mind. You're alive while you breathe death, until death begins to fill you. Not feeling like you're losing your mind would be more preoccupying for it would mean you're accepting death while you're still breathing without the necessary process. You're struggling only because you need to understand life and death are two faces of one same coin. One can't exist without the other." Hannibal explained.

His dark eyes were fixed on Will's but what he was actually watching with his peripheral sight was how the younger man's hands were shaking, how his legs would keep bouncing frantically and how his lips just won't stop shivering.

Beautiful.

"I think I-I've seen too much death already. One thing is to observe. A whole different thing is to pull the trigger and *see* death." William mumbled quietly.

There was something amusing about watching William in such distress. Something intoxicating. Something Hannibal could never have enough of.

"Jack's sent you down the rabbit hole without warning you on how deep it would go. He borrowed your imagination until you began to dig further down that rabbit hole yourself once you reached the bottom. How deep will you get... That escapes even me." Hannibal kept insisting on the 'it's Jack's fault' thing. He knows it isn't entirely Jack's fault. Knows Will is a grown up man responsible of his own acts. But putting everyone against everyone is simply too tempting not to push the pieces until someone crumbles.

Curiosity killed the cat. Hannibal never happens to be that cat.

Will frowned and bit his lower lip with narrowed eyes, "Are you trying to put me against Jack, Dr. Lecter?" he paused and shifted in his seat feeling the couch not so comfortable all of the sudden, "I went down the rabbit hole because I can think like the damn rabbit. And there's a very fat one on the loose." he added quietly but ocean eyes full of conviction finally met Hannibal's cold unreadable ones.

"I just want what's best for you, Will. If you're going to lose yourself in order to catch someone else, then what you would lose is much more important than hunting a rabbit."

Silence filled the place for very elastic seconds. Perhaps even minutes.

Will's face began to shift, contort in something very similar to physical pain. And oh, Hannibal just loves the sight.

"I can't let the Chesapeake Ripper go away. I-I just can't. But the closer I get the lower I sink. I..." William sighed shakily and took off his glasses with a trembling hand, "I feel like I'm fading. Changing."

"Everything is in constant change. It tends to chaos or it tends to evolution. Sometimes even both. Being afraid of breaking out of the chrysalis is a natural thing to feel, Will. Remaining inside the chrysalis forever is what's not natural." Dr. Lecter explained.

Will remained in silence for very long seconds before licking his lower lip, a frown forming on his forehead as he gazes at the other.

"Are you suggesting me to 'let it flow', Dr. Lecter? To allow these changes happen to me without worrying about what they may mean? What may come out from the chrysalis?" He spatted for he found Hannibal's suggestions lacking of ethics.

"I'm suggesting you not to crumble within the chrysalis. Not to chain yourself up as if you were some kind of beast. Enjoy killing another person isn't wrong when the circumstances and reasons were what led you to that. Letting yourself fall apart because you did the right and necessary thing to do is. You're simply evolving. And evolving may include chaos sometimes." Hannibal paused and tilted his head before taunting the other, "You can always pull away. Leave Jack's wonderland of death and move back to your old life as a teacher." Hannibal just knew Will would retort that.

"That isn't an option, Dr. Lecter. Not when I've come so far."

Hannibal's lips curled up as he leaned forward on his seat.

"Then let me help you break out from the chrysalis. Let me help you get as far as you want me to through the rabbit hole."

Chapter End Notes

Hi guys! This will be a slow burn fanfic. I promise I will update frequently.
Please let me know what you think in the comments! I'm a rookie at this xD
And please excuse my very poor English. As I said. It isn't my first language.

The ballroom masquerade

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter two

The ballroom masquerade

Jack was sitting on his desk looking at some paperwork with little to no interest. Just killing time before his three musketeers would arrive to his office. The door opened and his eyes sparkled with fresh enthusiasm.

“Alana. Please, come in. This concerns you as well.” Jack welcomed the woman with a sincere smile.

Her white dressing shirt caressed her figure perfectly, enhancing her delicate soft skin. A scarlet skirt revealed her perfect long legs proudly standing on a pair of high stilettos of the same color. She sat on one of the empty chairs in front of Jack’s desk, crossing her legs gracefully.

“I’m curious… what was so important to call me so early in the morning?” Alana asked with a brow arching on her forehead.

“It’s better if we wait for-…“ Jack stopped once the door opened again.

"Ah… Dr. Lecter. Will. Please, have a seat.” The enthusiasm in Jack’s voice was almost tangible.

Dr. Lecter nodded politely and entered the office followed by William who simply adjusted his glasses. Hannibal sat in the middle next to Alana. Will moved his chair a little less closer from Hannibal’s before he finally sat down, ocean orbs looking everywhere except eyes.

“Well…?” Alana insisted, curiosity evident in her eyes.

Jack smirked, both brows arching up with a subtle smugly look on his face.

“Would you like to join me on a ballroom masquerade dance?” Jack asked and his smirk only grew wider.

“W-what?!” Will snapped and finally looked at Jack in the eyes. Alana’s face personified confusion while Hannibal’s personified a perfect poker face. Jack let a few seconds of silence between just to build up more suspense.

“There's a ballroom dance coming soon, a masquerade. It is meant just for professionals of medicine. And not any professional. Just ones from high society. And since the Chesapeake Ripper has proven to have vast knowledge about surgical cuts at least… and since it would be a masquerade…” Jack explained but the other’s remained in silence.

“Come on! Do the math.” Jack said almost disappointed at the lack of interest the others shown.

“You want us to go to a ballroom dance wearing masks to see if we can magically sense who the Chesapeake Ripper is, if he's even there at all?” Will said quietly and Hannibal had to force himself not to smirk at that.

Jack sighed and shot a deadly glare at William, "Yes. That’s precisely what I want you to do.”

Alana’s lips were already curled up for at least for her the whole thing may sound odd but also like... fun. Something not very common to find on the field she works at.

“Sounds reasonable to me.” Hannibal said. Of course he would like the idea. How couldn’t he?

“Yeah… strange… but reasonable.” Alana added to Hannibal’s statement.

“Dr. Lecter. Would you be so kind to extend us an invitation since you’re quite a respected psychiatrist? Of course, under different identities.” Jack asked politely.

“I’d be more than pleased to help you.” Hannibal replied.

Will sighed and rubbed his eyes behind his glasses. He hates the idea of attending such party. Hates the idea of a party as a whole. At least a mask would make it easier for him to bear all that people in one same place.

“Are we really doing this? Is there any way I can possibly escape this such as… I don’t know, being hit by a truck the day before?” William said with a slightly breathy voice.

“Yes, Will. We are doing this. And no, you can’t skip the party by jumping in front of a damn truck.” Jack sighed himself this time, “I trust in Alana’s sense of fashion but, please Dr. Lecter, take care of Will’s outfit for this occasion so he would look… you know… a bit more… formal.”

If William’s eyes could shoot darts, they would’ve all landed on Jack’s face.

Will sighed as he looked out through the car window. Hannibal’s vehicle was probably more expensive than Will’s entire house itself. Unnecessary luxurious but he had to admit, also terribly comfortable.

“I couldn’t help but notice the frown on your face. Anything on mind Will?” Hannibal gazed at the other before turning eyes back to the road.

“I’m not very fond of parties. And definitely not very fond with the idea of someone else picking up my outfit.” His frown just grew wider. He hated the idea of Hannibal picking clothes for him like a damn kid.

Hannibal was thrilled by the idea of picking Will’s clothes.

“I understand it might upset you to be surrounded by many people. But Jack is right. There’s a high probability the man you’re looking for will be there. Judging by his handwork on the bodies his ability on the human flesh is quite outstanding. It’s quite possible he is a surgeon, or at least was one. This party gathers doctors from many fields, as well as doctors already on retirement.”

Autumn painted the streets with those wonderful shades of brown, orange and warm yellow. Wind made it seem as if leafs were gently snowing on the ground as Hannibal’s car navigates the avenues in search of his very specific tailoring shop.

William sighed loudly once more gazing at Hannibal from the corner of his eyes. The bastard even seemed to be enjoying himself quite a lot with the task Jack’s commended him with.

“I know Jack’s right and that there’s a chance for the Chesapeake Ripper to attend that party. With a very convenient mask, of course.” Will spoke quietly.

He hated to admit it, but the odds were enough to consider the whole operative plausible to be fruitful.

“I just… I… is-is it really than necessary for you to pick my clothes for me?” he protested.

“Jack appears to trust my aesthetics. If it helps you, I find nothing wrong with yours, Will. But you will very likely outstand among the other’s wearing what you usually wear.”

William frowned even more and shifted on his seat to keep looking through his window.

“He said he would borrow my imagination. Not use me like some wedding cake husband doll.” William mumbled mostly to himself.

“We can find many things way down the rabbit hole, Will.” He shot a smirk at William before he pulled the car over at the tailor’s shop front, “Here we are.”

Hannibal took the car keys in his pocket and stepped out of the car followed by Will who was clearly not enjoying even a second of this whole thing.

“Dr. Lecter! Such a pleasure to see you.” The tailor man welcomed Hannibal, “I’m Mr. Curtis. Who do I have the pleasure to meet this evening?” the middle-aged man offer William his hand to shake. Will paced around and slid his hands inside his pockets, avoiding the handshake and eye contact already. Mr. Curtis frowned and shrank his shoulders retrieving his hand but paid no mind.

“Will Graham.” He introduced himself quietly.

“I’d like a black three piece dressing suit. The shirt in shade of deep blue navy. Same fabrics as the last one requested please.” Hannibal asked politely.

“Of course. I just need the measurements. This way please.”

Mr. Curtis guided Hannibal and William to the back of the shop for more privacy. The back of the place was just as luxurious as the front. Walls of almost golden marble, shiny dark wooden floors, antique beautiful furniture, old paintings decoring those strong walls. Will couldn’t help but feel out of place.

“Mr. Graham,” the tailor man began, “I need you to remain only in underwear. Otherwise I can’t take proper measurements.” The poor man knew he would have a hard time working on Will’s frame. William remained silent for a moment and sighed. He took of his coat and placed it on a small stool before he turned his head to gaze at Hannibal.

“Dr. Lecter,” he bit the inside of his cheek and blinked a few times, annoyance glimpsing in his ocean eyes, “would you mind…?” he added quietly and gestured with a hand for Hannibal to turn around and give him more privacy.

“Certainly.” Hannibal’s lips curled up ever so slightly before turning around.

There was a portion of a mirror not completely eclipsed by that heavy red curtain. He smirked to himself once he noticed he could see Will’s reflection perfectly well through that small part of the mirror. William sighed and brushed his face, completely unaware of that mirror that betrayed his privacy. He took of his sweater and remained with his white sleeping tank top, revealing his strong arms, his delicate and well defined collarbones and his perfectly formed shoulder blades once he moved to a side to start working on his belt and zipper. His cheeks were slightly pink as he unzips his pants and pulls them down, placing the clothes on the stool to remain only in that white tank top and dark blue boxers.

Somehow, even though William had well outlined muscles, he seemed fragile, small, shy. A graceful creature. How innocent he seemed, how unaware of how much darkness he held withing.

Precious, precious boy.

Hannibal was mesmerized as he watches William through the mirror. Pupils growing wide as he devours the sight he was secretly admiring.

Mr. Curtis took the measurements as fast as he could, noticing how the young man tensed whenever his hands happened to brush the other’s skin as he works.

“All done. You can dress now.” The tailor man said with a polite smile that didn’t reach his eyes.

Will dresses as fast as possible, missing one button of his jacket on the rush.

“You can turn around now.” Will mumbled.

Hannibal turned around and noticed the mess the other did with the jacket's buttons and couldn't stop himself from curling up his lips. He paced towards William invading his personal space not even caring on giving explanations.

"W-what…?" Will mumbled and stopped once he saw Hannibal unbuttoning that mess and rebutton it properly, cheeks flushing because of his embarrassment. Hannibal simply raised an eyebrow in response as he tilts his head to a side. He did noticed that beautiful pink coloring the younger man's cheeks.

He always notices everything about Will.

Utterly adorable.

"The suit will be ready by Friday." Mr. Curtis said as the three of them headed back to the front door, "it was a pleasure as always, Dr. Lecter."

"Wait. How much do I owe you?" William interrupted as he pulled his wallet out of his pocket.

"Nothing. It has already been paid." The tailor man replied with a smile.

Already been paid? By Jack? No… Jack didn't know where was Hannibal buying the suit in first place.

"It was a pleasure to see you, Curtis." Hannibal said before placing his hand on Will's back to guide him out of the store. He noticed the frown on his face, the confusion and those cheeks only getting redder.

And he adored the view.

"Come, Will. Let me take you home. Don't worry about the suit. I'll drop it at your place on Friday."

"Are you… spoiling me, Dr. Lecter?" William asked with a huge question mark written on his every features.

"What is friendship without a little of 'spoil' anyway?" Hannibal smiled to himself and guided William back to his car.

Chapter End Notes

Told you I would update frequently xD
If you find any mistakes let me know. English isn't my first language.
Please let me know if you are liking it so far as well <3

Beauty behind the mask

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 3

Beauty behind the mask

It was 6pm. Freaking 6pm. That bloody ballroom masquerade was too close already and William had just noticed he had no mask at all. On his defense, Hannibal was the one with the duty of taking care of his outfit. Since it is a masquerade, the mask should be Hannibal's duty as well, right? Yet, they never spoke about the mask though and he would have to improvise one out of nowhere since Hannibal was already about to arrive to pick him up.

William sighed as he looked at his own reflection, shaky hands working on his tie. He had to admit to himself he looked quite… different. The suit Hannibal had ordered for Will made him look sophisticated. The perfectly tailored clothes enhancing his body's beauty in a way he's never seen before. His hips were delicately caressed by the fine fabrics. The waist of the shirt, the vest and the coat shown his perfect slim figure. The shoulders draw perfect rect angles accentuating his neck and posture. And even he had to admit himself once he turned around, his bottom looked quite good. His hair was combed backwards, only one single curl falling at one side of his forehead, ocean jewels more exposed than usual since nor those messy locks or his glasses were hiding them.

He searched through the drawers and found an old black tie. Perhaps he could cut small holes for the eyes and manufacture a very simple improvised mask that would probably ruin the whole outfit. But he needs a mask and that is better than nothing.

He paced towards the kitchen to find a pair of scissors. He already made one small circle on the tie when the door was knocked.

"I'm coming." Will sang. He whistle to his dogs to keep them quiet and paced to the front door to open it.

Hannibal always looks good. But now good was such a small world to describe the older man's aspect. He was wearing a very dark red three piece dressing suit, almost black. A burgundy shirt matched the darker colors, almost combining in an odd way with those dark

eyes of his. He looked much taller, his back bigger, the fabrics on his hips a little tighter than usual giving him such a gentlemanly yet teasing look.

How the hell does he manages to look that good?

Hannibal's eyes scanned William's figure. His pupils feasted on the sight. Will looked like some sort of 'prince of the night'. His body perfectly wrapped by those fine dark fabrics like a gift waiting to be unwrapped. That blue navy shirt matching those sapphires he has for eyes. His body looking so slender and elegant. Hair styled in a way that made him look like a whole different person. So elegant, so beautiful, so…

"Why are you holding a tie with a whole on it?" Hannibal couldn't help but to begin with that instead of a simple 'hello' that would've been much better. But that tie and the scissors on William's hands were too hard to ignore.

"I… um…" Will began, eyes teetering from side to side, "I don't have a mask. I was trying to create one." he mumbled quietly.

Hannibal's lips curled up slightly as he gazes at the other, raising a small bag he was holding all along and William didn't even notice until the other lifted it at his chest level.

"Nonsense. I have your mask right here." Hannibal said and handled the small bag to William.

Of course the man took care of that too. It's Hannibal. He wouldn't fail at the duty Jack commended him.

Will picked up the mask from the bag and placed the tie, the scissors and the bag on the table. Between his hands was now what seemed to be a very fine embroidered venetian eye mask with threads in shades of black and blue which design somehow resembled an odd rorschach inkbolt but in a very delicate way.

Will doesn't love the idea of wearing it but he had to admit it was way better than a destroyed old tie. Besides, the mask was undeniably beautiful.

"Try it on. I'm almost certain I picked the right colors for it to match your suit." Hannibal said as he closed the front door behind him.

William chew the inside of his cheek, eyes fixed on the delicate mask and then up to meet Hannibal's dark golden eyes.

"I… kinda feel a little…" Will inhaled deeply and licked his lips, "… stupid." He sighed out the last word.

"No reasons at all to feel such thing. It's a masquerade. You're supposed and expected to attend wearing a mask." Hannibal said and extended his hands closer to Will's and to the mask held by them, "may I?" Hannibal added and William nodded in response.

Hannibal's hands took the mask from Will's smaller hands, his knuckles brushing the other's palms as he does. He stood right behind William and looked at their reflection through the

mirror in front of them.

Hannibal's hands moved slowly to Will's face from behind, never breaking eye contact through the reflection on the mirror. He placed the mask on Will's face very gently as if the other was a fragile orchid. His fingers worked with the strings at the back of Will's head lacing a small bun to secure the mask. He leaned his lips closer to the younger man's ear still looking at those big blue eyes through the mirror.

If Will already looked like a small dark prince in that suit, then the mask only made him darker, much more mysterious, hypnotic. Like that very intriguing man everyone wants to dance with at a party from another era. The intricate and beautiful dark lines of the mask design made his eyes brighter, deeper, like true pieces of oceans shinning in the darkness. Hannibal was utterly mesmerized.

Such beauty could make devils cry and angels sin.

Will was very aware of the closeness. He could feel Hannibal's warmth. His breathing brushing his nape and neck. He could perceive the strong sweet-wooden scent of the other. His energy. His heart noticed the closeness as well since it began to beat a little faster.

"I must say… it looks perfect on you, Will." he paused and his fingers brushed the lines of the mask's design feeling Will's skin underneath it, "I've chosen the design myself. It's inspired by the rorschach inkbolt. A figure that can take any form depending on whose eyes fall on the figure. It adapts. Changes constantly assuming many realities at a time. A figure that can understand many minds but non of those minds would ever know what the picture really is." Hannibal spoke quietly. Almost a whisper that brushed a few hairs from Williams nape.

Shivers went down the younger man's spine as the other almost whispered those words so softly and so close to his ear, eyes closing for a second as he feels goosebumps threatening to invade his whole body. He couldn't tear his eyes from the reflection. From Hannibal's figure towering his from behind. From those dark eyes fixed on his through the reflecting glass.

And then he noticed his own cheeks. His damn cheeks were turning pink.

Will forced his eyes to abandon the mirror and turned around, making a step backwards to gain more personal space and perhaps lose some of that scandalous color painting his cheeks.

"I still feel stupid… I look stupid. Like a puppy wearing a costume except I lack the cuteness of a puppy to have an excuse to wear a costume in first place." William mumbled quietly, eyes looking down avoiding the other.

Did I just compared myself with a damn puppy? Does my stupidity knows any limits at all?

Hannibal's lips formed a genuine smile and a slight chuckle resonated against his lips. The man was usually serious or neutral so that little display of amusement caught Will's attention, making blue eyes grow bigger.

A puppy wearing a costume... Such an interesting concept to use on yourself.

“You lack nothing to be able to wear this, I assure you.” Hannibal said with a small smile.

Will had to avert his eyes from Hannibal’s once more as he sighed a chuckle, “Did you just called me ‘cute’, Dr. Lecter?”

“I’m only saying you really have no reasons at all to feel or think like you look stupid. I’m sure quite a few ladies won’t tear their eyes from you tonight.” Hannibal explained but didn’t denied what William said either.

Will’s eyes found Hannibal’s once more, inhaling deeply as a very slight smirk formed on his lips.

“As long as I get the Chesapeake Ripper's attention I’m satisfied. Catch him is all that matters tonight.” Will said.

Hannibal’s lips curled up even more at the sound of those words.

“If the Chesapeake Ripper happens to be there tonight at the ballroom masquerade, I can assure you, Will, you’ll have his attention.”

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter is already about the masquerade dance. I promise!
Please do tell me what you think of this on the comments... if you're liking this so far... Hating it... Anything xD
As always, please remember English isn't my real language. Also any corrections are welcomed :3

Death behind the mask

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 4

Death behind the mask.

The sun was far gone when they arrived that massive manor. The parking lot was almost full so they had to wander around for a while so Hannibal could find a place to park. Silence was stretching like melting plastic until William's voice broke it.

“Where’s your mask?” Will asked frowning and actually quite curious to see how Hannibal’s mask would look like.

“It’s on the backseat next to where I placed yours.” Hannibal replied.

William turned his head around to look at the backseat. He almost grumbled when he saw a bag next to his embroidery mask. He wanted Hannibal to have some scandalous mask so he could feel less stupid wearing his since he feels his very peculiar mask makes him look like some sort of fetish model for some perfume comercial.

Finally, Hannibal parked the car, both of them stepping out of the vehicle at the same time. Hannibal opened the backseat door and grabbed Will’s mask. He gazed at the other and made a very small smile as he offers William the mask.

“Do you need help to put this on? It wouldn’t be prudent to put on the mask just at the door. It's better if no one sees your face from the beginning.” Hannibal said.

He would really enjoy to hear Will asking for his help as much as he would enjoy watch him struggle to put on that thing by himself. Either way, he wins. And of course Will knew the other wanted him to ask for his help. But he won’t give him the pleasure.

He grabbed the mask from Hannibal’s hand, blue eyes looking at him almost defiantly but ended up looking more like an angry puppy rather than anything else.

“I can take care of it myself.” William said quietly.

He placed the mask on his face and his fingers began to work on the laces at the back of his head trying to make a knot but his curls just kept getting in between making the task almost impossible.

And Hannibal was deeply amused by it.

“And what about your mask, Dr. Lecter? You have to cover your face as well, don't you?” Will said almost annoyed, hating that smugly look on Hannibal’s face.

The older man was clearly enjoying himself watching Will fight with the mask.

“Right here.” Hannibal’s lips curled up a bit at William’s words.

He bended to reach the bag at the backseat and slid his hand inside to grab the mask before closing the backseat door and set the car’s alarm on. Will’s eyes laid on the exotic mask between Hannibal’s hand. It wasn’t precisely scandalous. On the contrary. It was grim in such a subtle and elegant way. Quite delicate, artistic and macabre at the same time.

Hannibal put on his mask and William couldn’t help but stare at the other. What seemed like an antique black mask covered half of Hannibal’s face and his whole forehead, like some sort of ‘Phantom of the Opera’ mask but in black and with two small pointy horns springing from the forehead. The devilish accessory really finished his look quite well.

Why does Dr. Lecter looks even better with that damn mask? Nothing in my life is fair.

“The Devil wears Prada?” William taunted Hannibal with a small smirk.

“Not Prada.” Hannibal answered with a small devilish smile that gave William the slightest of shivers, so subtle it faded from his body before he noticed he shivered in first place.

But Hannibal did noticed.

William forced his eyes away from the other's half hidden face and resumed his attempt on putting on that damn mask when he heard the unmistakable sound of feminine footsteps approaching.

"What a handsome pair I've found here.” Alana’s voice came from a short distance. She recognized William’s back and Hannibal’s front as she walked towards them.

“Dr. Lecter… You look really good.” Alana said cheerfully.

“That would be you. You look like the first rose of spring that has just bloomed.” Hannibal said with that very elegant chivalrous voice making the woman blush and hide her small shy smile.

Will had to stop himself from rolling his eyes.

The younger man turned around to face Alana and as soon as he saw her he froze, completely mesmerized.

She was wearing a long red wine dress that sparkled under the moonlight. The fine fabrics caressing her curves just perfectly. Just one leg was visible by a gentle cut on the dress, enhancing her height and fine figure. A delicate long cleavage exposed her collarbones and breastbone insinuating the inner sides of her breasts. Revealing, yet sophisticated. Just one black velvet coat covered some of her figure but still accentuated her hips quite well. An eye mask similar to a blindfold made of black silk was on her face making her eyes look even brighter and lips redder.

“You look so beautiful Alana.” William said quietly, almost breathlessly.

Alana’s cheeks caught some of pink as he heard Will’s compliment. Her hands reached the mask between Will’s hands as she smiles at him almost shyly.

“Thank you.” She murmured, “Let me help you with this.” She added grabbing the other's mask and gesturing William with her finger to turn around.

William felt victorious since Alana would be the one to help him put the mask on instead of Hannibal. At least that way he feels a little less humiliated. He already let him put that thing on his face back at his home. Letting it happen a second time wasn’t a very appealing idea. Not after how useless and small he felt when Hannibal helped him back then.

Alana was standing behind William -perhaps a bit closer than necessary- as she began making a knot with the laces to secure Will’s mask taking care not to hitch any lock between the strings.

Something about the whole scene wasn’t very amusing to Hannibal. Not that he would admit it. Not even to himself.

“Done.” Alana said and William turned around once more to face the woman.

“You look very good too, Will.” Alana said as she looks at the other, eyes almost sparking in the night, "so... handsome."

“I feel I look like some fancy slave out of an underground bdsm movie.” William chuckled softly with a crooked smile, his own cheeks catching some of color this time.

A fancy slave... Another interesting concept to use on yourself, Will.

“None of you is gonna tell me I look good?” Jack’s unmistakable voice said as he walked in their direction. The man was wearing a dark purple dressing suit, a long black coat and mask

that looked like iron that covered his face from his forehead to the middle of his nose. The whole look made him look somehow tougher than usual. If that was even possible.

“I must admit I feel pretty stupid myself.” Jack added and laughed a little.

“Nonsense.” Alana said in response, "you look great."

“Besides, no suit in this world could possibly make you look stupid, Jack.” Hannibal said and offered a kind smile.

“I sure look like no damn model like you three do somehow.” Jack chuckled as he glanced at the other’s.

The manor was quite crowded. People chatted and paced around here and there wearing gorgeous dresses and elegant suits. Not even a single face was unmasked.

A small orchestra was playing at the back of the room. Violins, cellos and flutes filled the place with melodies that seemed from another century. Everything seemed from a different century. The whole place was architectonic art from another era. Walls of golden marble went all the way up to meet those insanely high roofs dressed by antique paintings, a mix of heaven and hell displaying above their heads with images of angels and demons dancing together in suggestive ways.

One of the butlers guided Alana and Jack to a room destined to host the guests’ coats while Hannibal and Will waited for them.

William’s eyes were already seduced by some of the food being paced around over silver trays. He picked a small dish containing some sort of light brown sauce, meat and something that looked like very small pieces of pasta. The look was odd but the smell was delicious. Hannibal noticed the light frown on Will’s face as he tries to understand what the dish is.

“That’s goulash. A very well seasoned Hungarian stew, usually with pieces of lamb or cow meat, accompany by vegetables, scented by the uniqueness of dill, ciboulette and kummel, the strong yet exotic flavors balanced by soft pieces of spaetzle. I promise you will find it quite good.” Hannibal decided to enlighten him.

Will took a bite and found Hannibal was right.

Of course the damn kitchen magician would be right. That thing was actually very good.

Alana and Jack came back and reunited with William and Hannibal.

“Anything so far?” Jack asked.

“Geez… I don’t know. Just a bunch of masked people all acting in suspicious ways since this looks like a damn cult?” William began and stopped when he met Jack’s cold yet burning

gaze, “N-no… Nothing so far.” He added quietly.

A waltz began to sound and people started spinning around the place like some sort of royal Victorian dance.

“The Chesapeake Ripper probably knows we are stepping on his talons. Perhaps we should catch his attention.” Alana suggested and grabbed Will’s hand, practically dragging him to the dance floor with the grace of a swan. William followed her with the grace of a newborn deer trying to run with trembling limbs.

Dancing in front of a crowd wasn’t very appealing to him. Not one bit. Even if it was Alana the one asking him for a dance.

“I’m not a good danc-…”

“Shut up Will.” Alana interrupted him with a tender smile and held one of his hand and placed her other hand over William’s shoulder. Will swallowed loudly and placed his free hand at the small of Alana’s back to guide her.

Guide her? He doesn’t even know what to do at all!

“Look at my feet and follow me until you feel you got it.” Alana whispered to William and winked.

Will swallowed once more, heart beating faster because of their proximity. He looked at her feet and began to mimic her moves, follow her steps slowly one by one.

It was actually easier than he expected. He gazed at her eyes feeling lost within them for a moment and without noticing, he was the one leading her now, flowing through the dance floor like tint mixing with water to create beautiful patterns that dissappear like echoes in the silence. A fleeting beauty.

Hannibal happens to finds that *beauty* a little annoying for a reason.

“Professional curiosity or not… They look quite good together.” Jack said as he looks at Will and Alana dancing in such an harmonic way.

Hannibal wasn’t as thrilled as Jack. Not one bit. The least thing Will needs in his *becoming* is a damn anchor to get him stuck. Will needs *his* guidance. Not her unnecessary and distracting false courtship. Hannibal knows Alana is perhaps even more unstable than William when it comes to relations. Knows she’s no good for Will.

I only want what's best for you.

“Don’t they?” was all Hannibal responded as he grabbed a glass of wine from a passing silver tray, not even inhaling the scent of the red wine before taking a long sip, he simply drank it, narrowed eyes fixing on Alana's and Will’s figures dancing along the big room.

They seemed like the main attraction. So many eyes craving Alana. So many eyes craving Will. And suddenly Hannibal felt without appetite.

“I’ve been thinking…” Alana began as she leans closer to the other, faces just inches apart, “about my professional curiosity over you…”

“What about it?” Will mumbled quietly as if hypnotized by her eyes.

He was indeed hypnotized by her eyes.

“Psychiatrists tend to analyze every single person around them whenever they get closer. It’s a bad habit we can’t help. But how could I possibly not analyze someone who seems so interesting? And… if I happen to fall for someone, I must find that someone interesting, right?" She kept explaining and bit her lower lip, some of nervousness filling her mind and body.

“So…?” Will asked and giggled so lowly.

He was nervous. Very.

“So… There won’t be someone I fall for I won’t analyze. I’m not so sure my curiosity about you is entirely professional, Will.” Alana whispered, lips leaning closer to the other’s, eyes fixed on William’s mouth.

“What are you curious about now?” He asked so quietly.

“If the Chesapeake Ripper would notice you… or Jack…” she began.

His lips curled down ever so slightly as he felt disappointed by her answer. Not that he was expecting her to finally come to a conclusion on what she wants from him.

“But precisely now… I’m curious about those lips. About their taste.” She added with a breathy voice brushing Williams lips with hers.

“Are you?” Will breathed out and slowly closed his eyes before pressing his lips against Alana’s, slow and gentle, as if time stopped for him.

Hannibal’s lips twitched a few times like when a lion is just about to growl announcing hit attack. But he remained still. Very still. Except for the rest of the wine he dark in one gulp. He knows Alana won’t do any good to Will. Knows she’s just a manipulative thing that simply can’t happen to know which bone she wants to nibble at.

She’s simply not good enough for Will. And he knows what is best for Will.

Hannibal is always working in several plans at the same time. But also many of those plans follow his impulses. And now… Something was compiling him to murder.

He found his appetite once more.

Not that he was affected by William dancing with Alana, *kissing* Alana. Not that he would admit at least. But he promised Will he would catch the Chesapeake Ripper's attention and disappointing him is not an option.

He left the empty glass of wine on another passing tray and gazed at Jack.

"Perhaps we should find partners as well to move around between the dancing crowd. Search for any atypical behavior between the guests." Hannibal suggested to Jack.

"I couldn't agree more, Dr. Lecter. With the people dancing around it gets tricky to follow track of anyone." Jack said and nodded before he found a young lady alone leaning against a wall. He felt guilty for she wasn't his beloved Bella but this was duty.

Once Jack was dancing along the ballroom and actually quite solicited by a few ladies, Hannibal paced around until he found a young lady for himself.

Pale skin, dark loosen big curls falling past her shoulders. Light blue eyes bright as the sky. She resembled quite a lot to Alana. Even her dress was red wine colored as well. Only difference was she had a mask that looked a bit feline-like.

"Excuse me, belle demoiselle, may I have a dance with you?" Hannibal asked the woman with a quite irresistible chivalrous voice.

The woman blushed as Hannibal held her hand gently and allowed him to kiss her digits.

"Yes. Of course." The woman responded with a small giggle and let Hannibal guide her through the dance floor.

After a few minutes of luring the woman -who was completely under Hannibal's spell-and making sure there were no cameras around the place, he took her to a private room.

The woman's cheeks flushed maddly as Hannibal pinned her against the wall. Her heart beated faster anticipating a kiss, perhaps curious hands through her body. Perhaps more.

"I really miss to feel something between my legs. Wouldn't mind to feel you." she whispered.

What a low filthy pig you happened to be. Quite fitting.

Hannibal dragged his fingers through her jawline, lips getting closer to her ear as she exposed her neck purposely.

"You remind me quite a lot of someone I know, Miss." Hannibal whispered against her ear.

Her body covered with goosebumps as she felt Hannibal's warm breath against her ear and sensitive neck.

She was drunk in need. Blind in lust. Poor thing. How little she knew.

"Is that a good thing or a bad thing?" she asked curiously biting her lower lip playfully.

Hannibal's hand gripped her neck and slowly began to squeeze until his strong hand began to threaten her life.

"A bad thing I'm afraid."

Her eyes opened wide, pupils dilating in panic as she looks at Hannibal deep in the eyes, lips parting gasping for air that just won't pass through her throat. Not even the slightest of sound would break free from her mouth as the other squeezes life out of her, dark golden eyes watching the light leave her bright blue ones soon turning empty and dull.

He could stab her. He has a knife in his pocket. But that would be too messy, stain him with blood, and even if he doesn't mind blood, it would be an inconvenient given the place and event he is at now.

The woman's heart stopped and Hannibal released her neck. Her body fell limp on the floor like a broken puppet whose strings were just cut off. He took his mask and left it on the floor before putting her mask on instead to leave the room, making sure no one would look at him as he paces through a corridor to get closer to the room with the guests' coats.

No one was looking at him indeed.

He picked Alana's coat and went back to the same corridor to access to the private room remaining unseen by the crowd.

Once he was inside, he took off the borrowed mask and left it on the floor, brushing away fingerprints with a handkerchief before putting his own mask back on. He put Alana's velvet coat to the fresh corpse and made her sit with her back against the wall before he spread her legs to present her as no more than a mere prostitute.

He slid his hand inside his pocket and picked the knife and a pair of gloves he put on quickly.

A living body with a beating heart bleeds quite a lot. A dead one, not much. He could work on her now and remain without a single drop of blood on him.

The blade sank in her chest beautifully, breaking her breastbone and a few ribs on its way to create an access to her motionless heart. He cut the arteries surgically and extracted the organ in just seconds.

He really wants to take the organ with him. Prepare it with some faba beans and a nice chianti. But he can't leave the place with an organ hidden under his coat. Can he? So he simply tossed the heart through the window. He felt like he failed himself for doing such thing.

But he wants William to know he actually caught the Chesapeake Ripper's attention. His attention. He has to extract an organ, even if it's just to throw it away. At least the area was full of stray dogs that would eat the heart quite soon.

Poor unfortunate thing. So rude and vulgar.

He stood up, took of his gloves and wrapped them around the bloody blade before placing it back into his pocket. His eyes fixed on the corpse, studying his very quick work.

A heartless harlot. Quite accurate.

Hannibal left the private room, still completely unnoticed. He paced around and randomly picked another lady to dance with. The woman didn't complaint one bit and simply giggled like some teenager high on something. He kept dancing until he was close to Will, who was *still* dancing with Alana. Hannibal interrupted them by grabbing Will's hand, both William and Alana confused for it looked like Hannibal wanted to dance with Will. Hannibal's back faced Alana, who allowed Dr. Lecter -for some reason- dance with William.

"W-what…are y-you...?" Will mumbled with the biggest frown on his face.

"The Chesapeake Ripper…" Hannibal began knowing those words would caught his attention immediately and distract William from the fact that his other hand held the small of his back gently as if Will were the lady, the younger man's attention fully on Hannibal's words now and not even a little on the fact than Hannibal was dancing with him, guiding him.

"He-he's… Here?" his ocean eyes took big proportions as he spoke.

"Might be. I've just saw a man and a young lady enter that private room," Hannibal's eyes pointed at the private room where the woman's corpse waits to be discovered, "The man came out like twenty minutes ago but the woman never did. I lost track of him. Can't find him anywhere." Hannibal was leaning closer to whisper those words at Will, completely ignoring Alana who's trying to move around them as closer as she could to hear what Hannibal was saying.

The two of them danced with such grace, Hannibal leading William delightfully, like beauty and the beast, floating in place where time doesn't exist, a place where suddenly only the two of them are. Will's eyes suddenly too trapped by Hannibal's golden ones as his plump lips part so slightly.

"Let's find Jack. Now. If the Chesapeake Ripper is here he probably left already with his meal. And there's very likely a fresh corpse in that room." William finally snapped out and

said a little agitated.

Hannibal smirked so slightly as he looks deeper into ocean stormy eyes,

“I did told you I got the feeling you would get the Chesapeake Ripper's attention, didn't I?”

Chapter End Notes

Hello again!
Yes... Hannibal is struggling with a messed up jealousy xD isn't he such a cute monster?
As always, please let me know what you think about this so far. Leave your thoughts on the comment. Any suggestions or correction are welcomed since English isn't my language and I'm always trying to improve.

The heartless harlot

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 5

The heartless harlot.

The manor wasn’t very crowded now. The joyfully masked dancers were replaced by police officers and FBI agents moving along the building.

Jack and his crew were at the private room. Alana was standing at the corner, clearly affected by the fact that the corpse was wearing no less than *her* coat.

“Ready?” Jack said quietly as he gazes at William. The younger man nodded in response.

“Everybody out!” Jack yelled and everyone left the private room except for Will, leaving him alone to do his thing.

William closed his eyes and inhaled deeply. His heart beated evenly and calm as the bright pendulum swang behind his eyelids.

Time reversed in his mind. Her heart returned to her chest. Blood made its way back into her body. Her ribs came back together, flesh covering them and the cut on her chest finally closed. Another swing of the pendulum passed and the woman was standing in front of him now, blushing and giggling like a teenager. William began to recreate the events in his mind.

“I don’t know you. But that isn’t relevant. You aren't relevant." William said as he closed the gap between them, “But even if I don’t know you, those light blue eyes of yours are quite familiar." he smirked with despise as he watches his every features.

"You look just like her.” he said with venom.

Will’s hand caressed her jawline as if persuading her with every touch, “I’ve watched the one that should be here in your place. You were simply an unfortunate... similarity.”

Will's hand wrapped the woman's neck tight. She looks at him with pure fear. No hope. No understanding.

"You're simply a message. An echo to be heard once you never make a sound ever again."

Life left her in that painful last breath, eyes asking why for eternity immersed in the fog of ignorance.

"I've lured you. Took you here by your own will, or that's what I wanted you to think."

William gazed at the cat-like mask next to the body and imagined it on the corpse.

"I take your mask and use it instead of mine so no one would recognize mine. I need to find Alana's coat to make sure everyone knows who am I fantasizing to kill. Who should be in your place."

He puts Alana's coat on the body and grabs a knife from his pocket.

"I came prepared for this. It wasn't fully planned but I came with the idea of killing. And now that your heart has stopped I can finally cut you open."

The knife sank in her chest, breaking ribs and parting skin and flesh apart to expose her unbeatting heart.

"I see in Alana something no one else sees. A heartless woman."

He extracted the heart and placed it on the floor before spreading her legs to expose her in the way the Ripper sees her. Sees Alana.

"A heartless whore." he corrected himself, "Something only I see… Because I saw you. Because I've been watching you. I knew who you were even behind that mask just as I know who you are behind the sweetness and the innocence. I knew who everyone was. But they are just so clueless. And I find this little game *very* amusing." he kept recreating the killers thoughts with no effort.

He stared at the heart on the floor and picked it up, looking at it with a frown.

"I want to take this with me, but someone knows me and I didn't came alone."

He gazed at the window and his eyes narrowed.

"I have to dispose of the heart differently. Discard it. I don't enjoy doing so but the message is much more important than eating this time. There's something very personal about this. Something I need to communicate… To someone."

Will opened his eyes and looked at the dead body before him as he exhales.

“You were easy to get because your primal needs allowed me to do so. You are just the message I want to leave for that someone. You were a bleeding taunt. A mere warning.” He sighed shakily and straightened his back.

“This is my design.”

Will knocked the door to let Jack know he was done. Jack stepped in followed by Alana who had her hand on her lips and eyes a little glossy and Hannibal who was calm as a Tibetan monk.

“Was this the Chesapeake Ripper?” Jack asked quietly. Will nodded in response.

“Somehow, he knows Alana. He knew who Alana was, knew which coat was hers. He’s been watching her all night. Or at least most of it.” Will gazed at Alana and made a crooked sad smile before he kept taking, “He picked a woman that looks just like her. Same eyes. Same skin. Same hair. Same height. Even same dress color. He took her mask because the identity is important. But not the corpse’s identity… Alana’s. He used her mask to move along so no one would recognize his mask. I’m assuming his mask was at least peculiar.” William gazed at Hannibal as the older man paced closer and stood next to him.

“Why someone like Alana? What’s the motive?” Jack asked.

“The message is the motive. He sees Alana as something easy and cheap. He’s been watching her and... in the Chesapeake Ripper’s eyes, she is a heartless… Whore.” Will spoke very quietly. He had to interpret the scene, but he also knew it would affect Alana.

And it did since she left the private room with tears welling in her eyes. Will swallowed his guilt and kept speaking to Jack.

“He knew who Alana was. He knew we were here. The message was so important he left his dinner behind. There should be a heart or pieces of one tossed out that window... Unless animals already took it.” Will turned around and gazed at Jack, “This time was different. It was... personal. But he is never not toying with us, Jack. Somehow… He knew we were here.”

“That son if a bitch.” Jack murmured.

Hannibal placed a hand on William’s shoulder before he spoke, making the younger man shrank a little.

“Will… you say he’s been watching Alana all night. You were dancing with Alana all night.” Hannibal said as he looks at Will right in the eyes.

“So?”

“He wanted to do this to Alana. But perhaps the message wasn’t for her, or at least not just for her.” Hannibal continued explaining.

“W-what are you suggesting? That he’s playing cat and mouse with me, Dr. Lecter?”

“I’m suggesting you caught the Chesapeake Ripper’s attention indeed, Will. And that’s why this crime looks so personal. It became personal to him now.” Hannibal explained, his face and eyes remaining unreadable.

William’s heart beated faster. How and why did he became a personal interest to the Chesapeake Ripper? And even further… If he’s been watching Alana and him dancing and made this whole thing personal, did the Chesapeake Ripper cared about who danced with Alana? Who kissed her? There has to be some sort of jealousy. Perhaps the Ripper is in love with Alana… But he sees her as a harlots. It doesn't fit. Perhaps… he cares about who Will dances with, who Will kisses. Maybe he thinks Alana isn’t good enough for him.

It was definitely too much to think and just mere theories, but still, those thoughts made Will feel uneasy.

“Personal…” William mumbled quietly, “If you’re right, Dr. Lecter, I can lure the Chesapeake Ripper. Be the bite.” He said with certain confidence in his voice.

Hannibal’s lips curled up with what seems to be proud, as if he was proud of Will. In fact, he was thrilled, amused and intrigued to the bone.

I certainly wouldn’t mind a bite...

Chapter End Notes

Yep... Hannibal is a possessive daddy that just wants a bite of those nice buttocks of Will and we all know it XD
Please let me know that you think and if you spot any mistakes you could help me with.

You were in my dream last night

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 6

You were in my dream last night.

People were like floating from side to side of the ballroom dance floor. Like beautiful masked swans swimming in the air. Colors and music fills the place. Everyone is having a marvelous time, everyone except for Will.

He kept walking through the dancing crowd, almost tripping a few times as couples bumped with him. He tries and tries to find him. Spot him somewhere. See anything unusual. But he doesn't.

If only he hadn't been so distracted dancing with Alana, staring at those eyes and craving for her lips.

But he was to be somewhere. He knows he is. Will takes of his mask and let it fall to the ground to be completely seen.

"Where are you?" Will says almost desperately as he runs through the dance floor among the people in search of him.

Someone grabs Will's left hand and spins him with such grace before placing his hand at the small of William's back. He even feels the touch somehow… Familiar. He looks up and meets a man wearing the cat-like mask. He can see the rest of his face and he can't at the same time. As if that face was somehow constantly changing before he can even begin to recognize any feature.

"You know me. Who are you?" Will said and for some reason he placed his other hand on the man's shoulder and danced with him. Let him guide him.

It really felt very familiar.

“Yes. I know you. And perhaps you know me as well. After all, you are the only one able to understand me.” The man replied and the same thing happened with his voice. It was distorted, constantly changing before he could recognize anything at all. But it felt like there was a familiar whisper behind that voice. Something hiding at his unconscious. Something he can’t picture at all.

“What do you want? Why did you kill that woman that looks like Alana? Are you or were you in love with her?” Will asked, and the man dropped him just to catch him in the air mid way to the floor. He brought William back in his hold to resume the dancing steps.

He moves with such grace. Such energy. Such… Power.

And William simply stares at that faceless face mesmerized by something he doesn’t even know what it is.

“I’ve never found Alana to be that interesting. Too easy. Too cheap. Too awfully common.” The mysterious man replied.

“Then what do you want?”

“Something from you.” The man said.

“From me? What do you want from me?” William asked with a big frown on his face.

“Everything.”

Will woke up panting heavily, completely damped in sweat. Winston’s paw founds it way to William’s face, looking a little concern about his master. At least feeling his dog’s paw made him feel more into reality.

William sat and brushed his hand over his face trying to calm himself down a little. His heart was beating so fast.

He felt calm in the dream. Why was he so altered right now? It was just a dream. It wasn’t like he danced with the actually Chesapeake Ripper.

Not that he’s aware of at least.

He turned his head and glanced at the watch on his bedside table.

Freaking 3am. Marvelous. Another wonderful day with black circles under my eyes waits for me.

Will felt that if he had a knife he could cut the dense atmosphere at Hannibal's office.

He came here in a hurry, much earlier than his actual appointment schedule. Hannibal even had to ask a patient to come back tomorrow so he could attend William right now since he seemed quite under pressure and unstable.

Yet, there was Will. Sitting in complete silence on the couch as Hannibal just looks at him patiently.

How isn't he even annoyed by my sudden intrusion and my current silence? He should be willing to at least kick me in the face.

"Tell me, Will. What took you out of your house and made you drive like an hour to get here? I'm sure remaining silent wasn't the reason. I could start guessing but it would really be much productive if you just tell me. Try with something simple. What's occupying your mind the most right now?" Hannibal broke the silence as he tilts his head to rest it in his hand whilst placing his elbow on the armrest.

"I…" Will began, lips moving like mumbling mute, "I-I…. dreamt-with-the-Chesapeake-Ripper." The words fell from the younger man's lips way too fast before he sighed deeply.

Hannibal had to gather all of his strength not to smirk when he heard those words.

Will wasn't aware he dreamt about him. But Hannibal is, and that's enough to make him feel pleased to the core.

"You saw the stag again?" Hannibal asked even if he already knew this time was different. Otherwise, why would Will feel so affected by the dream?

"No-no… it wasn't the stag this time. I was back at the masquerade, waking among the people, trying to find him in the dream or in my subconscious. I'm not sure."

"And did you find him?" Hannibal asked raising an eyebrow ever so slightly.

"Yes. No. Actually, he found me. He… Came and held my hand… And danced with me. It felt so familiar somehow. Even if I know it's impossible since I don't know who he is and I've definitely never danced with him." William explained and bit his bottom lip as images of the dream flooded his mind.

“It’s nor irrational to feel like it was a familiar feeling. You do understand how he thinks after all. That’s some sort of way to know someone. Even if you can’t put a face and a name to his identity.” Dr. Lecter spoke.

“That’s exactly what he said. That I know him because I understand him. Made me think perhaps I do know him too.” He bit down his lip once more, a little harder this time, “he-he danced with me… And I let him guide me.” He added more quietly as if he was ashamed of himself. Which he was. Even if it was just a dream.

And Hannibal simply loved the whole thing.

“How did it make you feel, Will?”

William chuckled ironically with a crooked smile before brushing his hand over his face and sighing deeply, blinking a few times before gazing at Hannibal’s dark and calm eyes.

“Small? Stupid? I don’t know…. I felt… hypnotized by him. Magnetized. Like drowning without trying to resist.” Will admitted and had to avert his eyes from the older man.

Hannibal licked his upper lip before smirking so slightly. But Will never saw it.

“It’s only natural. He’s someone you’re trying to catch for quite a time already. Meeting him face to face would be an epiphany. Even in a dream.” Hannibal spoke and those blue ocean orbs gazed at him once more.

Will’s lips were shivering a bit. His knee moving up and down fast. Fingers playing with each other to distract his head somehow. But he can’t. He simply can’t.

“He wants to kill Alana, Dr. Lecter. *The* Chesapeake Ripper wants to kill Alana. And I don’t even understand why.”

“Catching him has been your main purpose for quite a time already. One could say it turned into some sort of obsession. You think about him a lot. Even try to think like him. It would be unlikely for him not to think about you a lot as well. After all, you’re the man after him, chasing him.” Hannibal suggested.

“I feel it’s getting hard to tell who is chasing whom at this point. He’s too close. He was there. He knew who I was. Who we all were. And he made very clear he wants to kill Alana.”

“Perhaps you’re both chasing each other. Like a waltz.” Hannibal said, noticing how the other’s body shivers so slightly. The clear sign of Will not being completely stable.

Precious boy... How lost your are.

“Yes… Like a damn waltz. But I have to think. I have to do something. I can’t let him have Alana. I *won’t* let him get her.”

Something about Will’s words made Hannibal look down. He felt disgusted by how much William cared for someone who’s been toying with him all along, for someone who doesn't deserves him.

“The FBI offered its protection to Alana already. You shouldn’t worry yourself with her well-being. She is under good care, Will.”

“I don’t care, Dr. Lecter. If he wants he can take care of the protection as well. I know how capable he is. Perhaps he saw me dancing with her. Saw she’s one of my weaknesses and simply wants to threat me so I won’t keep investing him.”

Knowing William sees him as so powerful, so capable... How good it felt.

“Perhaps. Or maybe he enjoys the chase. Expects a reaction.” Hannibal paused and leaned forward on his seat, “tell me, Will. Would you stop chasing him for Alana’s sake?” Hannibal asked with a raised eyebrow.

Will made a small pause and leaned forward on his seat as well looking deep into Hannibal’s eyes.

“I won’t *ever* stop chasing him.” William said quietly but with such conviction.

That’s my boy.

“Then you only need to keep following your plan. Lure him into the hook.”

“Yes. And I have to do it fast before he turns his warning into reality.”

“And how are you planning on luring him?”

“I’ll use tattlecrime to send him a message. Tell him to show me what he wants from me.” William said.

“That would probably imply another death. Death is the language he communicates with. Will you take responsibility for those consequences to save Alana in time?”

“Yes. He can’t have her.” William said.

Is that a challenge? Because I do love a challenge.

“Then I truly hope you get the response you’re searching for, Will.”

And of course… the young empath will have his response very soon.

Chapter End Notes

Hello again! Please tell me on the comments how are you enjoying this or not so far <3
I've warned its a slow burn plot. Don't hate me for loving the tension xD

The Ripper's answer

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 7

The Ripper’s answer

Jack was frowning as his eyes were fixed on the laptop screen before him. Will was just sat across his desk waiting for the man to finally speak. After all, it was pretty clear something was angering Jack more and more by the second. The man truly wasn’t good at hiding anger. Will knew what was very likely angering Jack since the man was reading tattlecrime’s most recent post.

Will adjusted his glasses and looked around, eyes laying on everything but Jack.

“Will.” Jack’s voice finally broke the silence. The frown on his face made it very clear he was in no good mood at all, “Would you tell my what the hell is this?”

“What the hell is what exactly?” Will asked, not really needing to make that question.

“*William Graham, the shadow and the man behind the Chesapeake Ripper investigation wants to speak to the criminal he intends to catch and ask him what does the Ripper wants from him*.” Jack read out loud a part of Freddie’s article.

Silence was so thick Will felt for a moment he could even touch that silence and defy physic laws.

“I’m luring him, Jack. Sometimes you need to use the method that would actually work to get something instead of sitting down and wait for the method that sounds more ethically correct to work. Because sometimes, and that’s actually quite often, the ethical method just won't work.” Will tried to excuse himself for what he knew was a reckless act. But also an act that would actually lead somewhere.

“You’re pushing him into killing, Will…” Jack looked at Will dead in the eyes as he stood up, hands landing harshly on the desk as he said a little too loud, “and all under *my* watch.”

Will shrank in his seat and averted his eyes from Jack's. He had to admit the man could be quite intimidating sometimes.

"I know." Will mumbled quietly.

"Oh… you know… That really changes it all, Will." Jack said in a clearly sarcastic way.

"Look. I know it sounds like… pushing too far. But we need something, Jack. He clearly knows Alana. Very likely knows me somehow. He can even know Hannibal. Know you too… know everyone. We are already too close for our own sake. We needed to make a move. I made the move."

Jack heard William and slowly sat back on his seat, face slowly relaxing but replaced by deep worry. He knew Will was right. And the Ripper's closeness made him think of his beautiful wife, Bella. If there's something in the whole world he wouldn't forgive himself is Bella getting harmed in any way because of this case.

Will was right. And Jack couldn't deny that.

"I'll trust you on this." Jack finally said and sighed deeply, "but next time, do come here and talk to me about your 'move' before you make that move, understood?"

"yes."

-Two days later-

A heavy storm was already flooding the ground. The thick raindrops made a beautiful melody as they impact the roof of the house. Clouds were eclipsing every single star in the sky and the very moon itself as the wind kept pouncing against the windows of William's house. A loud thunder broke the silence of the night making Will jump a little and spill some of his coffee on his white sleeping t-shirt and the table. His phone rang and he jumped a little more.

He left the coffee on the table and walked towards the phone. It was a quarter past eleven pm. He knew this was no joyful call.

"Yes?" Will said quietly.

"Will. We have another body. I need you at the crime scene. Now." Jack said from the other side of the line.

"It's all flooded and muddy here. My car won't even start. It would get stuck in the mud before I can even drive two meters." William replied.

"I know. Hannibal is picking you up. He has a vehicle for that. Get dress and get your ass here Will."

“But I-“ Will's words echoed un the silence since Jack already hung up the phone.

Fuck. My. Life.

Will hang up the phone as well and went to his wardrobe. He took off his white sleeping t-shirt and put on a pair of black jeans that were perhaps a little tight but he didn’t mind. He just picked what was closer to his hand. He put on a black long-sleeved shirt, also a little tight since it was from last winter before he began lifting weight and now his incipient muscles filled the fabrics a little more. He slid his feet into a pair of tactical boots so he could walk on the mud. He put on his belt, placing his gun in the gun socket attached to it. He began to search for a coat within his wardrobe. He found a double-breasted trench coat of the same color as the rest of his outfit and put it on, checking himself on the mirror. He had to admit he ended up looking better than expected for simply grabbing what was closest to his hands in the wardrobe.

After all I have to lure the Ripper. Don’t I?

He picked a dark grey scarf wrapping it around the his neck and another thunder made him jump a little once more, the loud harsh sound being followed by someone knocking on his door.

“Coming…” Will yelled as he walks to the door.

How does it always ends up with Hannibal picking me up like some damn prom night girl? Fuck. My. Fucking. Life.

Will sighed and opened the door. Hannibal was standing outside with his hair all damped, small droplets falling from his locks and down his face. He was wearing a blue navy trench coat, a little of a dark grey dressing shirt and a black tie glimpsed through it. Black dressing pants wrapped his legs. He was wearing some rain boots that somehow managed to look fine and expensive, if that was even possible. Will glanced at a closed umbrella Hannibal held in one hand.

Why the hell walking under the rain when you have a damn umbrella right there?

Hannibal’s eyes scanned the younger man. His outfit really looks good on him and Hannibal can’t help but notice immediately how beautiful William looks. He looked at the smaller man from head to toes without shame.

“I see you were serious when you said you would lure the Chesapeake Ripper.” Hannibal joked and grinned slightly.

Will rolled his eyes as he bit his lower lip.

“I actually picked the first things I saw in my wardrobe.”

Hannibal opened the black umbrella and stood at a side to offer Will shelter from the rain.

“I don’t mind the rain but I imagined the drops wouldn't be a comfort thing to have rolling over your glasses.” Hannibal explained.

Will’s brows raised a bit in surprise on how the man happened to think about such a small detail. Droplets falling down his glasses are a thing that actually bothers him.

Even if he doesn’t need the glasses at all to see in first place.

“Well… Thanks.” Will mumbled and stepped out of his house locking the door behind him. Hannibal smiled a little and nodded in response. He walked next to Will holding the umbrella to shelter the smaller man from the rain, droplets falling only over the elder as they pace towards Hannibal’s car.

He has a damn BMW X7. A freaking BMW X7…

Hannibal opened the companion’s door and held the umbrella until William sat in the vehicle. He folded the umbrella and paced to the driver’s seat, stepping into the car, turning around on his seat to leave the umbrella at the backseat.

“You had this ‘beast’ all along and never used it before?” William asked.

“Just when necessary, like now.”

Will felt so unfitting in that car. Felt as if he was lowering its value in the market by simply sitting there. Hannibal started the vehicle and began to drive. Will relaxed on the very comfortable seat and sighed. He was actually pretty tired. After all, nightmares were giving him a hard time getting any rest.

“Did Jack tell you anything about the scene?” Will asked.

“Just that it’s a male’s corpse.”

“Well… at least it isn’t another Alana’s stunt double.” William sighed once more.

Hannibal gazed at the other for a second and noticed how tired Will actually looks.

“Nightmares still haunting you?” Hannibal asked. Will took off his glasses and placed them on his lap, brushing his eyes with his fingers a little roughly.

“Yes.”

“Same as the one you told me about?”

“Kinda… I guess.” William mumbled.

Hannibal gazed at Will and remained silent as if pushing the other to go further on the subject. Will sighed once more and licked his lips. He was clearly under quite a lot of stress.

“I always search for him at the ballroom. I can’t find him ever. He is the one finding me every single time. We always dance as we speak. He... Always leads. I just follow. Sometimes… we just even dance without speaking. It’s sick. Wrong. Revolting.”

“How is it revolting, Will?”

“Li-like… why would I dance with him if we aren’t even speaking?”

“It can only feel wrong if you enjoy it, Will.”

William shrank on his seat in complete silence as he heard Hannibal’s words. He felt actually sick now. Because Hannibal was right. There was something odd about those dreams he enjoys. The thrill of the chase, the taste of danger, the complete lack of control.

“Where you able to see his face?” Hannibal interrupted Will’s torturous thoughts.

“N-no…” William mumbled quietly, “but there are traits I know I recognize at that very moment. But it all fades away before I can tell. Before I can notice and remember anything. It’s like the answer is right there somewhere in my mind. But I just can’t see it.”

“Perhaps you don’t want to see it.” Hannibal suggested as he gazes at him for a second rising an eyebrow.

“No. That isn’t the case. Every time I appear in that damn ballroom I go straight into search for him. I want to find him. It’s… I… Believe me, Dr. Lecter. I want to know who he is.” Will said almost angered by the whole subject. Angered by himself actually.

“How do you feel when you’re searching forhim?” Hannibal asked after a long silence.

“Small. Lost. Stupid. Like freaking Alice chasing that damn white rabbit.”

Hannibal had to stop himself from smirking.

“And how do you feel when he finds you? How do you feel when you’re dancing with him?”

“I feel… Even smaller. I just can’t stop looking at him. Which is pretty stupid since he doesn’t have an actual face. More like… Million faces. And somehow I feel like I know so many of those faces. But I just can't tell from where. It doesn’t make any sense.”

"Well. Maybe this body will tell you if that makes any sense. You think he wants something from you. If he does, if he shows you what it is, as you requested him… then it’s very likely he actually knows you in a way. You know him by analyzing his leftovers. Maybe he knows you too somehow.” Hannibal suggested.

“That would imply it’s someone closer than I think.” William mumbled quietly.

“You went down the hole to find the white rabbit. Getting closer is almost inevitable, Will.”

The crime scene was non of the places Will imagined as a possibility. It was a damn library. A quite old one. About three floors stuffed with thousands and thousands of books of any sort. If he thought Hannibal’s private library was massive, then this was colossal.

Right in the middle of the library was a large reading table. An empty dish rested at the head of the shinny wooden table, and in front of the empty dish and silver cutlery was a corpse sitting on a big dark wooden chair with his head cocked to a side. The dead man had his hands resting on the table at each side of the empty dish. A cat-like venetian mask covered the man’s face. Very much similar to the mask the body at the masquerade had next to her.

Jack gazed at William and pursed his lips before exhaling loudly.

“Ready?” Jack asked.

Will took off his glasses and placed them in his coat pocket and nodded.

“Everybody out. Now.” Jack yelled.

William took a deep breath and closed his eyes, watching the golden pendulum swing from side to side.

Chapter End Notes

The crime scene meaning will be in the next chapter ;)
As always... Let me know how are you enjoying or hating thus fanfic. And also point out any mistake since English isn't my real language.
When I began writing this fanfic I thought no one would even read it! Already more than 1000 hits!
And thank you so much for the kudos <3

All you need is a mirror

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 8

All you need is a mirror

Will took off his glasses and placed them inside his pocket. He closed his eyes and the golden pendulum swang once. The evidence signs disappeared from the scene as the body remained there sitting in front of the empty dish. Another swing of the pendulum and he saw the man organizing a few books in one of the very large bookshelves. The pendulum danced behind his eyelids once more and William was now standing in front of the man. The library man smiled at him, not being even a little surprised by his presence.

“I know you and you know me. I expected you to be here working late at night all by yourself because this isn’t the first time I meet you at this hours in here. I’m an avid reader and you provided me with many rare books. Forbidden books. That's why I always visit your store so late. You think I’m here just for another special thing to read. But I’m not here for that. Not tonight.”

William paced with long steps towards the man, watching the other’s smile slowly fading away at the realization that something really bad is about to happen.

Will’s hands grabbed the man’s neck, gripping hard enough to stop air from filling the other’s lungs, thumbs being pressed against the carotids to stop the blood from reaching the brain as well, leaving the man unconscious in a couple of seconds.

“You fall into unconsciousness not understanding why my face is the last thing you will ever see. I keep squeezing the life out of you. I know exactly for how long I have to strangle you to leave you dead. It’s simple. Almost boring. But your death isn’t the important thing with you either. You also are just a message.” William kept recreating the killer’s thinking in his mind.

He sat the man on the chair. It’s heavy, but the Chesapeake Ripper is strong enough to carry him. He placed the dish and the cutlery on the table in front of the dead man.

He looks at the empty dish for a moment, but it isn't precisely empty. There are traces of some burgundy liquid, a small part of the fine porcelain stained with some sort of grey material as well. Very likely biological rests of some sort. He gazed back at the body and fixed his eyes on the dead and pale parted lips.

"You ate something. Or at least I made you eat something. You swallowed the message, keeping my secret in your stomach, as you kept as secret all the books you provided me with. My answer remains in you, waiting. But not digesting. You're nothing but a big envelope."

Will breathed out and opened his eyes.

"This is my design."

He said out loud but quietly. Will turned around and gazed at Jack who was several steps away waiting with the rest of the crew. The young man put his glasses back on and walked towards them.

"Was this-…"

"The Chesapeake Ripper? Very likely." Will interrupted Jack with the answer to his unspoken question, "there must be a missing organ. But that's not the important thing this time. He has the answer to my question: 'what does the Chesapeake Ripper wants'. Search in his stomach. I'm pretty sure our answer is in there." William explained.

Hannibal smiled ever so slightly proud of Will's power of deduction. Proud of his limitless unique imagination.

What a cunning boy you are.

"Any chance to recover any security footage with his face?" Jack asked with little to no hope.

"I don't think so. He knew this place very well. Knew the man he killed. If he came here is because he knows there are no cameras. He probably came here late at night quite often in search for less orthodox or common books. We could search for missing books matching that description. But I'm sure we won't find any name nor address." Will answered.

"No evidence left. As always." Jack sighed and rubbed his forehead with a hand.

"No evidence. But this time I'm almost sure we'll have an answer." William added.

"*You* will have an answer, Will. *You* caused this by asking Freddie Lounds to help you establish a communication line with the Ripper." Jack spatted and turned around giving his

back to Will, “Everybody. Process the evidence. I want the results by tomorrow afternoon.” Jack yelled at his crew.

Will looked down for a moment, biting down on his bottom lip a little too rough. He thought of Jack’s words. Thought about the weight of them. About the weight of what he did. Deep down, he knew Jack was right. Knew that man sitting over there was now a corpse because of him. Because he asked the Chesapeake Ripper 'what does he wants'. He felt guilty because of that death. Even felt guilty for the dead woman at the masquerade too. But not as much as guilty as he feels with this man's death.

Will’s hands began to shake, awful thoughts taking control over him, numbing him. He stared at the floor trying to feel like he’s not there.

But he can’t.

No one was even watching him. No one but Hannibal, which presence Will even completely forgot about for a moment. All he could think about was how responsible he feels for this. About that man being dead because of him. He even felt as if he was the one killing him instead of the Ripper.

He didn't noticed how hard he was biting his lower lip until a drop of his own blood rolled from his mouth and fell to the floor.

“Will.” Hannibal’s voice wrapped him like the sea caressing and surrounding a rock at the coast. A strong hand landed on his shoulder squeezing gently, “Will, look at me.” Hannibal whispered and cupped Will’s face to make him look into his eyes.

How beautiful the younger man looked that way. Big blue eyes pleading for help, those plump lips stained with blood.

What a helpless little lamb you are.

Hannibal grabbed a handkerchief from his pocket and slowly wiped the blood from Will’s parted lips. In any other situation, Will would’ve moved away from the touch. But he felt at the very edge of breaking apart. And he needed help.

“Do you need to leave, Will? We can leave whenever you want to.” Hannibal suggested and placed the handkerchiefs back in his pocket. Will’s stormy eyes kept pleading, parted lips beginning to shiver with a very sad and crooked smile full of pain.

“P-please.” Will mumbled stuttering very quietly.

And, oh how that word made Hannibal feel. He utterly loved to hear the other plead to him. Loved to see him at the very edge, falling down to his knees and shattering. And how he would love to be the only one able to bring him comfort. Able to break him. Able to put him back together.

He and only he.

Hannibal placed his hand on Will's back to lead him to the exit door. Jack gazed at them for a moment. Even if the sight was fugacious, Jack could tell Will was in no good state of mind. And suddenly, Jack was the one feeling guilty now. After all, Jack's been the one constantly pushing Will into keep chasing the Chesapeake Ripper. The one forcing him more and more. Borrowing his imagination to the very limit of sanity.

Once outside, Hannibal opened the umbrella to shelter Will once more. The rain was even heavier now, falling down harder than the strongest of showers.

The BMW was parked at the corner of the street since that was as close as they could get with all the FBI vehicles and perimeter lines, so the walk was a little long under that very copious rain.

Will felt dizzy, world spinning around him as his mind screamed at him too many things at the same time. He was drowning in guilt and losing control. His feet lost control as well and he tripped.

Hannibal caught him in the air before Will could fall on the mud. The younger man looked up at Hannibal and felt glad the umbrella wasn't over him for a moment since a tear fell down his face. If his blue ocean eyes were pleading for help before, now they were screaming for it.

"I got you." Hannibal whispered and pulled William up, wrapping an arm around him, knowing perfectly well Will was actually crying silently. Each line of his face and those glossy eyes gave him away immediate.

Will didn't pushed Hannibal away. Didn't protested. Didn't anything. He allowed the man to wrap his arm around him whilst he shelters him from the rain once more. He buried his face in Hannibal's shoulder to hide his shame. Hide his tears. His weakness. He was also glad Hannibal's coat was already wet because of the rain.

He felt so small. So miserable.

Hannibal's hand reached the back of William's head slowly, as if time itself had stopped, running his fingers through other's messy soft curls gently to comfort him.

He felt so small. So miserable. So… protected.

"It's alright Will. It wasn't your fault."

“It isn’t Jack’s e-either.” Will mumbled as quiet as possible to hide the very evident fact that he was crying but his voice sounded so broken, so pathetically weak and uneven.

“Isn’t it?” Hannibal whispered into Will’s ear.

Will gripped Hannibal’s coat searching for stability. Searching for something to hold on. To feel something real near him but darkness and death.

Even if Hannibal was darkness and death incarnated. But of course. Will didn’t knew.

“It’s my fault. I-I was desperate to catch him. Like-like in m-my dreams. And now that man died because he d-did what I asked him to do. To answer me.” Will sniffed and snuggled more into Hannibal’s shoulder.

How fragile and delicate. What an utterly breakable and pretty little thing you are.

“You will catch him. This was a necessary step, Will. Once you find your answer, things will be less harsh in you. I promise.”

Will sobbed quietly and sighed. Somehow Hannibal’s words made him feel a little better. Even if he felt those were just gentle lies.

“I will catch you if you fall, Will. Like I just did.” Hannibal whispered close to Will’s neck.

A shiver went down William’s spine as he felt the warmth of Hannibal’s breath against his sensitive skin, heard those words whispered to him so softly. But he also felt… Better. Safe.

He felt safe.

The smaller man nodded and separated himself a little from Hannibal, blue eyes avoiding dark golden ones as he felt ashamed of himself.

“Thank you.” Will mumbled lowly.

“It's my pleasure. No need to thank me, Will.” Hannibal said and gave William a small smile as he places his hand at William’s back again, “Shall we? You’ll get a cold if we stay under the rain for so long.”

Will gazed at Hannibal and noticed how wet the older man was as if he’d just came out from a pool. He felt a little guilty too for making the man stay for so long under the rain just because he was an unstable mess.

William nodded again and Hannibal guided him to his car. The older man began to drive their way back to Will’s place. It was already half past one am and the rain wasn’t stopping at all.

Except for the sound of the engine and the heavy drops falling on the metallic roof, the car was too quiet. Uncomfortably quiet.

Hannibal gazed at Will from time to time and noticed he was still struggling quite a lot within his mind but not as much as a moment ago under the heavy downpour. Apparently, their little 'moment' under the rain helped Will.

The older man parked the vehicle once they reached Will's home after a very long silent trip. A thunder made Will jump a little on his seat whilst Hannibal remained calm, placing the car keys in his pocket and grabbing the umbrella from the backseat to step out of the car, pacing towards the companion's side to open Will's door after he opened the umbrella to protect the younger man from the rain. Will stepped out of the car and walked next to Hannibal's towards the door.

"At least let me offer you a coffee and a towel." Will's offering sounded more like a question.

"I wouldn't say no to a warm coffee." Hannibal replied with a small grin.

Will opened the door and his dogs welcomed him. He smiled and petted them before closing the door once Hannibal was inside the house too.

The young man took off his scarf and his coat and tossed them on the couch, suddenly feeling a little too aware of the tight black long-sleeved shirt he picked to wear that night. Feeling so exposed didn't felt comfortable at all. But of course Hannibal wouldn't care. Probably wouldn't even notice. It was a stupid thought, so he simply pushed it away.

Hannibal gazed at Will, memorizing in a second how well that black shirt fits Will's frame. How beautiful he looks with shaping clothes. How gorgeous he is in black.

Hannibal took off his coat and placed it in the hanger instead of just throwing it on a couch. His dressing shirt was wet as well, sticking to his skin. Will gazed at him and noticed the little droplets falling on his face, his skin glimlsing through the damped fabrics of his dressing shirt, his wet hair falling over his forehead and eclipsing half of one golden eye making him look a little like a... Rough man.

He was staring at Hannibal. Unblinking.

Fuck.

He blinked a few times and forced himself to look away. Why was he even staring at him in first place? The man's been under the water for too long. Of course he would be all soggy.

“I… um… I don’t have dressing shirts that would fit you but I do have a couple of dry sweaters that would at least keep you warm.” Will offered as he paced to the wardrobe to find a towel.

“That would be nice. If it isn’t much trouble, of course.” Hannibal replied.

The man is dripping liters of water and he asks me if it isn’t much of a trouble to lend him a damn sweater.

Will handled the towel to Hannibal. The older man reached it and wiped the water from his face and a little from his hair. He pushed his head back to dry his neck and Will’s eyes glanced for a millisecond before he kept searching in the wardrobe for a sweater.

“Here. This should fit you.” Will said as he grabbed a red wool sweater. The man would probably find that clothe too cheap for his taste.

But hey, at least it was dry and warm.

He handled Hannibal the sweater and walked to the kitchen to prepare the coffees.

“Thanks.” Hannibal replied, feeling the soft fabrics between his hands and imagined himself touching Will's upper body as that sweater probably did many times. He began to undo his tie and unbuttoning his damped dressing shirt.

Will kept moving along the small kitchen to pick a couple of cups. His eyes were caught by Hannibal’s figure for a moment, watching the other’s now bare back. He never noticed how big and strong Hannibal really is until now, seeing muscles bulge up as he just moves to take of that shirt and dry himself up. Hannibal turned a little, Will gracing at the other’s strong chest and built up arms for a second before averting his eyes so Hannibal couldn't tell he was looking at him.

But Hannibal noticed. He always notices everything.

Will forced his eyes to look down and focus on the simple task of preparing two damn coffees. Why was he even peeking at Hannibal in first place? Perhaps it was the fact that it was almost impossible to imagine him without a very complicated and fine dressing suit. As if he forgot under those dressing suits is a man.

Yes. That’s probably the reason why he was staring.

Hannibal slid on Will’s sweater and inhaled deeply. He could smell the younger man’s scent in the fabrics so well. So sweet and intoxicating. So unique.

“It does fit me.” Hannibal said and turned to gaze at Will. Will allowed himself to look at the other.

It was really strange indeed to see him wearing something that wasn’t a dressing suit. Even stranger to see him wearing one of his sweaters. But somehow he looked very good in that too.

Will gave him a small smile in response and picked both of the cups to take them to the table. He sat across Hannibal and took a sip of his coffee, sighing with closed eyes once the hot liquid fell down his throat.

Hannibal's eyes were fixed on him whilst Will's remained closed. He watched the younger man's addam's apple raising and falling as he swallows, his plump lips parting as he sighs smoothly. He looked away before Will opened his eyes and took a sip of his own coffee.

"What do you think they'll find in the man's stomach?" Hannibal asked after licking some of the warm liquid from his lower lip. Will's eyes gazed at the other's flickering tongue for a second before looking back at his eyes.

"How could I know? I interpret what I see. I'm still not a psychic." William joked and chuckled lowly.

Hannibal placed the cup of coffee down and interlaced his fingers together to rest his chin on them,

"Guess. Tell me the first thing that comes to your mind. What could possibly be there? What would be the Chesapeake Ripper's answer to your question? What does he wants from you, Will?" Hannibal asked with a smooth persuasive voice.

Will blinks a few times not sure on why he can't stop himself from answering. He almost felt as hypnotized as he feels in his dreams when he dances with the Chesapeake Ripper, hears his every words as if he were under a spell.

He pushes those irrational thoughts away and part his lips as he thinks of an answer.

"It has to be about power. You have power over something you posses. Only when something belongs to you, you truly have power over it. It has to be something he wants to own from me. To have power over me. That is... if he even wants something from me at all. I could've been wrong in first place and find something really unexpected in that stomach as a 'why the hell do you think you are even slightly important to me' note." William answered to Hannibal's question.

Hannibal tilted his head as he noticed that slight display of low self appreciation Will just let glimpse.

"You're the only one who can really understand him. What makes you think you could be unimportant to him, Will?" Hannibal said and took another sip of his coffee.

"I don't… know? Because his profile doesn't make sense if I think of myself of a victim? If I'm able to understand him perhaps he wouldn't see me as a pig." Will said not being very sure of any of his words.

"I'm sure he doesn't see you as a pig, Will."

"But I'm also like this because I'm simply… autistic. He could see me as a pig. An autistic pig but a pig after all. I don't feel… special or important. I'm probably just a pain in the ass

to him.” Will said and made a crooked smile.

“Perhaps you should use mirrors more often.” Hannibal said and took one more sip of his coffee.

“What for? I already find others’ eyes distracting. I don’t need to see mines. Nor my face.”

“To see what’s special about yourself, Will, all you need is a mirror.”

Will giggled nervously and looked down at the table feeling his face too warm suddenly.

“Are you complimenting me, Dr. Lecter?”

“He watched you dance with Alana all that night. He found something special about you. Look into the mirror. Look through his eyes as you do in every crime scene. Look at your reflection through the Chesapeake Ripper’s eyes and try to find that something he finds so special about you.” Hannibal explained.

Will frowned and felt almost disillusioned for a second because the other wasn’t complimenting him but giving him an idea to analyze the Ripper instead.

Of course… Will didn’t knew Hannibal was doing much more than just complimenting him since he is exactly who William is trying to catch.

Will tilted his head and licked his lips, “I guess you could be right. But it isn't that easy when the thing to analyze is myself.”

“Don’t let your own perception of yourself deceive you. He sees something special in you. You’ll know what it is sooner or later, Will.”

Hannibal stood up and smiled, “I’ll return this already washed and dry once I meet you later at the lab.” Hannibal added as his fingers touched the red sweater he was wearing.

“Already washed and dry?” Will laughed, “Is it really that dirty?” he added with another chuckle.

“Not at all. It's just so it won’t be impregnated with my scent.” Hannibal replied.

“You wash that thing and I’ll take that as you thinking it actually smells bad right now.” Will joked.

“Fair enough.” Hannibal sang as they walked towards the door, the older man picking the umbrella on his way.

Will opened the door and he suddenly felt that guilt hitting him once more, a knot forming in his throat while he sees Hannibal’s back as he steps outside.

Was he feeling unstable again because Hannibal was leaving?

“The rain has stopped.” Hannibal’s voice made Will blink a few times for he felt lost for a moment thinking of the dead man sitting in front of the empty dish.

“Y-yes…” Will replied quietly, “see you at the lab.” His voice sounded smaller than he intended it to sound.

Hannibal knew Will was already feeling 'not too well'. And he smiled.

“See you latter, Will.” He paced towards the BMW and turned around before he opened the vehicle’s door, “and remembered to search in the mirror.”

Remember there’s something very special I see in you, Will.

Will nodded and closed the door, instantly feeling like the most lonely man in the whole world.

“You’re sleeping on the bed with me tonight, Winston.”

Chapter End Notes

Hello! It's me again. I'm kinda locked inside my own head. Which is a bad thing for me and a good thing for you guys since that means I'll be writting more and more xD
As always, I would really appreciate if you could tell me how are you enjoying or hating this so far. Any corrections on my writting is accepted since English isn't my real language.
Thank you so much for all the kudos <3
Also, if anyone wants to find me on a social media, I'm on ig as Helena_lecter. And I'm always up for some good rp xD except for when works sodomizes me... Or my own head :3 anyways... Hope you're at least finding this fanfic a little entertaining. I promise it will get very, very sick and twisted ;) just be patient.

I think he wants to eat you, Will

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 9

I think he wants to eat you, Will

The first ray of sun fell on Hannibal's eyelids instantly disturbing his sleep. It was almost stupid how the tiniest things could wake up the man.

He gripped the fabrics of the red wool sweater and brought them to his face, inhaling Will's scent deeply for a moment before he slid off the bed.

Yes, Hannibal slept in Will's sweater.

He stood up and paced to his wardrobe, picking a white dressing shirt, a tie, a dressing jacket and a pair of pants in shades of steel and a black double-breasted trench coat. He placed the outfit on the bed and took off Will's sweater and his underwear to walk to the bathroom and take a quick shower.

He was already fully clothed preparing himself breakfast when the phone rang. Hannibal frowned slightly and walked to the phone.

"Alo?" Hannibal said after picking up the phone.

"Dr. Lecter…" Hannibal raised an eyebrow as he heard Will's voice. William sighed on the phone and Hannibal smirked lightly.

"Yes, Will?"

"I… Uh… I hate to bother you again, but… I've just checked and it's still awfully muddy outside and my car is stuck in that mud…" Will said and sighed once more.

"Do you need me to pick you up?"

“Yes.” Will breathed out after a pause.

“I’ll be there by 11am.” Hannibal answered. He could almost feel the frustration in Will’s voice for asking for his help. Again.

“Thank you.”

“My pleasure.” Hannibal said grinning to himself and hang up the phone.

“Why do I keep needing his help again and again? Am I really that useless?” Will mumbled to himself as he paces around his bedroom, Winston following him like a shadow wagging his tail.

His messy curls were still dripping a little from his shower as he slid on a pair of grey jeans. He sneezed and sniffed whilst he put on a long sleeved navy blue shirt and a black wool sweater. He grabbed the trench coat he used last night but the fabrics were still a little wet. Probably not a good idea to wear it. He had no other coat to actually support the current weather, but not wearing any coat was a much better idea than wearing a wet one.

He was drinking his last sip of coffee when the door was knocked.

11am exactly. Just like Hannibal said.

Will left the now empty cup on the sink and walked to the door to open it.

Hannibal noticed the dark circles under Will’s blue eyes immediately.

Hannibal notices every single detail immediately. But truth be told, no one would’ve missed those massive dark circles.

“Rough night?” Hannibal asked.

Will nodded repeatedly with a sarcastic grin as if angry to himself for how tired he feels.

“Thank you. It did kept me quite warm.” Hannibal said as he handed Will the red wool sweater William lent him last night. Will grabbed the sweater and narrowed his eyes as he looks into Hannibal’s, bringing the sweater to his nose to smell it.

To his surprise, Hannibal hadn’t washed the sweater. He could smell his own scent and the strong and exotic scent of the older man mixed together in the fabrics, the particular resulting fragrance giving him an odd feeling he just couldn’t decipher.

“You haven’t washed it.” Will smirked and hung the sweater on the coat rack next to him.

“You said if I wash it you would take that as if I’ve found the sweater to smell bad. It didn’t smell bad.” Hannibal replied with a slight kind grin.

Will almost blushed in embarrassments as he remembered he wore the damn sweater a few times and completely forgot to wash it.

“Fair enough.” William sang.

“Shall we?” Hannibal said pointing at his car with a move of his head.

“Yep…” Will sighed and stepped out his house closing the door behind him before both of them walked to Hannibal’s BMW.

The very cold wind hit Will’s face and he cursed himself for not having a second coat to wear. All of his coats were for laundry and he’s been forgetting to do quite a few things lately. He sneezed once more and sniffed. Hannibal gazed at him and noticed the tip of Will’s nose was a little red.

“Bless you.” Hannibal said politely as he stepped in the car. Will sat at the companion’s seat and nodded a silent ‘thanks’.

Clearly, William did catch a cold. Even when he’s been the one sheltered from the rain by Hannibal’s umbrella.

“Don’t you want to grab a coat before we leave?” Hannibal suggested.

“I don’t have any clean or dry coats to grab.” Will said and bit his lower lip feeling like an irresponsible child for not even having a damn clean coat to wear.

Hannibal began taking of his own trench coat and Will shook his head almost desperately.

“N-no, please, don’t.” William mumbled quietly.

“Please, I insist. I really don’t need it. I enjoy the chill.” Hannibal replied and handed his coat to Will.

The younger man sighed but obeyed, putting on Hannibal’s coat feeling the warmth of the other's body still in it. His nostrils caught the other’s exotic scent again, that odd feeling brushing his senses once more making him frown lightly. Hannibal started the car and began to drive their way to work.

Will’s eyes fell on the dead body laying on the autopsy table in front of him. The typical ‘Y’ incision already closed on the man’s torso indicating Beverly already did her job.

“So, what do we have?” Jack asked.

“It *is* the Chesapeake Ripper. There’s a missing kidney, surgically extracted.” Jimmy answered.

“The victim was Mr. Leonard Salvattore. He was the former owner of the library. Asphyxia was the cause of death. Everything else is pretty much intact but… his left kidney is gone.” Beverly explained, her eyes giving away the fact that she found something much more important than just that.

“Any… answer?” William asked quietly.

“Yes.” Beverly eyes teetered between Jack and Will for a moment as she pursed her lips, “There was definitely something inside his stomach. Very likely the answer to what you asked the Ripper.” Beverly said and paced to a small container with the samples from the corpse's gastric content, “we found undigested organic remains inside Mr. Salvattore’s stomach.” She added.

“Specifically brain and heart tissue. Which is quite odd. I mean, why not eating those? The tissues weren’t rot, yet, he decided to place them inside a dead man’s stomach.” Jimmy said.

“Perhaps answering Will was more important than eating this time.” Brian Zeller suggested.

“Maybe… Perhaps he wasn’t that hung-“

“Enough.” Jack interrupted Jimmy and Brian knowing allowing the two of them begin one of those conversations would give him a headache.

Will frowned as he thought. Could it be such a bold answer? Will asked the Ripper what does he wants from him. And then, a man wearing a cat-like mask very similar to the one the Chesapeake Ripper used to camouflage himself in the crowd of the masquerade appears with no less than pieces of heart and brain inside his stomach.

Does he wants to... eat my heart and brain?

Then he remembered Hannibal's words.

There's something he finds special about you.

His brain; the way his mind sees the world. Sees everyone past the social layers. His heart; the metaphorical way he understands and feels the world. The way he understands and feels what others feel. Both the two esencial parts of what is his gift and his curse. His unique empathy.

“Will.” William heard a familiar voice like a distant echo fleeting in the air, “Will.” He heard Hannibal's voice calling out his name once more and blinked a few times to snap out of his thoughts.

Everyone’s eyes but the corpse’s were staring at him with a frown.

“Where’s your mind, Will?” Jack asked with almost fatherly concern in his voice.

“His answer…” Will mumbled and gazed at the small plate with the gastric content, “it’s too… intimate.” He murmured very quietly.

He rubbed his eyelids behind his glasses and grabbed the small medicine bottle from his pocket, picking two pills to swallow them.

“Can we run a DNA test to see to whom the heart and the brain belongs to?” Will asked.

“I’m one step ahead. I’m already running those. The tests should be ready in a few hours maximum.” Brian Zeller said proudly.

“Good.” Will said and left the autopsy room to find himself a coffee from the coffee machine.

The DNA results were done and they did got a match.

“Just one victim?” Jack asked looking at the monitor before them.

“Yes. Both, the brain and the heart belong to Mr. Jonathan Fairchild. A former neurology teacher. He’s been missing for two weeks.” Brian Zeller replied.

“Freddie Lounds’ article about Will’s question has been released two weeks ago.” Beverly said.

“Exactly.” Jack nodded and pursed his lips as he realizes Will's question caused not one, but two deaths.

“I’ll find Will.” Beverly said and paced to the relaxation room hoping to find William there.

Hannibal was sitting across Will, just as if the relaxation room were his office. A small coffee table was between the two of them. Hannibal’s legs were elegantly crossed, his face relaxed.

Will, on the other hand, was leaning forward on his seat, head down staring at the coffee table as if he could see past it, his legs moving up and down a little too fast anxiously.

“What was the cause of your insomnia this time, Will?” Hannibal asked.

“I’m not sure. Many things. Someone similar to Alana died. A man died because I made the Ripper a question. Well, at least two. Guess it will be even harder to sleep tonight." he laughed sad and sarcastically, "I… keep having these nightmares with the Chesapeake Ripper. I feel like... I'm fading into something I can’t quite picture. Like… a fog. Dust. Smoke.” Will murmured.

“From all those things… what takes rest away from you the most?” Hannibal asked and rested his temple on his hand.

Will sighed a shaky and nervous chuckle as he brushes his messy curls with a hand. “I feel he’s... everywhere. I feel him around me. Feel like… he’s the one luring me and not the other way around.”

“Maybe you-…”

“Will.” Beverly interrupted Hannibal as she entered the room, “we have a match.”

William stood up instantly as if his seat was suddenly burning and followed Beverly with a fast pace. Hannibal followed them with a more calm one.

After all, he has no rush. He knows who the match is already.

Will looked at the monitor and inhaled deeply, unwittingly catching the scent of Hannibal from the oversized coat he was wearing.

“Just one match. Two organs. One match. The owner of the organs is an answer too.” Will said and Hannibal’s lips curled up so slightly.

What a clever boy you are.

Beverly sighed, knowing Will was perfectly right.

“Yes. The owner is -or was- Jonathan Fairchild. Former teacher of neurology.” Beverly spoke.

“An expert in the subject of the mind.” Hannibal added.

Beverly clicked on a link and a photo of Jonathan Fairchild popped up in the monitor.

Will’s eyes widened in alarming proportions as he saw what was the confirmation to what he already suspected.

Jonathan’s eyes were blue, framed by a pair of glasses. His hair was brown and curly. His age pretty much close to Will's own age.

William’s heart beated faster, room spinning around him as he feels as if he’s just been swallowed by a giant beast and was now being digested, vision turning a little blurry as he takes a few steps away from the monitor.

Beverly turned around on her seat and gazed at Will with something close to concern glimpsing in her eyes as she parts her lips to speak.

“I think he wants to eat you, Will.”

Chapter End Notes

Hi there! Hope you're enjoying this so far.
Thank you so much for all the kudos and the comments <3
I've never expected so many people reading this. I thought it would be just five of six readers only. This is so unexpected and nice!
As always... Let me know what are your thoughts on this... If you like it or not... If I have too many grammar mistakes xD I'm still trying to improve my English.

I feel... dizzy

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 10

I feel… dizzy

Will was back at the ballroom dance, again.

Not even one night of good rest for him apparently.

He walked among the dancing masked people but this time, William took off his mask as soon as he realized he was in that damn nightmare once more.

This time it was Alana the first one to find him, looking just as beautiful as she did that night.

They began to dance, but Will's eyes were more interested in the surroundings rather than in the woman in front of him. Even his dancing moves were almost... clumsy.

"You shouldn't be here, Alana. He wants to kill you." William whispered.

"Apparently, he wants to kill you too, Will. And yet, you're still here." Alana answered.

"He wants my heart and my brain at least. And this is a dream. It's not like I can chose to leave. Can I?"

"I don't mean the dream, Will. I mean the whole investigation. You're still chasing him. It's too dangerous."

"I have to. I can understand him. I need to understand him. And I need to stop him, Alana. I don't have much of a choice. Do I?"

"You do. You could step back from the investigation. You should step back, Will." Alana fixed his eyes on Will's lips as she leans closer, both of them dancing a little slower now.

“I can’t step back.” William whispered as he leans closer to her mouth, his lips parting as his eyes turn half masted, heart beating faster at the anticipation of a so desired kiss, even if it’s just a dream.

The loud high pitched scream of a woman that came from the distance filled the dancing room, interrupting their little attempt on kissing.

Will’s heart skiped a beat as he looks at Alana. The woman’s eyes widened, staring at Will without blinking. She choked and coughed out her own blood before looking down at her chest. Her breastbone was broken, ribs opened and exposed, glimpsing through the big hole and minced flesh at her heart level, but there was no heart in there, just and messy empty socket of blood, bones and destroyed muscles. Blood sprouted from her chest like a red fountain, her bright blue eyes looked into Will’s with clear pain written in them as if pleading for help before her whole body exploded in million drops of blood like glitter suspending in the air completely motionless as if time itself stopped.

She wasn’t there anymore. Just those grotesque red little gems floating in the air.

Will walked backwards, away from the small scarlet dots suspended in the air, eyes open wide as his whole body began to shake, heart hammering maddly within his chest as he feels air just won’t fill his lung, no matter how fast he breaths.

William’s back hit something solid but warm at the same time. He swallowed loudly and slowly turned around to find a tall man with too many faces and no face at all at the same time.

The Chesapeake Ripper.

The faceless man slowly grabbed Will’s hand as he placed his other hand at the lower part of William’s back. William placed his hand on the other's shoulder without resisting.

The completely black eyes of the Chesapeake Ripper fell on Will’s as they began to dance, every single one of the crimson little jewels suspended in the air finally fell down to the floor, shattering like glass as they impact the ground, thousands and thousands of fragments of what seemes to be a huge red broken mirror laid on the floor now.

This time Will could *see a face. It was somehow familiar but completely foreign at the same time. His skin was completely black like shinny coal, face completely expressionless as if he was control personified. Big antlers sprouted from his head making him look even taller than he already was.*

It was unsightly, macabre. But yet, Will just couldn't stop staring .

How could he look so familiar yet so unknown at the same time?

“You want to eat me.” Will said. And it wasn’t a question.

“You found my answer in Salvattore’s stomach.” It wasn’t a question either.

“Yes.”

The Ripper smirked at Will and made the smaller man spin before catching him with such grace. Will looked at him and blinked a few times with parted lips as he swallows hard.

"I feel like… I know you." Will murmured.

The Ripper danced a little closer now, looking intently into deep blue ocean eyes opened wide for him.

It really felt as if time ceased to exist. Just the two of them were there now. No other dancers moving around. Just William and the Ripper, dancing on the broken red glasses and the classic music in the backgrounds. Only the Ripper existed before Will's eyes at that very moment.

And he just can't look away.

"Perhaps you do know me," The Ripper said and the antlers disappeared for a moment, making him seem more humane in a way. He leaned closer to Will as he keeps dancing with such gentlemanly elegance.

"How does that makes you feel?" the Ripper asked.

William swallowed one more time and pared his lips before he whispered, "Scared."

The Ripper smirked and shivers went down William's spine, but he didn't pulled away, didn't averted his eyes from the other's completely black ones.

"Why eating me? What's so special about me? I'm just… an autistic. That's why I can understand you... a little."

"A little? And just an autistic? Do you really believe that lie, Will? Why don't you look at yourself in the mirror?" the Ripper asked.

"It's funny," Will chuckled lowly and frowned, "my psychiatrist suggested me the very same thing."

"Did he?" The Ripper said with a smugly grin and leaned his face closer to the other's as he dances a little slower, his hand pressing more at William's lower back.

"Yes." Will said breathlessly, heart hammering with little to no control as he feels the other's proximity, his blue ocean jewels glancing at the Ripper's lips for a second and then back at his eyes as he parts his own lips. He was so hypnotized, under such a powerful spell his body could barely respond. He felt completely magnetized, not being able to pull away.

Not wanting to pull away.

"I just see a mess whenever I look into the mirror." William murmured.

"Perhaps you should look a little…" the Ripper closed the gap between then, lips just inches apart now, "…closer." The Ripper whispered so close to William's mouth and the young man felt as if his heart had just stopped.

The Ripper released Will and stepped back, antlers appearing once more on his head. His hand pointed at the fragments of broken red glasses on the floor as he tilts his head.

William frowned and kneeled slowly. His eyes fell on the broken red pieces of what seemed to be a mirror of some sort.

He saw his face, fragmented, distorted in the small reflecting glasses, but there was something there. Something else.

"See?" Will heard and gazed up but instead of the Ripper he saw Hobbs, "see."

He looked at the broken red mirror fragments and his pupils dilated alarmingly at what he saw.

His body ached and began to shake as antlers began to sprout from his own head now, feeling the sharp edged cutting through his skull, his skin, the weight of the growing horns making him fall on hands and knees as his whole body trembled violently.

"No… No… Make it stop. Make it stop!" Will looked up and found the Ripper once more, staring at him as he tilts his head with curiosity.

"I can feed the caterpillar. I can whisper through the chrysalis, but what hatches follows its own nature and is beyond me. I can't make it stop Will. Just as you can't stop chasing me." the Ripper said.

Those words... So familiar. Where did he heard them before?

The Ripper kneeled before William and placed his hand on the other's jawline. Will looked up with glossy eyes and trembling body as he growls in pain.

"My precious, precious caterpillar," the Ripper leaned closer to Will's mouth once more, looking at those plump lips with no shame as the other remained in all four and almost convulsing from the pain.

"Will you keep chasing rabbits once you break free?" the Ripper whispered and almost brushed Will's lips with his before the whole place and the Ripper himself disappeared, only his chuckle echoed the place before William woke up.

William sat on the bed panting and completely soaked in sweat, his heart beating completely out of control. A strong headache made him groan lowly as he presses his hands against his temples, clenching his jaw and gritting his teeth.

Winston jumped on the bed and filled William's face with long slobbery kisses. His chest kept raising and falling fast as he just couldn't find any sort of calm, not even by running his fingers through Winston's fluffy fur.

This was already getting too way out of hands.

And why was he even mixing those dreams with the things he talks about in therapy?

Usually, Will's unconscious tries to provide him with information. Tries to guide him through the lies until he sees the truth. But all this just seems so… erratic. Nonsense.

Or at least that's what the poor man thinks.

He glanced at the clock at his bedside table.

2:36am. Freaking 2:36am.

This will certainly be no good night for Will.

"Will… well, I can't say I was expecting you." Hannibal said with impossible to hide surprise in his eyes as he opens the door of his office.

Will reacted as if a breaking ball just hit his chest.

What the hell was he doing at Dr. Lecter's office? How the hell did he even got there in first place?

He gazed at the older man. He was wearing a grey sweater, what seemed like a pair of dark red pajama pants and just a pair of grey socks. Even si informal, he managed to look do tidy and... Good.

Fuck. I woke him up. Perfect. Just perfect.

Hannibal scanned William from head to toes. The man was wearing the same reed wool sweater he lent Hannibal the other day -and he could still perceive his own scent on it-, some sleeping shorts and a pair of slippers. Clearly not an outfit William would pick to go ant visit Dr. Lecter at freaking 4.45am.

The fact that William probably slept in that red sweater didn't escaped Hannibal at all.

Will's eyes scanned his own figure, cheeks blushing maddly as he realizes he's basically just in sleeping clothes.

"I… I-I should probably leave. I'm so sorry, Dr. Lecter." William spoke quickly and turned away to leave, still not understanding a damn thing.

The younger man was stopped by Hannibal's hand gripping him from a shoulder.

“Nonsense. My house is always open for friends. Besides. It would be reckless to let you drive perhaps an hour back to Wolf Trap in this state of mind. Please, come in. I insist.” Hannibal stopped William from leaving.

The younger man pressed his hand on his face as he shivers slightly. Part because of his instability. Part because he was wearing way too little clothes and it was freaking winter.

And also because he felt awfully exposed.

“Come. Take a seat. I’ll bring you something to warm you up.” Hannibal said and closed the door allowing William deduct letting him go in this state wasn’t an option.

How ashamed William felt. How utterly confused. Perhaps he came to the only place he could feel safe at.

Why does he even feels so safe in here?

“I… Don’t even remember how I got here.” William said as he sat on one of the couches.

Hannibal paced to the kitchen and poured some Dalmore62 into two glasses. The very expensive bottle was decorated by small antlers, the orange-ambar and almost red beverage within seemed like liquid fire, a bloody sunset trapped in a bottle of whiskey.

“I know.” Hannibal said and finishes pouring the reddish ambar liquid in two very fine glasses.

“This is Dalmore62. Only twelve bottles of this whiskey were ever made. Its uniqueness is considered a secret only quite a few will ever be able to know. It's also considered strong enough to allow one to stand very low temperatures.”

“Don’t you have anything less… Expensive?” Will asked.

“Yes. But I don’t want to pour us anything less expensive tonight. Besides, it’s not the price. It’s the taste. Certain flavors are harder to afford.”

Will pursed his lips but didn’t protested. He simply took off his slippers and curled up in his seat, bringing his knees to his chest trying to gain a little more of corporal temperature until Hannibal came to where he was.

“Here. This will help with the cold.” Hannibal said as he handed Will the glass of the very expensive whiskey and William only sneezed in response, grabbing the glass but remained curled up on his seat, chin resting on his own knees.

How utterly small he looks like all curled up. I wonder if I would rather crush him or hold him.

Hanninal paced to the hanger next to the door and picked a heavy coat to place it on William’s shoulders before sitting in the coach in front of Will.

Will inhaled the scent of the whiskey. It clearly smelled like something quite sophisticated but also… Very freaking strong.

“Isn’t it unethical to pour strong drinks to your patients?”

“It’s almost 5am. I wouldn’t consider you a patient at this very moment, Will.” Hannibal said with a smirk and took a sip of his whiskey.

“Mmmm… Fair enough.” Will said and took a sip of his glass too. As soon as the very strong drink fell down his throat he reacted pretty much like a kitten who had just tastes lemon for the first time.

Hanninal couldn’t help but laugh at that.

“Wow… This is strong.” Will said blinking repeatedly.

“And that’s why it Will help you gain some temperature. Your lips were blue by the time I opened the door for you.” Hannibal explained.

Will took another sip and his body reacted a little less, still exhaling heavily feeling he was some sort of dragon breathing fire.

“Well, it *does* makes me feel warmer.” The younger man said and giggled a bit.

“Certainly.” Hannibal replied with a slight grin.

“I don’t know how I got here but I clearly drove like an hour and… don’t remember any of it.” William said and took another sip, shuddering at the sudden change of temperature in his body.

“Sleepwalkers usually do many things without remembering. Yet, they do them with no greater consequences sometimes.”

“I certainly don’t like the idea of allowing my body do things without my consent.” Will said and finished his drink.

Interesting...

Hanninal stood up and grabbed the bottle from a small table next to him where he left it and poured Will some more.

“Are you trying to get me drunk, Dr. Lecter?”

“Just wanting to keep you warm.”

William sneezed one more time and couldn’t retort anything to that since Hannibal was probably right. He took too much cold on his way here.

“what’s the last thing you remember before coming here?” Hannibal asked.

Will narrowed his eyes and looked at his right as he tried to remember. His eyes widened as he remembered the dream.

“Another nightmare… with the Chesapeake Ripper.” Just mentioning the Ripper made William take another sip of his whiskey.

And Hannibal had to stop himself from smirking.

“What was it this time?”

“He… Seemed to be flirting with me?” He licked his lips and frowned as he tries to remember more of it, “and… Alana died in front of me. Literally exploded in million fragments of red glass.”

The fact that William remembered the Ripper flirting with him before he remembered such an important thing as Alana dying in front of him didn’t escaped Hannibal.

“Chasing someone and being chased does feel like courtship. I’m sure that feels a lot more real now that you know what he wants from you.” Hannibal suggested.

William laughed, his cheeks turning red as he licks his lips more often than usual, head pushing down against the backrest.

Alcohol was clearly doing its thing.

“I guess so. But it felt so strange.” Will added and giggled ever so lowly.

“Strange how?” Hannibal asked quite curiously.

“I’m not sure those are even nightmares anymore. A part of me enjoy them.”

“You enjoy the thrill of the chase. The rush of not knowing what’s going to happen. Not knowing what’s going to happen is what makes us feel alive.”

“Yes…but it isn’t jush that. I… feel under his spell. I… know I’m not the one in control. He leads. He taunts. He everything. He even… teases me.”

“How does a faceless man teases you, Will?”

“Well, he’s not faceless anymore,” Hannibal’s lips slightly twitched at Will’s words, “he has a humanoid face. But some of his features… are still so familiar. His lips… his… Eyes?”

Hanninal licked and parted his own lips and watched William take more of his Dalmore62.

“He even seemed like he would *kiss* m e.” Will said and giggled.

Naughty boy, having wet dreams, aren't we?

“And how did that make you feel?” Hannibal asked with a curious brow raising up in his forehead.

“Confused.” Will giggled once more as he hid his face for he was almost sure it was most likely red, “not that I'm into some serial killer I don’t even know.”

Alcohol was clearly making William talk way too much.

“Of course you’re not.” Hannibal replied with his lips slightly curling up.

“He even suggested me to look into the mirror too. I think my unconscious is mixing up a lot of things.” Will said and chuckled a little more. Ears and cheeks all flushed.

“That’s very likely the case. You're under a lot of stress. Conscious and unconscious might began to mix together like tint and water. You jush need to spot what is exactly what.” Hannibal explained.

“I feel… dizzy.”

“You know I can’t let you drive in this state. And even if I could take you home it would took like two hours and if a police officer happens to make me pull over, well, I did drank quite a strong thing.” Hannibal explained.

“I could… Call a cab?” Will said and stood up, immediately loosing balance and stumbling.

Hanninal caught him in the air with such a *gentlemanly grace.*

“I’m afraid you’re not stable nor sober enough for that Will.”

“What do you suggest then, Dr. Lecter? A freaking sleepover?" William giggled once more as Hannibal helped him sat back on the couch safe and sound.

“Something like that"

"What?" Will asked with a small chuckle.

"You’re sleeping here tonight, Will.”

And for a reason, Will’s heart skipped a beat as he heard that sentence coming out of Hannibal's lips.

Chapter End Notes

As always... Thank you for reading! Thank you for all the kudos! I've never expected so many :D
Please let me know how are you enjoying the story since that is what encourages me into keep writing.
As always... Any mistakes you can point out are well received since -as I said many times already- English isn't my language.
Thank you so much for the love and the comments! Hope you're enjoying this.
And if you're into rp... Helena_lecter is my ig... Just saying ;)

Sleeping beauty

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 11

Sleeping beauty

William blinked a few times as his teeth just won't stop biting his lower lip frantically.

Sleeping here? Is he serious?

"Dr. Lecter, I assure you I can find my way back home somehow. I-I can…I can call Jack to pick me up." William spoke as if there was nothing wrong with the very stupid idea he came up with.

"Call Jack? At this hour… And drunk. You do understand the nature of your own suggestion, don't you?" Hannibal said quite humored.

"Um… Yeah?" William said proudly as if it was obviously a good idea until his mind reacted just a bit more, "wo-wait… No. You're right. That's quite… stupid." Will admitted and laughed.

And Hannibal couldn't help but curl up his lips in amusement.

William stood up and began to 'walk' like a new born giraffe trying to learn how to use its limbs. Hannibal stood up and paced closer to Will already anticipating a very probable fall.

"I'll call Alana then. We-where's phone?" a very drunk will said before turning around and tripping.

He was gracefully caught in the air by Hannibal. Just like the Chesapeake Ripper catching him in his dreams.

Exactly like the Ripper.

“Clumsy boy. You don’t want to hurt yourself, do you?” Hannibal said in an almost protective way, his hand gripping one of Will’s arms gently but firm and his other hand at the lower part of the other's back to hold him safe and sound.

Clumsy boy?

Something about those words gave William shivers. He didn’t even knew why those words gave him shivers in first place. They did annoyed him though. He’s not a boy anymore, much less a clumsy one. Well, now that he’s drunk perhaps just a little clumsy.

But there was something else in those words. Something he couldn’t quite picture or name what they caused on him.

Even if Hannibal's sudden nickname distracted him, Will couldn't help but notice the smoothness with Hannibal's move flowed. How familiar his hold felt as he caught him. But it didn't reminded him from the time under the rain. No. It was the man with whom he sleeps in his dreams this reminded him of.

“You move like quite a good dancer, Dr. Lecter.” William said with a slight frown, not pulling away from Hannibal’s gentle yet firm grip for an unknown reason. Perhaps for stability.

Yeah… it has to be for stability.

“We danced before.” Hannibal said and William’s eyes widened alarmingly.

Was Dr. Lecter referring to his dreams? The dreams Will told him about? Was he bluntly admitting being no less than the Chesapeake Ripper? Just like that?

As Will sinks into those thoughts, t his time he did pulled away from the other’s grip and almost fell as he walks backwards less close from the other.

“Why would you say that? We never…” William’s pupils grew wider as he began to tremble, frightened ocean eyes pleading for a way out.

“At the ballroom dance, remember? I danced with you to discretely tell you a man and a woman entered a private room but the man never left.” Hannibal spoke as he raised an eyebrow as if it was obvious what he was talking about.

It was obvious indeed, even if his words could be very well applied to William’s dreams as well. Besides, Hannibal tends to use double sense in such subtle ways.

Will exhaled and let out a breath he didn’t knew he was holding back all this time.

“God…” he sighed deeply, “you’re right. I forgot. When you told me the Chesapeake Ripper was indeed at the ballroom dance I... barely noticed we were actually dancing together at that moment. I’m… So…” ‘sorry for thinking you were the Ripper, even for a moment’ he wants to add but he feels just too embarrassed. Too dumb to even attempt and formulate an excuse.

He doubted Dr. Lecter. His own psychiatrist. And perhaps even his... 'friend'.

I use this man to pick me up. Take me places. He is more than patience with me. Opens the door at freaking 5am for me to abuse his hospitality once more… and then I doubt him like this? Accuse him of such horrible things?

William felt so guilty it even pained him.

Poor thing. If he only knew.

“It’s all right, Will. You’re under stress. You went too far down the rabbit hole. It’s only natural to feel disorientated when you're so deep. Even up and down can be hard to distinguish.” He walked closer to Will and placed a hand on his right shoulder, “You’re finally swimming in Charon’s waters, sinking. Don’t drown, Will. Break into the surface, turn death upside down. All you have to do is stop fighting with yourself.” Dr. Lecter said and squeezed Williams shoulder slightly, feeling the other tensing under his palms before relaxing .

Will’s eyes looked into Hannibal’s, blue jewels shimmering with almost physical pain for the way he felt within. Those sapphires were pleading for Hannibal’s help. Pleading for a lifeguard to hold onto. For a guiding light to follow in the dark.

Poor foolish thing. If he only knew he's asking darkness itself for a guiding light.

"I’m scared of what might hatches if I do. I’m scares of… myself. I don’t know what is my imagination and what is real anymore. Where my own darkness ends and the darkness of whom I’m trying to catch begins. I feel… I’m beginning to blur with him.” Will murmured quietly as if afraid of admitting those words.

His porcelain face showed how deeply affected he was, stormy eyes piercing into Hannibal’s in seek of help. Of anything.

How small and helpless he felt. How lost inside the rabbit hole.

Hannibal dragged his hand and placed it on one of Will’s cheeks softly. The younger man blinked and frowned very slightly before he relaxed and leaned into the touch without even noticing. But the warmth of Hannibal’s solid yet soft palm provided him with some sort of comfort and calm. Protection. And right now he needed al those things.

“One should never be afraid of oneself. The mirrors in your mind can reflect the best of you, Will. Never the worst of someone else.” Hannibal's thumb brushed the other’s cheekbone so softly, barely noticeable, “I believe in the best of you, Will. Believe in the best of yourself.” Hannibal added with such a smooth voice.

Will gazed at the other, his eyes falling on Hannibal's lips for a second and he could almost swear those lips reminded him of the Chesapeake Ripper's lips back in his dream. But again, in his dream, the Chesapeake Ripper happened to suggest William to look into the mirror, just like Dr. Lecter did, and the man convinced himself that was the reason why he saw Hannibal's lips on the Ripper's face for a moment back then in his unconscious.

He saw them precisely when the Ripper seemed to be almost about to kiss him in his dream. What does that even means?

Will doesn't know. But something within compelled him into not searching for answers. Not this time.

"Will you help me if what hatches is something I… fear?" William asked, still staring at Hannibal's mouth for a reason.

Hannibal's lips curled up in a soft small smile, dark golden eyes softening at the other's request.

Perhaps alcohol makes Will weaker. Made it easier for the young empath to ask for his help. Either way, Hannibal was more than pleased.

"Of course. As I said. If you fall, I'll catch you, hold you until you can move forward once more. As far as you want me to go with you." he said the same thing he said back in one of their sessions, " You're not alone Will, I'm right beside you."

A small smile appeared in Will's face as he heard Hannibal's words wrapping him like a soft blanket sheltering him from every imaginary monster.

But his blue eyes kept looking at Hannibal's lips that seemed to be closer and closer by the second even if Hannibal was standing still. Was Will leaning closer? Or was just his imagination?

William couldn't help but blush in embarrassment. And, oh how Hannibal adored that beautiful color on those cheeks.

"I think I'm too drunk, Dr. Lecter."

"I can't say I don't agree with that." Hannibal said a little humored.

"I'm so sorry. For everything. I woke you up in the middle of the night and you surely need to rest. And so do I if I want the hangover to be less... disastrous." William said.

"You don't need to feel sorry. I'm always happy to help a friend." Hannibal said and retrieved his hand from Will's cheek. Only then William noticed Hannibal's been cupping his face all along. And only then he noticed how good Dr. Lecter's gentle touch made him felt.

Why does it even feels.... good having Hannibal's hand on his cheek anyway?

"Where am I… you know..." Will began as he licked his lips slightly nervous to ask.

“Sleeping? I have a second bedroom for guests. Don’t worry.” Hannibal answered Will’s unspoken question. Will nodded and made a crooked smile.

“Shall we?” Dr. Lecter asked as his hand pointed at the stairs that led to the second floor.

“Please." Will' nodded and began to make short steps, "I feel… too dizzy.” William said and followed Hannibal.

Dr. Lecter saw how tottery William’s walking was and he wondered if the man would fell. They just began walking up staring when Will’s feets intertwined making him fall and his right foot twisted in a very painful way. Hannibal hear the other’s grunt and hiss of pain, catching him in midair before his body fell on the stairs.

“Fuck!” William hissed.

He was glad Hannibal held him for he wasn’t even sure how bad his right foot and ankle were. Hanninal helped William sit on one step of the stairs and brushed a few curls away from his eyes for a second.

“I think it’s broken.” Will added with a choking voice, panting due to the pain.

“I can’t do much in the middle of the stairs. Come now, wrap your arms around my neck so I can carry you.” Hannibal said as he bowed above William.

So you can carry me? Oh, hell no.

“N-no… I’m sure I can~Ah!” Will tried to move but pain made him stumble a little making his bottom hit the stair step.

“Such a stubborn boy you are.” Hannibal said and wrapped his arms around Will’s torso scooping him up between his strong arms to carry him like a bride.

No. This ain’t happening. This ain’t fucking happening.

Fuck. My. Life.

And those words… 'stubborn boy'. Why do they feel so... strange?

“Please, let me down. I can handle.” Will protested as Hannibal began to walk upstairs erected like a dancer as if he weren't even lifting any weight at all.

“Nonsense. As far as we know, that leg might be even broken. You are drunk and with an injury. You clearly can’t walk up the stairs like this.” Hannibal explained.

Will knew he was right. Knew there was no way he could go upstairs all by himself without tripping again and again and very likely making the whole situation even worse.

The young man frowned narrowing his brows in displease. The fact that Hannibal could carry him without even a little of effort only made him feel smaller. And angry because of that.

Hannibal gazed down at Will for a second and saw the angry frown on his face almost looking as if he was pouting like an angry child.

Such an adorable thing.

Hannibal carried William all the way to the guest bedroom and to the bed at the middle of the room.

The decoration was so luxurious and outstanding it was almost imposible to think that was merely a guest bedroom. Fine burgundy curtains fell from those walls made of grey stones. The fireplace was huge. Will imagine such a big thing would warm up the place pretty fast once turned on. The dark wooden floors shined like a brand new mirror. The bedsheets were burgundy silk, just the very sight of the fabrics felt soft.

Hanninal laid Will on the bed careful and gently. Will groaned a little as his injured leg was placed on the mattress.

“Let’s see what we have. Shall we?” Hannibal said before his hands took the slipper off from Will’s right foot slowly. His ankle was already bruised and swollen.

“It will hurt a little but I need to check if there’s any broken bone." he paused and gazed at Will, " Ready?”

William nodded in response as he presses his lips together in a thin line. Hannibal’s hands began to massage Will’s ankle, muscles tensing up under his gentle touch as small hisses fell from the young man’s lips. Then he moved his hand to the base of the other’s foot, pressing his palms as he grips firm buy gently the other's foot to move it, checking the joint.

“No cracking sound nor abnormal movement. It’s very likely just a sprain.” Hannibal explained.

“It doesn’t feel like a damn sprain.”

“It’s a big one. But still a sprain.” Hannibal explained as he took off Will’s other slipper.

And Will felt so useless and small . The man had to attend him like some damn child.

“Hold my arm so I can lift you up and move the bedsheets below you.” Hannibal said.

“B-but…” William began to protest.

“You can be such a stubborn thing when you propose to.” Hannibal interrupted the young man's protest and wrapped an arm below his armpit, lifting him up as he moves the bedsheets to a side before laying the smaller man back on the bed. Will looked away. He felt just too embarrassed to look into anyone’s eyes.

Hannibal's eyes being the last eyes he would like to look into right now.

Dr. Lecter pulled from the blankets to cover William up to his chest. After all, the man already came in sleeping clothes. Will clenched his jaw but relaxed as he feels the warmth of the blankets wrapping him and making his muscles melt in comfort. Hannibal paced to the fireplace and lighted it up. The whole bedroom looked like some fairytale room lighter by the soft dim light if the fire. Will hummed at the feel of the very soft pillows and blankets feeling that bed inviting as Alana's arms.

Hannibal paced to the bed and sat next to Will, his hands brushed away a small fluff from William's sleeping shirt. Will hummed under the soft touch with closed eyes as if enjoying the fleeting touch even if he was still with narrowed brows due to the pain.

"I'll bring you some painkiller." Hannibal said and Will nodded.

Dr. Lecter left the bedroom and Will brought the bedsheets to his face, snuggling into the blanket and their exquisite softness. But again there it was... that exotic and intoxicating scent. The bedsheets smelled of Hannibal. And Will felt odd in ways he couldn't describe. There was a warm feeling in his chest he couldn't understood quite well since it was both, comforting and unsettling at the same time.

Hannibal came back with a small bottle of pills and a glass of water, placing them on the small bedside table. He slid his hand under William's nape, blue oceans opening wide at the feel of Hannibal's soft palm at the back of his head.

Hannibal pulled up slowly to help the young man sit up. Big sapphires gazing at dark golden jewels for a moment that seemed eternal. Hannibal blinked a few times and grabbed two pills from the small bottle to handed them to William. Will took them and then gripped the glas of water to swallow the medicine.

"You should feel better in about 45 minutes." Hannibal explained and stood up from the bed to walk to the door.

"Thank you," Will's hand stopped Hannibal as it gripped the older man's left wrist, "For… everything." He added.

Hanninal turned around and smiled, "it's always a pleasure to help a friend." He said and paced to the door once the other released his wrist, "shall you need anything just call out my name. I'll be at my bedroom just a few steps from here." Hannibal turned off the lights and his dark eyes shimmered like small bright dots in the darkness, "good night, Will."

"Good night, Dr. Lecter." William answered and yawned, turning around as he closes his eyes.

An hour passed and Hannibal was laying on his bed, staring at the roof as if he could see past it. His mind was still wondering things. Thinking about how hard Will's mind is giving its owner all the hints on who the Chesapeake Ripper is, pondering how close could the young empathy be from matching the dots to see the bigger picture and realize Hannibal *is* the man Will's has been searching for all this time, the Ripper haunting him in his dreams, that shadow stalking him from the back of his head.

Dr. Lecter decided to go and check on Will. See if he's already asleep. He slid off the bed and softly walked barefoot to the guest bedroom to find Will peacefully laying on the bed. He could hear his even and deep breaths and he knew the man was indeed asleep. He walked quietly to the bed. Will was laying on his back, blankets up to the middle of his chest, arms folded above his head as hid head tests slightly to a side exposing his perfect jawline. The dim light of the moon feel on his skin making him look porcelain-like, so pale and delicate.

My beautiful teacup. Such beauty should be considered a sin.

Hanninal snapped his fingers to check how deep was William in his sleep. The younger man didn't move a single muscle. His breath remained just as even.

Deeply asleep indeed .

Hannibal wasn't here why, but his hand slowly went to Will's face. His fingertips brushed the other's cheek, dragging his digits ever so slightly to the other's jawline and neck.

Would you come back together once I shatter you I wonder.

He retrieved his hand and went back to his bedroom, just as quietly as he came in the first time.

Will opened his eyes as he heard the loud steps of a quadruped. He glanced at the fireplace and saw the stag standing proudly and gazing back at him.

The animal huffed and slowly made its way out of the bedroom to access the corridor and walk towards Hannibal's bedroom. Will frowned and clenched his jaw, moving the blankets away to stand up and follow the animal.

But the animal vanished as a very sharp and deep pain filled his body waking him up.

The sound of someone falling and a following yell woke up Hannibal. He jumped off the bed and put on a black robe made of silk, his bare chest remained exposed as he didn't closed the robe. A pair of black silk pajama pants covered his legs, waistline just below his well defined hip bones.

Hanninal paced quickly to the guest bedroom and found Will lying in the floor on his stomach and hands as he grunted in pain.

"I told you to call me if you needed anything." Hannibal's words sounded pretty much like a nagger as he walked in Will's direction to kneel next to him and hold one of his hands to help him sit on the floor at least.

"I think I was sleepwalking again." William mumbled quietly.

Hannibal sighed through his nostrils and checked Will's ankle and feet for a moment.

"You can't stay here all by yourself with your leg like this if you're sleepwalking, Will."

"Why do you suggest then, Dr. Lecter? Tie me up so I won't sleepwalk?" Will said sarcastically and made a sad almost pathetic laugh.

Tie you up. Such an interesting idea.

"No. But rather you like it or not…" Hannibal's arms wrapped the younger man and scooped him up to carry him like a bride once more, "you're sleeping in my bed." Hannibal added stopping his lips from forming a smirk.

William swallowed loudly and blinked fast a few times.

He can't be serious.

"B-but-…"

"I'm a doctor. I can't leave you here to fall again and hurt yourself even more, Will, can I?" he carried him gently to his own bedroom now,

"You're sleeping with me tonight, Will."

Chapter End Notes

Hi there! I took a little longer this time but here it is :3
Yep... Will is going to be nervous af xD and I will certainly enjoy writing that haha
As always, let me know how are you enjoying or hating this so far since that is what

keeps me writing. Any suggestions on the grammar or any mistakes you may find please let me know as... I've said like a million times already xD English isn't my language. Thank you so much for all the kudos and comments <3

The man I dream about is laying next to me

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 12

The man I dream of is laying next to me

Hannibal carried William like a bride all the way to his bed. Hannibal's bedroom was even bigger. The fireplace was already on, burgundy bedsheets made of silk caressed the king size mattress with soft pillows of matching color. The room was just as sophisticated as Hannibal to utmost detail. Place perfectly tidy and floors shinning clean. It looked like the most expensive room of the most expensive hotel William could picture in his head.

Hanninal softly laid William down on the bed. He sat next to him still in William's side of the bed. He bended over and placed a hand on the smaller man's forehead. Will frowned as he hated all of this. Hated the idea of sharing a bed with a man. Even more to share it with no less than his psychiatrist. But still for an unknown reason, he hummed at the touch.

"You may have some fever. Let me get you something for that." Hannibal said.

"Yeah. I do feel very cold"

Hannibal headed to the bathroom and searched for some pills behind the small bathroom mirror. He came back to Will and handed him the small bottle.

"I'll get you some water for-" Hannibal began but stopped when he saw Will taking two pills to swallow them without any water.

"Guess you don't need the water." Hannibal said.

"I take many pills per day. The water part has become a... bother."

Will's eyes couldn't help but scan the other. The black silky robe fell from Hannibal's shoulders beautifully, still exposing his strong chest, just one hip bone was fully visible. The waistline of the black pajama pants showed part of Hannibal's v-line. William blinked a few

times. He never saw any of Hannibal's skin besides his face and his hands. This was… too much visible skin at once.

He looks so… strong.

Will almost shook his head to push that thought away.

Yes. His psychiatrist was strong. So what?

But William felt like he looked for too long. Perhaps Hannibal even noticed.

"It's rude to stare." Hannibal said, a little humored. Will's cheeks flushed and Hannibal couldn't help but smirk a little at that.

"I wasn't staring. It's just… I'd have never imagined you work out." William explained and blushed even more since his explanation only pointed out he *did* noticed the other's body, those muscles perfectly shaped, that well defined v-line.

"I just s tay in shape. I wouldn't call that 'working out'." Hannibal replied as he paced to his side of the bed.

William's heart hammered in his chest as he sees the other sitting on the bed through the corner of his eyes.

"I hate this." William mumbled quietly.

"I know." Hannibal said with another humored grin.

The older man took of his robe exposing his strong arms, shoulders and back, placing the robe on a chair at his side. He laid himself down and pulled the blankets to his stomach, folding his arms with hands at the back of his head as if using them like pillows.

"I was thinking…" Will decided to start a small conversation to feel less tense, "perhaps I should do normal stuff too… to feel less… you know… like drowning in Charon's waters?"

"The problem would still be there, but... doing normal things could give you some sense of 'normality'." Hannibal made it sound so simple and obvious.

"I was thinking about asking Alana on a date." William said with a small smile.

Hannibal's upper lip twitched once as he heard the other.

How couldn't he see Alana wasn't good for him? How couldn't he see that woman was a heartless maneater?

Such a funny thing… the cannibal sees Alana as a maneater.

“Do you hope she could provide you with some sense of stability?” Hannibal said as he laid on his side to gaze at Will.

Will returned the gesture by laying on his side as well to look at Hannibal.

He regretted immediately. Face to face, the king-size bed didn’t felt that big anymore. He could not just smell Hannibal all around him. He could even feel the warmth emanating from his body. Could feel his energy. He was laying so close to him… a the damn bastard was barechested.

At least he was glad the man doesn’t sleep naked. Or perhaps he decided not to tonight.

“Perhaps. I don’t know. I just… It felt so good back then at the ballroom when I kissed her. I've always thought she is very kissable.” William said with a little grin and Hannibal clenched his jaw once.

“I wouldn’t disagree with that. She is very kissable indeed.” Hannibal said.

Will frowned and gazed at the other as he blinks a few times.

“You had something with her. Didn’t you? Or do you… still have?” he asked ending the words very quietly.

“We did had a few moments.”

“I’m sorry for… I mean… I didn’t meant to… “ Will tried to form an apology.

“It’s quite alright, Will. We are adults. There’s no need to talk on this matter.”

“So… you’re fine if I ask her on a date? Just… all good? No awkward competition… whoever gets her gets her?” William asked testing the other a little.

Hanninal hated the idea of William dating Alana. She would do nothing but ruin everything. He can’t let Alana interfere in all the methodical work he’s been pouring into Will’s head.

“It’s alright. It’s no competition. I don’t mind who ‘gets her’.” Hannibal explained and made William felt he was talking about Alana like of she was some prize.

“Yeah… I mean… It’s not like I see her as an object to win.” William added quickly.

“I never said that.”

“But I did made it sound like that.” William said.

The younger man pulled from the blankets to warm himself up a little more since he began to shiver slightly even with the fireplace on and everything. Hanninal stood up and Will frowned a little until he saw the man coming back with another blanket.

Did he noticed I was shivering?

Hannibal placed the blankets on the bed covering William gently. The younger man felt so small he almost wanted to complain about the other's overprotectiveness. But for a reason it felt… Nice.

The man is a doctor. Taking care of someone with an injury and fever it's only natural. His Jon. Not such a big deal.

"There. Better?" Hannibal asked. Will made a small smile and nodded.

Why the fuck did I just smiled?

Hannibal laid back on his side and relaxed on the mattress.

"Thank you." William mumbled, annoyed at himself and how useless he felt.

"My pleasure."

At some point William fell asleep. Hannibal didn't. He just laid on his side eyeing at the other. Watching his relaxed porcelain face as he dreams about something.

About what Hannibal wonders.

The smaller man began to shiver once more and his hands searched for the other asleep.

"-nston. Winston. -ere are you...?" The young empath mumbled asleep. Apparently he was searching for Winston's warmth as he dreams. The younger man moved on the bed and pulled himself closer to Hannibal.

And Hannibal didn't moved away, not even a little.

William's hand brushed Hannibal's under the blankets as he moves his unharmed leg, his thigh brushing Hannibal's slightly. They were so close the older man could feel the other's warm breathing brushing his face, the scent of mint and coffee fanning Hannibal's nose and lips as the other breaths evenly.

How close you are. So close I can almost feel your heartbeats.

Hannibal's hand went to Will's face, brushing one of he other's curls away from his face.

How soft he was. What a delicate unique thing.

Hanninal retrieved his hand and sighed as he closed his eyes.

There he was. At the bloody ballroom dance once more. This time there were no dancers at all. Just the music filling the empty place as he walks all alone to the center of the dance floor. He heard the pace of a quadruped animal and gazed at the sound's direction but found the mysterious man haunting his dreams instead. His black face was still just as familiar as unknown at the same time.

The Chesapeake Ripper walked into his direction slowly. Will swallowed loudly but didn't backed up.

The man held Will's hand gently and he didn't protested at all as he knew they would dance. A part of him waited for it. But not just because he knew they would dance.

Perhaps… a part of Will wanted to dance with him.

"Foolish boy." The Ripper said.

William frowned as he follows the lead of the other's dancing steps, both of them moving along the dancing floor with such fluid grace.

Like beauty and the beast.

"Why precisely?" William asked in a slight cocky voice.

"Haven't you seen she's a heartless harlot already, Will?"

"She's not. You want to make her look like she is. But why do you want to do such thing escapes my guess." William said.

"She's not good enough for you, Will."

"You say that as if you know her."

"Perhaps I do." The Ripper teased.

"Why would you even care if she's good enough for me?" Will said in his dream and mumbled asleep.

Hanninal heard him mumble asleep.

"I only want what's good for you, Will." The Ripper said in Will's dream.

Hannibal thought the exact same words to himself after hearing William's whispers.

And Will just knew he heard those words before.

"But why?" William asked in his dream and mumbled asleep.

The Ripper closed the gap between them as he stopped dancing. William looked up into the other's complete black eyes as if under that damn spell once more. The Ripper's black hands

cupped William's face and the smaller man didn't knew why but he closed his eyes and leaned into the touch for a moment.

"Because I see the sinister true beauty you hold within. I see your true beauty, Will, your uniqueness." The Ripper said as he paced forward, slowly cornering the other to a wall.

And Will allowed him to corner him. He just couldn't fight it back. He just...couldn't.

"I'm no… beauty." Will said almost breathlessly as his back was pressed against the wall, inhaling deeply and faster, chest raising and falling rapidly.

"Of course you are. My beautiful caterpillar. I wonder. Are you chasing the white rabbit or are you the white rabbit luring a beast?" The Ripper said and hand caressed the other's cheek, his thumb brushing William's lower lip.

The younger man parted his lips feeling his body melting, heart beating maddly as the other hand of the Ripper caressed his side before placing it on his waist . he could feel the warmth of the rippers palm on his waist, felt the strength. And he felt so small and fragile.

"Why aren't you running, Will?"

"I don't want to." The young man replied in a whisper, gazing at the Ripper's lips.

Those lips. Those tricky lips. They shifted until they weren't black anymore. They looked soft. Pink. Thin but plump and inviting at the same time.

"Shouldn't you be running?" it wasn't the Ripper's voice he heard in his dream now. It was Hannibal's.

Will gazed up and the face inches apart from his was his psychiatrist's face now. William's heart pounced even faster for a reason. Blue eyes opening wide as his pupils dilated, lips parting more as he breaths shakily.

"Dr. Lecter ~" William said breathlessly in his dream and also… Asleep.

And of course. Hannibal heard.

Will didn't knew why, but his hand went to Hannibal's cheek, cupping the older man's face in his dream… but also in reality while he's still asleep.

"Why are you in my dream?" William asked.

"That is something you must ask yourself." Hannibal said in Will's dream and gazed at the younger man's lips, teasing him with a kiss innuendo. Will began panting in his dream and in reality too as he just can't help but stare at those lips.

He felt drunk. High. Under someone else's power.

"You can be so cruel." Will whispered against Hannibal's lips in his dream.

And also asleep.

Hanninal gazed at the man sleeping in front of him, those words being whispered so close to his lips making him feel some sort of knot below his stomach as he felt the sudden need to devour those lips that kept mumbling asleep.

"*You have no idea." Hannibal said in Will's dream and pressed his body against the other's.*

Will panted even faster, and faster, and faster.

Will was panting right into Hannibal's face. In his dream and in reality.

Dr. Lecter's lips twitched as he felt his own heart beating a little faster, his own breathing getting shorter, sharper. As if the other's closeness pained him physically in a rather odd way.

"Then show me, Dr. Lecter." William said in his dream and whispered throaty asleep.

Will pressed his body against Hannibal's under the blankets, the older man's body reacting as he took a big breath, almost shaky, feeling the softness and the wrath of the other's body against his.

"My beautiful boy. I could eat you alive." Hannibal said in Will's dream as he leaned his lips closer to Will's to crush them in a kiss.

A kiss that never happened since he immediately woke up panting way too fast and loud. Hannibal's eyes were closed.

But of course the older man was awake. He simply pretended to be asleep.

As soon as Will noticed his hand was cupping Hannibal's actual face he retrieved it. But he felt froze. And he just couldn't stop panting heavily.

What was all that? Why did the Chesapeake Ripper turned into Hannibal in his dream?

Will's unconscious was clearly trying to tell him something. It could be one of two things. Somehow, Hannibal *is* the Chesapeake Ripper. Or Will is feeling confused in a way on how he feels about Hannibal.

And Will just couldn't pick which of the options was worse.

And what if both options were accurate?

No. Hannibal can't be the Chesapeake Ripper.

Then... does that means he is having feelings for… No. Dreams can be random. They aren't always necessary a message. Right?

Right...?

"Will. Are you alright?" Hannibal asked, not pulling away as the other practically panted in his face, "Was it a nightmare? Do you still have fever?" Hannibal asked and caressed Will's forehead as if checking his temperature.

Why is he so close?

And then, when William pulled away a little he realized *he* was the one that came that close to the other while he was asleep.

His cheeks were on fire.

"Seems fever is gone." Hannibal said but then saw Will's flushed cheeks, "maybe not." he added, already knowing the color in his face wasn't because of a fever.

Will swallowed hard. He was still too close. But moving away as if Hannibal were some monster would be too rude.

"I'm… Fine." William mumbled, "J-just a… nightmare." He added.

But it didn't felt like a nightmare. Even if he was sure he wasn't having feelings for Hannibal.

But why did it felt like that? Why did it felt so... Will didn't want to think how it actually felt.

"Want to talk about it?" Hannibal asked, really working hard to stop himself from smirking for he heard Will mumble asleep all along.

And he knew there was no way in the world William would want to talk about his 'nightmare'.

"Actually… No." Will said and turned around, his back facing Hannibal now since he needed to hide the blush on his face.

“Very well. Goodnight then.” Hannibal whispered throaty and his voice made Will shiver slightly for an unknown reason.

The young man closed his eyes and allowed himself to fall into slumber once more.

This time there were no introductions. He was already dancing with the Chesapeake Ripper.

The Ripper made him spin with gentle grace before forcefully pushing William against a wall in less than a second. The younger man's chest landed against the cold wall, his back facing the other as the Ripper pressed the front of his body against the back of his.

“Will you ever accept your instincts, Will?” the Ripper whispered against his nape before inhaling deeply the young man’s scent, brushing the tip of his nose through brunette locks.

“Will you ever accept your most undisclosed desires?” it was Hannibal’s voice the one that whispered in his ear from behind now, pressing his hips against his back in that very strange, awkward, sinful dream.

Will wasn't aware, but he was pushing his bottom against Hannibal. And not just in his dream.

Chapter End Notes

Yes... I'm b*tch and I love leaving a hook at the end xD
Told you this would be a low build up story.
Told you it would be a lot of angst.
But believe me... This is still nothing compared to all the things I have in mind. This will be so sick and twisted as the story goes.
As always... Thank you do much for the kudos and the comments!
Tell me how are you enjoying or hating this story so far since that's what keeps me writting.
Also... As always... Corrections are welcomed, (and the broken record said once more) English isn't my real language xD
Hope you're enjoying this as much as I enjoy writting it <3

What were you dreaming about?

Chapter Notes

Some mature content coming up.
That's the only warning ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 13

What were you dreaming about?

Hannibal was pinning William against the wall in his dream. The younger man's heart began to hammer out of control within his chest as he began panting more and more.

He pressed all the front his body against the wall to move apart from Hannibal. Or at least that's what he meant to do. But for unknown reasons, he was arching his spine and his bottom was slightly pulled back against Hannibal.

And he hated himself from doing that.

He was aware it was just a dream. But the fact that he was leaning his buttocks backwards, the fact that he felt he couldn't help it because perhaps his unconscious was simply making him have a 'bad night' angered him to the core.

"Are you sure you are chasing the white rabbit? Are you sure you *aren't the white rabbit after all?" Hannibal whispered in his ear from behind.*

"You certainly are no Alice, Dr. Lecter." William said in his dream and mumbled asleep.

"No. Certainly not." Hannibal replied hoarsely.

"More like the big bad wolf." William whispered and Hannibal smirked and chuckled darkly and lowly against the other's nape.

Will's body shivered at the sound of that sinister chuckle and responded leaning his bottom more against the other as he gasped.

“Little rabbit, you surely know how to play the prey, don't you?" Dr. Lecter whispered with such a throaty feral voice.

Hannibal didn’t moved a muscle as he felt William pushing his bottom back against his crotch.

"You certainly are no Alice, Dr. Lecter." Hannibal heard William mumbling.

“No. Certainly not.” Hannibal whispered close to Will’s ear and couldn’t help but smirk to himself.

How curious he was to know exactly what the other was dreaming about. What was making the young man say those things. But he knew Will was dreaming of him. And that for some reason he was pushing his buttocks backwards so beautifully. And that was almost enough. For the moment.

“I’m not playing the prey. But it is quite odd the fact that my mind is mixing you with no less than the Chesapeake Ripper.” William mumbled asleep.

Hannibal felt Will’s bottom push a little more and this time he pushed his own hips against the other as well, just to see what would happen.

A small breathy whimper fell from Will’s lips.

And Hannibal loved it.

Hannibal grabbed both of the other’s wrists from behind as he pushed his hips against his bottom. Will knew he should move away somehow. But he leaned more into the sinful touch instead as he whined.

And hated himself from doing such thing.

“You had courtship-like dreams with the Chesapeake Ripper. Are you sure the reason you're claiming is the reason why your mind is mixing him with me?” Hannibal said in Will’s dream.

William panted as he blinked a few times, licking his lips before clenching his jaw a few times.

Even if it was just a dream, Hannibal felt so… warm. So… real. Perhaps because Dr. Lecter was actually behind and against him laying on the bed.

“I’m not attracted to you, Dr. Lecter. Now would you please move aside and release me?” William said in a slightly sassy way not even he fully believed.

And of course, he also mumbled those same words asleep.

“Then why are you melting under my touch so beautifully?” Hannibal said as he released one of his hands to slide his over one of the other’s sides whilst he dragged his lips over the young man's neck so painfully slowly, “Yes. Just like that, my rabbit.” Hannibal whispered against the sensitive skin of the brunette and the other shivered, a soft and very low moan leaving his parted lips in his dream and in reality.

Hannibal heard the other moaning asleep just after mumbling he’s not attracted to him. He would've smirked. He wanted to. But that soft subtle moan caught him off guard.

Dr. Lecter parted his lips as one hand slowly went to the other’s side, caressing him ever so slightly from the ribs to his waist, his own hips pressing themselves more against the other.

He wanted to see the other’s reaction. But that had nothing to do with the real reason why he was actually pushing his hips this gkmet. It was all about Will’s soft moan. It was his own body’s reaction to that exquisite sound that caused such thing.

William clenched his jaw and tried to focus. Tried to gain control over his body.

If that was even possible in such dream.

“I’m not ‘melting’ under your touch, Dr. Lecter. Now leave me alone.” William growled between teeth.

“No.” Hannibal replied simply.

“I beg your fucking pardon?” William spatted.

“Then beg.” Hannibal purred in such a threatening yet suggestive way and William regretted his words instantly.

One of Dr. Lecter’s hand gripped William’s neck from behind, strangling him as he pushes his crotch against the other's back.

Will could feel his heart beating faster, his blood running with efforts under the other’s strong digits and… Hannibal’s lenght behind him. And if truth be told, such lenght scared him for he knew if that thing happened to enter him in any way, it would certainly hurt like hell.

Hannibal wrapped his other arm across Will’s chest from behind. His hand went inch-meal downwards, brushing William’s chest and stomach until he reached the waistline of his *jeans.*

The younger man was a trembling mess. Lips parted as he panted. Messy locks falling on his face. Chest raising and falling alarming fast as small chocked whimpers escaped his strangled throat.

"P-please… Dr. Lecter…" William whispered with a very husky voice due to those digits pressed against his throat, mumbling the pleading words asleep as well.

"Begging already? What a soft weak little boy you are." Hannibal whispered as his hand reached the other's zip.

He began to undo the first button of William's pants before slowly unzipping him, "Please what? You want me to stop, little rabbit?" Hannibal teased as his hand barely brushed the other's hard member through the fabrics of the underwear.

William panted faster as his hips moved unwittingly, leaning into the touch of that clever strong hand against his crotch. He whined once more but the whine turned into a soft, almost pathetic pleading moan.

Hannibal heard the younger man's sweet sounds and felt his pajama pants getting tighter. He began to breath a little faster as he couldn't stop himself -and didn't wanted to- from pushing his hips more against the other, slowly, almost grinding with parted lips that were getting closer and closer to Will's neck from behind.

Will bit down his lower lip as his whole existence ached for how confused he felt. He hated Hannibal at that moment. Even if it was just a dream. He wanted to push him away. Release himself.

But he also wanted to stay still. To feel. And actually, the last ones were the ones he wanted more. Even if he wouldn't admit it.

Not now. Not ever.

He felt Hannibal's hand moving to his left hip bone, slowly pulling down from the waistband of his boxers. But he didn't protested. Didn't moved away. Didn't anything.

Except for panting even heavier.

Hannibal heard the other's breathing, felt William's skin warming up more and more. Felt the soft skin under his hand once he reached an exposed portion of his hips.

And he felt drunk from all of it.

He grinded very slowly against the other's bottom, feeling his hard cock brushing in between the other's buttocks through the fabrics of their clothes. But still, somehow the forbidden nature of it all was such a sinful bliss. His lips barely brushed William's neck so slowly as he breathed a little labored against the frail skin.

He felt so tempted to bite. So tempted to tear Will's clothes into pieces. So tempted to do many, many things.

But he can't. Not yet. He needs to feed the caterpillar through the chrysalis long enough for Will to become what he was always meant to be.

What Hannibal wants him to be.

William's member was painfully hard. He couldn't understand how his body could react in such way. He surely isn't attracted to men. And certainly not attracted to Hannibal. He's never been attracted to any man even in the slightest of ways. Yet, his body was reacting to Hannibal like it never did before. Even if it was all just in a dream, it still made him angry, confused and utterly frustrated in so many ways.

"Please…" William breathed out as he felt Hannibal unzipping his own pants.

Dr. Lecter pulled down Will's pants and exposed the other's buttocks still covered by those dark blue boxers. He then pulled down his own pants just a little, exposing the shape of his long hard member restricted by the fabrics of his black boxers.

Hannibal pressed his clothed crotch against William's bottom and the young man whined in such a painful yet needy way it made Will get angry at himself. The older man grinded against him and William could feel the other's hard member brush between his buttocks through the fabrics.

It was just a dream but it felt so real. He could almost imagine the older man entering him and shiver from it. And because of that his whole body tensed.

"Please… " William pleaded.

"You keep begging but you're not telling me what is it that you want." Hannibal whispered and moved his hand to William's crotch, fingers softly brushing as he began stroking the Will's hard shaft through the boxers. His hips kept rolling against the other so slowly. So exquisite.

“Please what, Will?” Hannibal pushed his hips even more and Will felt the lenght of the other's member brush his core against those damn boxers.

“Please, don’t stop.” William pleaded and pressed his hands against the wall as he arched his spine even more exposing his ass in such a way as if gift-wrapping himself to Hannibal .

Dr. Lecter smirked and pulled down his own underwear. His hard cock stood up proudly erected.

Will looked back at Hannibal over his shoulder. His eyes fell to the other's lenght immediately. Fear and lust were written in those beautiful blue eyes.

And shame. So much shame.

Hannibal pulled down William’s underwear and aligned the tip of his cock with Will's entrance.

Will was about to actually beg Hannibal to stop this time. But he felt the tip brushing his core and his body betrayed his mind.

“Please, don’t stop Dr. Lecter.” He yelled in a whisper in his dream and *asleep, panting heavily as the other thrusted inside him all at once.*

But before he could actually feel it, he woke up panting madly, chest moving faster than hummingbird wings.

Hannibal placed a hand on Will’s shoulder and that was when the younger man realized Hannibal was at his back. Dr. Lecter's hips were pressed against his bottom. He could heel his breathing against his nape. Could feel all of his energy against his body.

And it was real this time.

He looked at the mattress and realized that he was the one pushing himself against the other one, again.

“Will, are you alright?” Hannibal whispered and William felt drunk in his voice.

This was real. And the man he just dreamed with was laying behind him. Next to him. He feared he's been talkig asleep. Feared the other might have heared any of that.

Whatever *that* was.

“Y-yes.” Will mumbled quietly but still couldn’t move. He couldn’t pull away. He could feel Hannibal’s crotch. And it was driving him mad in ways he couldn’t understand.

“Will… I’m afraid I must ask since you mentioned my name,” Hannibal began and Will’s heart skipped a beat. Or two. “what were you dreaming about?” Hannibal added.

And Will could swear his heart skipped more than a few beats.

“Will.” Hannibal insisted.

William pushed his hips backwards once and gasped. He didn’t even knew why he did it. He certainly didn’t wanted to do such thing.

But he did it. And his whole body felt as if sent on fire.

Once he realized, the younger man pulled away fast and groaned softly at the pain of his injured ankle.

“Will. Calm down. Look at me.” Hannibal said and pressed his hand more into the other’s shoulder, his other hand guiding the movement as he made the other turn around with a firm but gently grip.

William’s face was maddly flushed. Chest still raising and falling fast as he couldn’t find enough air to breath.

There was not enough air in the world to calm down Will. The smaller man gazed at the other very slowly and averted his eyes quickly.

The man was just way too close.

Hannibal placed a hand on Will’s face in an almost protective way to make him look at him as he locked eyes with the younger man, lips inches apart as both of them could feel the other’s warm breath brushing their lips.

“Tell me, Will. What were you dreaming about? What is it you don’t want me to stop doing?” Hannibal asked.

And Will felt his whole body and world collapse.

Chapter End Notes

Hello guys!! I'm back.. And yes.. I love hooks at the end haha!
As always, thank you so very much for all the comments and the kudos.
Please let me know how are you enjoying or hating this so far on the comments.

Reading your comments is what keeps me writing.
Also let me know any grammar mistakes since, as I said a million times, English isn't my real language xD
Well, hope you're enjoying this as much as me <3

Under his spell

Chapter Notes

Sorry for taking so long. I promise next one will come up faster :3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 14

Under his spell

Will felt trapped. And not just trapped. He felt completely cornered, breathless, stunned but in the worsts of ways. How would he explain things? How *could* he explain why was he mumbling asleep such things?

What is it you don't want me to stop doing, Will?

Dr. Lecter's question kept echoing within Will's skull over and over again. Just as the images of his dream as well kept replaying in his mind.

It was just so… real.

Will was still panting, his shaky breathing filling the room as he tries to find some sort of calm. A calm that certainly won't come.

How the hell am I even supposed to explain myself? I don't even know what the fuck was all that. Why on earth would I dream such things?

Hannibal's eyes kept staring at blue ones that seemed so much bigger than usual as if those sapphire orbs were pleading for a escape. Any escape.

But there was no escape. Will's leg was injured.

His face was being gently cupped by Hannibal's strong and warm hand. And he was on a freaking bed way too close to him. Could this be worse?

“Please…” William mumbled so quietly he thought the other might have not even heard him.

But he did.

“ ’Please’ what, Will?” Hannibal whispered with the most smooth and soft voice William ever heard him utter.

Will blinked a few times, those words reminding him so much of the ‘Hannibal’ of his dream. He looked at the other with eyes begging the other man to forget the whole thing. But how would he? How could he? Will has literally pushed his ass against him, told him not to stop as he was asleep. *That* was something Hannibal certainly won’t just… forget and drop the subject.

Will searched for some simpathy in those dark golden eyes, his own wandering over the other’s face for a few moments, looking at the way those greyish silky locks fell over Hannibal’s forehead, the way one of his cheekbones was caressed by the dim light of the fireplace, those dark eyes that seemed to know it all, and those lips…a little thin yet so tempting. Almost wicked. And so close. So damn and painfully close.

Why was it even painful to have those lips so close anyway?

“Will?” Hannibal’s voice made the young man snap out of his thoughts.

Definitely… Hannibal won’t stop until having answers.

“I…. I-I c-can’t… explain.” William mumbled and closed his eyes for a moment. Closing his eyes only made him notice even more the fact that Hannibal’s hand was still on his cheek. That same hand began to move to the other’s locks to gently brush them away from Will’s sweaty forehead and the smaller man leaned into the touch just a little, parting his lips slightly, whatever the reason to do that was.

“Sure you can. Tell me. What were you dreaming about?” Hannibal whispered and William finally opened his eyes as the sound of Hannibal’s voice and his warm mint-scented breath fanned his face, noticing again how dangerously close the other’s face was from his. Will took a deep shaky breath and tried to move away once more but failed, ending up hissing and grunting in pain instead due to how badly his leg hurt.

The young empath sighed and blinked fast a few times nervously before closing his eyes. It was easier without the very close sight of Hannibal.

“I… dreamt of the Chesapeake Ripper.”

“And how did my name come up?” Dr. Lecter asked, really working hard to stop that smirk from blossoming on his face.

“I…I’m…. No-not sure?” Will stuttered and opened his eyes as he frowned a silent plead.

Please, just believe me and stop asking questions.

“You’re not sure…” Hannibal really sounded like he believed nothing of what William was saying.

Because he actually doesn’t believe him.

Hannibal’s fingers ran through messy locks to comfort the other. The younger male leaned into the touch as he closed his eyes for a moment humming just a little, his porcelain face relaxing at the soft caresses. In a way, he felt like he needed those touches. Needed the comfort. But also hated himself since Hannibal was the only one to comfort him right there and then. And he was even the reason why he was under such stress. Because he was the man he was dreaming about. And of course, Hannibal noticed Will’s reaction immediately. Noticed how unstable the other was and how much he actually needed the comfort.

Will bit down his own bottom lip with closed eyes, focusing just in the touch for a moment.

If it could only be Alana's hand instead of Hannibal's.

William imagined Alana instead of Hannibal for a moment. He usually images Alana laying next to him to help himself fall asleep. But now it felt… unreal. Empty. Almost wrong. As if he was somehow out of imagination.

He… William Graham… out of imagination.

It has to be because of Hannibal's scent. It's everywhere. That’s why I can’t fucking imagine her.

And then he felt way too awkward. But not because he wasn’t able to imagine Alana. But because he opened his eyes and Hannibal was still staring at him and waiting for an answer.

“I was at the ballroom dance with the Chesapeake Ripper. He… pinned me… and I… I just don’t know. A-at some point he…” Will was mumbling so quietly Hannibal had to lean closer and the younger man swallowed hard, “he became… you.” He added with the most shaky and low whisper Will's lips ever uttered.

Hannibal’s hand moved away, retrieving it as he locks eyes with the other, his golden gaze completely indecipherable.

And Will just wanted earth to swallow him whole.

“At what point exactly did *that* took place, Will?” Hannibal’s voice still sounded soft but somehow also, cold, distant, just like in their sessions.

And William felt the need for comfort almost immediately.

The young man’s face began to shake slightly again, lips curling down shivering as his brows undulate a little, his whole face not knowing exactly what to express for he himself wasn’t sure what he was feeling. He was overwhelmed. Unstable.

“Please… d-don’t. Just. P-please.” Will’s voice was shaky and practically a whine, sounding so small, so weak. And he hated himself. Hated all of this.

Hannibal's face remained cold as marble. Completely unreadable. A wall would've been more expressive than that face right now. And a wall was the opposite from what Will needs at this very moment.

"I won't talk. Please don't make me talk." William whispered his begging fast trying to search for any trace of humanity or mercy within the other. Trying to find a way not to talk about this whole very embarrassing thing happening to him.

Why is this even happening to him anyway?

Hannibal's hand moved to Will's neck, cupping his nape as he pulls himself closer to the younger man. Will could feel the other's warmth, even one of Hannibal's thighs brushing his ever so slightly, could sense his scent, feel his breathing against his lips as that hand at his nape made small circles with gentle fingertips getting Will drunk by the feeling little by little. He needed physical comfort and somehow the other man knew that.

Of course he would know. He's a damn psychiatrist.

"You're safe. Will. There's no threat here. I can actually help you. If you allow me." Hannibal said and placed his other palm on Will's chest at the other's heart level. The young man gasped and air got stuck in his throat as he felt the other's palm. His heart began to beat even faster than before, if that was even possible. Will frowned and parted his lips slightly not being able to stop himself from breathing a little faster and louder.

"Your heartbeats are way too fast. Your pupils dilated. Lips are dry. I would dare to say you're at the edge of a panic attack, Will."

Hearing those words seemed to ignite what was already there. The panic attack.

Will whined and one trembling hand went to Hannibal's shoulder, gripping the silky fabrics of the other's robe as if trying to hold on to something real. Even if that 'something' was Hannibal, exactly the person causing this whole problem. And all because of a dream.

Will's lips parted more as he tried to form words but he couldn't. He couldn't think. Couldn't speak. Couldn't swallow. Couldn't anything.

Hannibal's hand went down on Will's spine slowly, fingertips gently brushing the other through the fabrics of the younger man's sweaty sleeping shirt. Shivers went down Will's spine as he felt his whole body melting under the other's touch. His blue eyes became half masted as he gazed at the other's golden eyes and then at his lips.

He looks so...

"You're safe. Breath with me, Will." Hannibal said making the other snap out. Dr. Lecter breathed deep so close to the other's lips so the other would follow his lead, "relax. Hear the tone of my voice. Let it wash away all the rest." Hannibal added and Will felt as if wrapped by Hannibal's strong essence and soothing voice.

He tried to do as the other said. Breath slower, trying to match Hannibal's breathing. But for a reason, that felt too weird. Too... intimate.

Matching his breathing pitch felt as if they were doing something completely different. And because of that the young man remembered the dream even more and began to pant again.

He has to talk somehow. He has to gain control. This is maddening and it has to stop.

"The… um… Chesapeake Ripper was pinning me against a wall. Like… he wanted something from me." Will began after a few minutes of panting and shaky breathing.

"What is that you believe he wanted from you, Will?"

"Humiliate me. Make me believe he was about to rape me."

Hannibal's lips curled up slightly at the sound of those words being uttered by the young empath.

The Chesapeake Ripper was teasing Will on 'raping' him in the other's dream… and later Will mumbled asleep he didn't wanted Hannibal to stop. What a curious turn of events.

My dirty little lamb. What were you exactly dreaming about?

"Rape you..." Hannibal repeated in a whisper and for a reason the hairs at Will's nape stood up all at once, "Are you often afraid of rape, Will? Is something that occupies your mind frequently?"

But it wasn't even the Chesapeake Ripper who teased with fucking Will… well, that Will was aware of. It was Hannibal. And William knew it wasn't actually rape. Hannibal seemed rough and perverted in his dream. But it wasn't a rape threat. Which only made it more confusing. But how would he explain himself otherwise?

"No. It was just… like… he wanted to force me. Make me think I wanted it." Will mumbled.

"When did he turned into me, Will?"

That damn question again. If Will answers it Hannibal would know it was he the one trying to persuade him. Pinning him. Wanting him in his dream.

You're not dropping this. Aren't you? Bastard.

"When he was pinning me against the wall. He was behind me. And then… it wasn't his voice anymore the one I was hearing. It was… yours." William spoke lowly as if afraid of being heard.

He was afraid of being heard.

"How did that made you feel?" Hannibal asked and his hand went to Will's side, using his soft touch to distract the man as his fingers brushed over the other's ribs to persuade him, make him speak more.

“Confused. Why would the Ripper shift into you?” Will felt his skin springing with goosebumps all over, shivering some more when Hannibal’s hand reached his waist.

Why is he so close? Why is he still comforting me?

But then Will realized he himself was still gripping at Hannibal’s robe. The man probably thinks he still needs physical comfort. Which he does. But it also makes him even more flustered in a way he can't describe.

“The unconscious part of the mind can be tricky that way. After all, I fit the profile. Someone in the medical field. Someone with contacts. Resources. Someone close to you in a way. Just like you feel the Chesapeake Ripper is close to you since he has all your attention, just as you have his. You’re sometimes my patient. Sometimes my friend,” his hand reached Will’s hip and he gripped it softly but firm, “you have quite a lot of my attention. That’s probably why your mind mixed up things.” Hannibal explained.

For a moment, Will couldn't think. That strong hand in his hip was driving him crazy, even made him whine softly and part his lips as he gazed at Hannibal's.

He's so... Strong... So handsome...

Why the fuck am I thinking this?!

Will shook his head a little and focused on what Hannibal just said instead of how he feels. His words sounded reasonable. But still, there was something else. Will felt as if something very important was escaping him. Like missing a cow at the middle of a classroom.

For a reason, Will closed the gap and his hips moved closer to Hannibal’s for a moment as he inhaled deeply filling his chest with air and making it touch the other’s half bare chest whilst he bit his lower lip.

Why was he even behaving this way? Was his body reacting as if he were actually… attracted to Hannibal?

“But what was that thing you didn’t want me to stop doing?” Hannibal asked with a smooth yet throaty whisper that made William so weak. As if the man just knew how to make him weak. How to make him lose resistance and speak.

“Please… you’re too close.” Will pleaded as if the proximity pained him. As if he was struggling within like he never did before.

“Proximity and awkwardness makes us talk more.” Hannibal explained his reasons, or at least a part of his reasons to explain the invasion of Will’s personal space.

“Does it?” Will asked with a frown.

Hannibal closed the gap between them. The front of their bodies were pressed together, chest and stomachs touching, thighs brushing. And Hannibal just noticed how frustrated the other was. How much he wanted to run. And with that, he decided to push Will even more.

“Yes. For example,” he leaned his face closer to the younger man’s neck and brushed the tip of his nose against the frail skin where William’s pulse is, “by feeling threatened, even if you know I won’t hurt you, your body reacts to my closeness. Your heart beats faster preparing you for escaping. Even if your leg wouldn’t allow you to run away.” Hannibal whispered in such a smooth and somehow teasing voice. But also... Slightly threatening. Or perhaps it just sounded teasing and threatening to Will.

The skin of the young man's neck was pretty sensitive and the feeling was unbearable. A part of him wanted to push Hannibal. But a much deeper part of him wanted to feel the other’s teeth against his skin.

He swallowed hard and decided he needs to talk to escape this situation. To escape his psychiatrist’s unorthodox methods.

“You were making me believe I… wanted you. Wanted to feel you.” Will murmured and sighed a breathy whimper as he felt Hannibal’s lips brushing his neck ever so slightly. So slightly he wasn’t even sure those were the other man’s lips. But the thought alone was enough to make him flush and breath faster once more, grip the other's robe even harder.

“When exactly did you asked me not to stop, Will? What was I doing when you told me not to stop?” Hannibal whispered against the milky skin of William’s neck. The younger man let out a sharp odd shaky noise before biting down his lower lip. Hannibal’s whispers were making the whole thing more difficult, much harder to manage, to control the response of his body.

He needs this to stop. Now.

“When you… took off my…” Will swallowed loudly and felt a sudden knot forming below his stomach, “my… underwear.” The young empath added and instantly regretted the words that escaped his lips.

“You felt like you wanted me to be intimate with you in that dream, Will?”

The man is literally asking me if I wanted him to fuck me in my dream. Why can’t I just die right now?

“It was like… one of those dreams you can’t control.” William explained, hoping his explanation would be enough.

But it wasn’t enough.

At that moment Will *did* felt lips being dragged along his neck, making him pant softly but faster against Hannibal’s ear as he clutches more at the fabrics of Hannibal’s robe. He felt his whole body heating up, a very strong tingly sensation that soon threatened to reach his crotch.

“You’re awake now. You’re in control. To stop feeling confused and frustrated about the whole thing all you have to do is push me away now.” Hannibal explained with another very suggestive and teasing whisper.

Dr. Lecter's hand went to the lower back of Will to press his body against his. Even their hips.

"Come on, Will. Stop me and perceive the dream as what it was. Just a dream. A confusing part of the labyrinth your unconscious is." Hannibal felt Will's member through their clothes throbing once and smirked to himself, breathing out a throaty, very low chuckle as he felt the other's shaft getting harder.

Will was aroused. And Hannibal knew it.

What an intoxicating sense of power.

What a beautiful prey to play with.

"Stop me. Push me away, Will. Or do you want me 'not to stop' now?" he pushed the other even more.

And Will's body felt completely frozen. Just still, motionless, feeling Hannibal's body against his. Remembering the dream. Remembering that one thrust. Remembering how good it felt. How painfully aroused he was.

How painfully aroused he *is.*

He has to push Hannibal away. Prove both of them it was just a dream.

But William just couldn't move. Not even an inch. He's just paralyzed. Magnetized. Just like he felt when dancing with the Chesapeake Ripper in every single dream.

Will was completely under Hannibal's spell. But this time, he was wide awake.

And it was real.

Chapter End Notes

Hello there! As always... Thank you so much for all the kudos and the comments. Comments like yours are what keeps me writing so don't stop letting me know how are you enjoying or hating this so far.
Also let me know about any grammar mistake since English is not my language.

I know... I know... You're probably craving for the smut. Believe me. There will be a lot of smut... But let's enjoy the tension first, shall we? ;)

Please... Don't stop

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the delay :3 here it is. Enjoy <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 15

Please... Don’t stop

Stop me. Push me away, Will. Or do you want me ‘not to stop’ now?

Hannibal’s words kept echoing Will’s head over and over. But he couldn’t move anything but his chest that kept moving faster and faster by the second.

William’s fast breathing brushed Hannibal’s face and the older man felt the heat of the other’s breath and body, much more warmer than his. Will looked like such a weak little thing, blushing like a teenager having his first time at the backseat of someone else’s car.

But something else shimmered in those deep blue eyes, like a hurricane battling another hurricane of the very same intensity. The young man was clearly struggling as he never did. But there was something more...

Fear.

William felt fear.

Hannibal’s fingertips moved over the side of the waistband of the other’s underwear and the young brunette tensed immediately, his hips jolting a little making his hard member brush against Hannibal’s.

And Will wished with all his heart the other didn’t notice he was indeed *very* aroused.

But he knew Hannibal knew. How could he not notice such… thing? It wasn't like he was wearing jeans or something thicker or tighter to hide his current state. After all, the young man came here with just his boxers, some sleeping shorts and a bed top tank. Way too little. Way too exposed.

Hannibal remained firm as marble, face completely expressionless as the other brushed his member against his. The older man's body was responding as well nonetheless. His own wide shaft painfully hard but not even a muscle of his face moved.

And of course, Hannibal saw the fear in Will's eyes. So exquisite. So beautiful.

And only then, Hannibal smirked.

"Are you scared, Will?" he whispered close to the other's lips, eyes fixed on blue ones.

And William did noticed Hannibal was hard as well. How couldn't he? That thing was *impossible* to miss. It felt just as imposing as Hannibal's member in his dream. Just this time, it was real.

But Will didn't blamed the man. He blamed himself. He knew he pushed his bottom against the other's crotch while he was asleep. And was even more aware that now he happened to grind his hips against Hannibal's more than once… already awake. It was natural for Hannibal's body to react to friction. Will knew it wasn't anything special. Knew Hannibal wasn't attracted to him and that the man just happened to be physically stimulated, not even by his own will.

Hannibal had a very reasonable excuse to be hard. But what excuse could William possibly have? Hannibal never teased him before. Not even once -or at least that's what the brunette thinks-. He was even trying to help William figure himself out with such patience... And yet there he was. Having wet dreams about his psychiatrist, aroused and not being able to push him away.

Why can't I push him away?

"Will." Hannibal said and made the other snap a little before the older man dragged his lips over the other's perfect jawline making it seem as accidental as he reached his ear to whisper at him, "are you scared?" the older man repeated.

The gentle teasing touch and the other's whispers made Will feel stunned for a moment, his body tensing even more as a very shaky soft whine fell from his lips.

He wanted to push Hannibal away.

But he just couldn't.

And he didn't even know why.

“Yes.” William confessed quietly and licked his dry lips.

“Scared of what, Will?” Hannibal whispered and brushed his lips once more, so slowly and slightly over William’s very soft neck, “of not being able to push me away?”

William swallowed loudly and hard, not being able to find words to utter as if English had just left his brain.

Hannibal parted his lips and exhaled hotly against the sensitive skin of the brunette, “should I stop, Will?” he purred out with a smirk on his face. A smirk Will couldn’t see due to the angle but somehow he could sense the man was indeed grinning in the exact way he was grinning.

“I… don’t know.” William confessed and sounded even pained by the way he said those words.

“Do you feel confused?” Hannibal whispered as his fingers kept playing with the waistband of Will’s boxers, teasing with pulling it down just a little.

Will nodded silently. It was easier than actually admit out loud he was indeed very confused right now.

“Allow me to clear out some doubts then.” Hannibal added and grabbed both of Will’s wrists, pinning the younger man to the bed with a fast and rough move as he positioned himself above the other, pressing his stronger body against William’s. The smaller man whined shakily and arched his spine a little as he gasped for air and soon began panting heavily with a frown and parted lips.

How small. How adorable you are, my beautiful rabbit. Would you scream for me, I wonder.

“W-why are y-you doing this?” Williams voice sounded smaller than he intended it to sound.

“You wanted to know the reason of your... latest dreams. I’m trying to show you the reason. Clear out your doubts as I said. It could be just your unconscious playing tricks to you… or something else. This is the easiest and more effective way to help you find out, Will."

Hannibal’s lips hovered over Will’s but not touching them, just teasing, “I can help you clear out those doubts,” Hannibal dragged his lips to the other’s neck and bit gently with his lips only, sucking just a little and making a wet sound that filled Will’s body with goosebumps, “unless you want me to stop and remain with the doubt. Do you want me to stop, Will?”

Feeling those lips biting his skin made the young brunette whine in such a needy way, spine arching at the touch and hips grinding up meeting Hannibal’s. His face was completely flushed as he frowned more and more as every touch pained him.

It pained Will for how badly he liked it. For how he craved for more.

“D-don’t~” William stuttered.

“Don’t…?” Dr. Lecter purred out in a cocky way and parted his lips more, biting the other’s neck gently with his teeth this time. William shivered and a very soft breathy moan left his lips before he whispered,

“don’t stop.”

A fire ignited within Hannibal at the sound of those words, at the way the other squirmed below him, the way the young man just couldn’t stop panting and move his hips so shyly from time to time.

And because of all that, a very low chuckle escaped Hannibal’s lips, making William shiver even more.

There was something about that chuckle that made him feel small, defenseless. He was thrilled.

And he loved it.

Hannibal’s hips grinded against the other slow but firm, pushing his hard crotch against the younger man’s one, making William’s lips part, low sharp breaths breaking free from his throat. He felt Hannibal’s hands tightening around his wrists, making him moan softly as he discovered he actually liked being restricted a lot, making him grind up as well against the older man.

He was loosing control. All of it.

He wondered if Hannibal was enjoying this too, at least just a little, even if it was just to help William know what he actually wants.

He wanted Hannibal to be enjoying this. An he wasn’t even sure why.

Hannibal grinded more, slower but beautifully, so gentle yet strong. And Will’s panting turned into breathy moans.

Hannibal’s tongue brushed William’s skin from the neck to his jawline, lips reaching the young man’s earlobe, “You can stop me at any time if you want to, Will.” He said and grinded a little more roughly this time, feeling the loosen skin of William’s member moving along the other’s shaft below his, hating every damn fabric separating their skins from touching.

Hannibal found the perfect position to grind and make the friction feel the other as if his cock was actually being stroked by his, his hips moving faster against the other’s making the older man began to pant as well in such a deep and exquisite way.

William bit down hard his own lip to try and stop himself from making those low soft moans he hated to do so much.

But damn, how good it felt.

William likes this. He likes it way too much. And he shouldn’t. He knows he shouldn't. Hannibal is his psychiatrist. And he’s not even attracted to men. Why can’t he just bring himself to stop the other?

Hannibal moved his head once more just to look at the other, look into his eyes, search for every mimic and memorize it.

Their faces were inches apart, Lecter panting with parted lips and a slight look of angered lust in his eyes and William with blue ones full of fear, submission and lust, his parted plump lips not being able to stop those soft moans from leaving his mouth.

William began to roll his hips up more, almost desperate for more of that sweet friction and a low grunt broke free from Hannibal’s throat.

And William’s senses just went crazy.

A knot formed below his stomach as he moaned a little louder just by how erotic and exquisite Hannibal’s grunt sounded.

Will tried to move his wrist, jerk a little to see if he could get himself released but didn't put much effort into it. Trying to move should be easier than telling the man to stop, right?

But the older man just tightened his grip even more with a throaty groan that slipped past his lips that made his face look like lust reincarnated.

“Use your words, my boy,” Hannibal purred with a smirk and William felt his own member throb and leak a little of precum that got spread over his cock as the other grinded more, and, oh how he loved that nickname.

“If you want me to stop just say the words.” Hannibal said and pressed William’s wrists against the mattress even more whilst his hips rolled faster against the other, Dr. Lecter’s lips parting a little wider as he pants heavily so close to the other’s lips, golden dak eyes fixed on Williams mouth.

And Will officially lost control.

The younger man’s lips parted with a slightly louder moan. His spine arched beautifully and his lips brushed Hannibal’s with pleading blue eyes looking at the strong man above him.

“Please… don’t stop.” Hannibal heard Will's plead and his smirk was almost demonic.

“As you wish, precious boy.”

Chapter End Notes

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Let me show you

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 16

Let me show you

William wasn’t sure why, but he actually never felt as aroused as he feels now. Never lost control as much as he was loosing it right now. And he was sure he wasn’t attracted to men. He even tried to think of any other man at that very moment but even found the idea repulsive to him.

But still, he felt so aroused right now with Hannibal on top of him. It wasn’t because of the touch. Or because of the friction.

It was because it was Hannibal.

And he even wanted more. Wondered how the other’s skin would feel like since only Hannibal touched him. He never actually touched the older man. He wondered how he would look without the robe. Without anything at all.

Why am I even wondering that?

And how his face would look like when he fucks.

And wondering that was even more problematic to Will. But yet, he couldn’t stop wondering.

Hannibal kept grinding against him feeling the friction through the fabrics of their clothes and William couldn’t help it anymore.

“Release me, please. Don’t stop. Just… release me.” William whispered shyly, cheeks getting redder by the second as he looks at the other with big blue eyes that seemed somehow so innocent.

You look like such a gorgeous virginal frail creature. My boy. My precious boy.

Hannibal smirked slightly and released William’s wrists, the older man’s hands moving to the young man's sides, gripping his hips almost possessively.

And will just loved it.

William's hands went to Hannibal's shoulders, sliding them under the fabrics of the other's rope, sliding the silky clothe off of Hannibal. The silk fell beautifully, exposing Hannibal's strong shoulders and arms, more of his torso and hips visible now.

The brunette hands moved to Hannibal's torso timidly, but his palm finally landed on the other's stronger chest. It felt so firm. Warm. Like a soft wall. Hannibal's lips parted as he looked down at the other's hand on his chest, Will's digits slowly exploring the older man's muscles with innocent lust. An hybrid of two things that could only exist in Will's deep blue eyes.

"Touch me." William whispered ever so slightly.

Hannibal gripped Will's hips some more before he said, "I already am." the doctor purred out.

William blushed and licked his lips before murmuring, "I m-mean… under the clothes. Under my…my shirt." The brunette said in such a timid way it sent shivers down Hannibal's spine for his thrilled he was by that innocence.

Dr. Lecter smirked and obliged, his hands moving to the waistline of Williams tank top and sliding under the fabrics. It felt like such a tempting sin to touch that very soft delicate skin. William's muscles tensed under the other's touch almost immediately, sharp breaths leaving his lips as the other's warm strong hands caressed his hips, his waist.

One hand moved from Will's navel way up to his stomach, his chest, pulling up the tank top on its way, slowly exposing all of William's pale torso.

The brunette felt way too exposed. Felt like he was loosing to much control already. But he just couldn't bring himself to ask Hannibal to stop. He didn't wanted him to stop.

And the older man didn't stopped.

He took off William's tank top tossing it to a side before he looked down at the younger man's bare chest, that delicate neck, those strong yet smaller arms, that well defined yet dainty chest.

Hannibal felt hypnotized. Just like Will before. Felt as if watching the most beautiful snowflake crystal in his hand, wanting his eyes to absorb all of its beauty before it melts away.

Hannibal's hands explored Will's bare hips, his stomach, his chest, gripping two full fists of brunette locks before sinking his face at the crook of the younger man's neck, teeth and lips parting to take a big portion of the younger man's neck to bite firm but gently.

William felt chills all over his body and his hands went to Hannibal's back, first timidly but then sinking his nails in the doctor's bare back whilst a soft moan fell past the younger man's

lips. Lecter's muscles bulged under Will's nails and the younger man noticed once more how stronger the other was.

He felt so small. So at his mercy. And it was thrilling.

Hannibal bit down Will's neck harder this time as he grinded hard against the other, a shaky whimper that turner into a louder moan broke free from Will's parted lips as he grinds up as well.

He knew Dr. Lecter's bite would leave a mark.

He wanted to stop him. But instead he whispered "More~".

And Hannibal's grip on the other's locks tightened, pulling from William's hair, making the smaller man expose his neck even more, his teeth sinking at a different spot on the young empath's neck, biting and sucking greedy and possessively.

William's hands wandered down the other's back, wanting to reach Hannibal's buttocks to press those sinful hips more against his. Hannibal's hands left the other's hair and went to William's sides, fingertips being dragged slowly until he reached the waistband of the other's underwear, sliding his fingers under William's boxers, palms caressing the sides of the smaller man's hips.

And feeling Hannibal's strong hands on his bare hips, moving to tease into grab the sides of his buttocks made it too real already. But he still couldn't tell the man to stop.

Will's member began to throb more, leaking more and more precum by the friction, his hips rolling faster by the second.

Hannibal loved just how desperate the other looked, felt. Like a teenager out of control. Hannibal smirked to himself and dragged his lips to William's collarbone, his tongue licking the delicate milky skin, moving down slowly to the other's chest, hands moving up to his abdomen and scratching it way down gently, pulling down the waistline of the smaller man's boxers just a little.

His lips placed soft wet kisses with open lips on Will's stomach, the empath's hands moving to Hannibal's locks, running his fingers through greyish hair wanting to feel more of those lips and that tongue on his skin.

Hannibal has to be enjoying at least a little of this, right?

William really hoped the other did.

Hannibal's lips kept moving way down, feeling goosebumps and shivers all over William's body. How tempting it was.

My dear boy, I could eat you alive.

William's breathing became faster and faster as Hannibal kept moving down inch-meal over his body until he felt the other biting one of his hip bones, making his own hips jolt as he

stuttered a very shaky whiny moan.

Hannibal's hands went down scratching the other's hips, over the other's underwear, sleeping shorts and way down to his thighs, moving to the inner side of them, lips and tongue loving lower and lower, licking under the navel and moving lower and lower, closer to his crotch.

But then Hannibal's chin brushed William's hard member, Hannibal even feeling the wetness through the fabric of the other's underwear and shorts because of the precum right where the tip of William's cock is.

And William wanted so much to feel that man touching him. Feel his mouth.

Hannibal wasn't actually going to suck him. But he just really wanted the other to lose control. To see how far he could make him go. Hannibal looked at William in the eyes and his hand brushed just the spot next to Will's arousal.

"My, my. Look at you," he purred and brushed his chin once more against William's wetness, "you don't look like you *want* to stop me. Quite the opposite I must say, devilish child." Hannibal whispered with lustful confidence and his hands began to slowly move William's waistband, slowly pulling down the brunettes underwear.

William's breathing turned faster and faster, his bare chest raising and falling quickly with sharp pants as he frowned desperate, hissing by how good that tongue felt teasing to go under his waistband.

And that was when William's problem began, for he definitely knew he *wanted* Hannibal to go on. To go farther. He wanted to be at his complete and utter mercy.

And that scared him way too much.

His member was almost released from the fabrics restricting it when Will's grip at Hannibal's locks tightened. His hips jolted up, his still clothed hard crotch touched Hannibal's lips for a moment.

"Stop." William harshly said and regretted uttering that word as soon as Hannibal pulled his face away from his hips, as soon as those hands left his very sensitive skin.

"So, it appears it was just your unconscious playing tricks on you." Hannibal said as if this was one of their sessions as he crawls back to be at William's face level, slightly smirking in a quite charming way that William felt could make him melt.

But Hannibal realized William went too far for just being *confused* by random things coming from his unconscious.

And he was thrilled.

William's problem was exactly that. That he was very much conscious on how much he wanted Hannibal to go on. To do more. Go further. And it was scaring. But he wouldn't admit

it.

“Yeah. It’s… tricky.” That’s all William could say without lying.

Hannibal rolled to his side of the bed, he laying on one side to look at William.

“Is it?” Hannibal said with a smirk.

William gazed at him, still panting while Hannibal seemed so calm.

It wasn’t fair. How could Hannibal have so much power upon him? Make him need so much, made him react in such ways and yet, Hannibal remained calm as marble now.

He wanted the other to feel that need too. See the older man struggle as well so he could feel better about himself.

He knew he wanted to feel Hannibal. But if William is the one to tease, would he be the one in control? Would Hannibal lust for him too?

And with those questions in mind, William gazed at Hannibal with a slight dark look in his eyes, a smirk blossoming in William’s face as he moves closer to Hannibal, he decided to be the one to tease the other this time, even if the pain from his leg made him grunt.

“Oh, yes. It is very tricky. Let me show you, Dr. Lecter.”

And uttering those words, William pounced his body so he would be the one on top now.

The one in control.

The one to tease.

What an interesting thing you are, my little lamb.

Chapter End Notes

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I want to fall

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the delay. Here it is :3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 17

I want to fall

William grunted as he moved himself to be on top of Hannibal, his bottom landing just over his psychiatrist's crotch.

Just a few moments ago, he seemed not to be able to move away because of the pain in his leg. And now he was on top of him? Was the pain just an excuse? Or perhaps being aroused made him bear the pain a little more?

Yeah, it had to be the second one.

Hannibal’s lips formed a smirk as his pupils dilated quite a lot, making those golden eyes look almost black as hell’s abyss devouring the blissful and sinful sight of the smaller man on top of him.

William could feel the older man’s arousal below him, so strong, wide and warm. So… tempting for a reason.

“Are you trying to prove a point, Will?”

“Perhaps.”

William’s hands landed on Hannibal’s bare chest, his breathing turning shaky and sharper as his fingertips slowly began to explore the other’s torso, feeling Hannibal’s muscles bulging up under his touch. How strong he looked and felt. Strong enough to make William feel so small.

And for unknowing reasons, William was breathing faster and deeper than Hannibal.

Damn bastard… I'll show you.

William's fingernails began scratching the other's sides gently, Hannibal's lips parting at the subtle touch. William saw those lips separating and decided to scratch harder. Besides, the idea of marking the older man's skin seemed like… fun.

William's nails sank below Hannibal's armpits, scratching all the way down with a slow steady move until his nails reached the man's hips. Hannibal's spine arched a little, abdomen undulating once as a sharper breath came from the psychiatrist's lips.

And Will knew that he *was indeed* affecting Hannibal, at least in a way. It could be because of the pain. But it could be pleasure as well.

Will's fingernails traveled close to the other's waistband before moving up along his abdomen and chest, leaving red marks on its way up until he reached Hannibal's neck, scratching as well but more gently, slower, trying to see any reaction as he remains sat on top of Hannibal.

But the older man just smirked coldly, as if he was merely amused. And 'merely amusing' Hannibal was definitely not what William was searching for.

William began to slowly roll his hips, his bottom brushing the other's hard shaft in such a torturing pace. And for a moment, William wasn't so sure if he was teasing Hannibal or himself.

But he was on top now. He *has* to be in control.

Hannibal's hands moved to William's hips, grabbing them firmly, almost possessively, parting his lips a little more as he grinded up against the other just once.

"Are you actually trying to tease me, Dr. Lecter? See if I tell you to stop?"

"You already stopped me. I'm just following your game." Hannibal purred out through a smirk, his voice sending shivers all over William's body.

"Are you trying to punish me, or yourself, Will?"

"I think 'yes' would be the answer to all that." William replied.

Hannibal looked intently into the other's eyes as he smirked in silence for a second.

"Then do it properly." Hannibal said with such a teasing raspy voice whilst he sat just enough to reach the other's nape with a hand to pull William closer as Hannibal's back finds the mattress again, pulling William with him, their faces just inches apart now. William panted heavily looking at the other's dark eyes, his chest raising and falling quickly, unlike Hannibal's, who seemed to be so calm it angered William. Made him angry at Hannibal and at himself because the man wasn't reacting as he wanted.

Maybe he didn't like Will that way. Or perhaps William wasn't teasing him enough.

"Fair enough." William sang with a slight smirk.

And Hannibal just adored that smirk.

William began to roll his hips again, Hannibal's hands moving back to grip those sinful tempting hips, a very small sound escaping William's lips for how strong those hands felt on him.

A part of him even wanted the older man to guide his movements. To move him as he pleases.

What the hell am I thinking? I'm the one in control now. Fuck this.

William dragged his lips through Hannibal's jawline, reaching the man's neck slowly, shyly, feeling his face flushing more and more whilst his lips parted to place a soft wet kiss at the man's neck.

Hannibal's breathing did changed this time. Feeling those soft warm lips on his neck sent waves of heat to his whole body, his breathing pitch picking up more and more, his strong chest raising and falling heavily as his hips jolted up once.

William was thrilled to be actually causing such reactions to the other, but feeling Hannibal pushing his hips up made him moan very softly against the older man's neck. But that sound seemed to affect Hannibal since his hands tightened their grip on William's hips.

William's tongue timidly touched the other's sensitive skin, slowly beginning to lick Hannibal's neck with the full length of his soft tongue. The older man moved his head to the opposite side as he sighed softly, giving the smaller man more access to his neck.

Does he… likes this?

William decided to go further. He opened his mouth more and pressed his teeth grabbing a part of the other's neck gently. One of Hannibal's hands soon released one side of Will's hips and found its way to the empath's hair, tangling fingers in brunette locks, gripping a full fist of curls to encourage the other to bite harder, perhaps unconsciously.

And Will didn't knew why, but feeling Hannibal's hand in his hair, even if a little roughly, made him moan softly before he finally bit down harder, teeth being pressed harshly against the frail skin of the other's neck, sucking greedily as well as he breaths loudly through his nostrils.

Hannibal hissed lowly due to the pleasure and the pain, spine arching slightly for a moment as he grinds his hips up once more.

And William was sure he was affecting Hannibal. But was it just his body responding? Or did he actually wanted him just like William wanted Hannibal? Maybe he needs to find Hannibal's breaking point like Hannibal found his when William asked him to stop. But if he

stops Will, would it be because he doesn't want to go further because he is not into it? Or would it be because he liked it but doesn't want to go further?

What if he doesn't stops Will at all? That thought thrilled William, but scared him at the same time. He never did things like this with a man. Never felt anything inside him. And the idea was scary.

But fear didn't stopped him from keep teasing. Not one bit. The smaller man kept grinding against the other's crotch, brushing his own crotch and his bottom against it with serpent-like movements, rolling his lips expertly guided by pure instinct, soft moans coming from the younger man being hushed by the skin he was biting and sucking.

Hannibal's hands moved down along the other's spine, pressing down to feel more of the other's body against his. And for a moment, Hannibal really hated tank top William was wearing. His hands reached the waistband of the tank top and slid under the fabrics, pulling it up a little to feel William's bare back, exposing some of his abdomen as well. How warm the smaller man felt. How soft and utterly inviting.

William deducted the other wanted that tank top gone and decided to oblige. He sat straight on Hannibal's crotch whilst his hands began to pull off his tank top, Hannibal's hands gripping the other's hips again, this time rocking William's hips to guide his grinding.

And William just loved it. He couldn't help but to pant heavier, soft shaky moans slipping past his lips as he takes off the tank top, tossing it to a side.

Was his leg even in pain at this point?

Hannibal slowly dragged his hands to Will's abdomen, feeling the other's muscles and very soft milky skin, one hand moving up reaching the spot where William's heart is.

That's quite a fast heartbeat, my precious boy.

William bit his lower lip and gazed at the other before a small smirk appeared in the younger man's face.

"Are you still just following my game, Dr. Lecter?"

"Perhaps." Hannibal replied a little humored.

"Isn't it...*tricky*?" William said with some sarcasm and a raspy voice as he rolled his hips even faster, a slightly louder moans leaving his parted lips as he push his head backwards for a moment, spine arching beautifully as he grinds sat on that very hard crotch.

Hannibal was drunk with the sight. Lost in lust and hunger.

And utterly marveled.

"You tell me." Hannibal purred with a feral smirk that sent more shivers down William's spine, filling his body with goosebumps.

Why is Hannibal able to affect me so much?

"No. You tell me." William retorted and lowered his torso, his lips reaching the other's neck once more, but this time, he decided to go lower.

William's tongue brushed the other's neck way down to his chest, nails brushing way down from the other's chest to the abdomen as he moves lower and lower, his lips and tongue reaching the other's abdomen as well, placing soft wet kisses, feeling the other's body heating up, feeling how Hannibal breaths faster and faster.

Will's tongue reached the spot below Dr. Lecter's navel, big blue eyes that seemed so innocent and shy opening to slowly look up into golden dark predatory eyes fixed on his.

Will felt so small. So shy. So inexperienced. Almost virginal.

And Hannibal felt lost. Lost inside those big innocent eyes. Hypnotized. Magnetized. Lips parting slightly just by the sight of the other's delicate face so close of his crotch.

Such a beautiful sin could only be a gift from Gods.

Will's lips hovered just above the waistband of Hannibal's boxers, feeling the fabrics at his chin and that very warm skin under his lips. He inhaled deeply and Hannibal's sweet strong scent filled him, made him feel drank.

Chills ran all over his body as Hannibal's hand landed on his locks, gripping and caressing so gently, making the younger man feel like under the effect of something strong, something that made him want to sink his face in those hips.

Why was he not in control? He was on top. Teasing the other. Yet, he felt he was the one losing more and more control over the situation, felt needs he couldn't explain.

The young man pulled the other's boxers down just a little, exposing more of Hannibal's perfect v-line, more skin, the point of his cock still painfully restrained by the fabrics of the boxer that still held the man's member just by mere will of God.

William's lips landed at a spot of bare skin next to the other's crotch. The man was so soft, he didn't even have a single hair at that part. That spot was so close from Hannibal's member William's cheeks were on fire, a very clear blush spreading all over his face. But he licked the spot anyway, sucked softly with innocent big eyes staring into golden ones. Those blue eyes that seemed to sparkle with need, fear, lust, even submission.

Does he likes this? What is he thinking? I wish Hannibal actually likes this.

Why do I even want that? Why do I want his approval? Why do I want to please him? This… isn't me.

And with those thoughts on his mind, William's hand slowly cupped Hannibal's still clothed member, softly brushing that hard shaft as his lips and tongue kept kissing and sucking on Hannibal's skin so softly, so slow, as if he was kissing the man's lips instead.

Hannibal saw that innocence and utter submission in the other's big blue orbs and felt a fire within, taking control of his senses. It was the sense of power. He had such a sense of power now that his eyes turned almost completely black, hosting a darkness that could make demons tremble.

*You **will** be mine.*

William's hand gripped the other's member more, moving his hand back and forth along the other's shaft through the fabrics of the boxer as his lips keep moving closer and closer to the other's member. It was still in those boxers but he could already feel how big it was. How wide and hard yet soft. Feeling it under his hand was maddening for a reason. As an instinct he never knew he had in him.

"Is *this* still a game, Will?" Hannibal asked.

"You tell me." William replied closing his eyes as he placed his lips on the other's shaft slowly through the fabrics of the boxers, feeling the utter need to rip off those boxers and swallow the other's lust.

William was about to pull down the rest of Hannibal's underwear when his blue eyes met Hannibal's.

And then was when things actually became *tricky*. Those dark eyes. Dark as death. Feral and dangerous. Powerful. And eager for more power.

Those eyes. William saw them before. Saw them many times.

And then, as he was looking at Dr. Lecter, this time Dr. Lecter's face was the one that turned into the Chesapeake Ripper. He was wide awake and his psychiatrist's face suddenly turned into that dark black man with antlers.

It was because of the power. That same dark power from Hannibal's eyes now was the same one shimmering in the Chesapeake Ripper's black ones back in all his dreams.

The small brunette felt out of air, lips shivering as he seemed to be attempting to mumble something. His frown grew and his face began to tremble as pleading eyes yelled for help.

He was scared. Very.

"P-please… " William mumbled very quietly.

"What is it, Will?" sudden concern brushed the older man's eyes as he cupped the other's face.

William couldn't be more troubled. The options were all chaotic. He could be somehow very attracted to Hannibal, his psychiatrist who seemed very amused by this whole thing he probably sees as some psychological test only. He could be attracted to the Chesapeake Ripper in a platonic way, which was even worse, and somehow his mind could be mixing both figures, the Chesapeake Ripper and Hannibal. Or even worse, Hannibal could be the Chesapeake Ripper indeed and his brain has been screaming that to him all along.

All those options scared William, made his mind sink into the most awful dark places as he was being swallowed by fear, needing protection, something real to hold on to.

“Please, stop.” the young man cried out. William knew Hannibal was the one supposed to stop this at some point. But William needed to stop. He was confused to the core. Scared. Unstable.

And soon, tears began to fall down his cheeks.

“Come now, don’t do that.” Hannibal said and for a reason William could see Hannibal’s actual face now instead of the Ripper, those words making him feel a warm feeling in his chest even if he was still under such fear and confusion.

“Come over here.” Hannibal whispered and placed his hands under William’s armpits to move him up at his face level as he sits to pull the other on his lap and between his strong arms.

“You didn’t have to go that far if you didn’t want to just to prove a point.” Hannibal whispered at Will’s ear.

But William wanted it. Wanted so much more. To go farther. That wasn’t why he stopped him. It was because of what his mind was thinking. It was the fear of which option was the truth. It was the fear of not knowing himself nor the man holding him now. But feeling held by him felt so good. So right. It was so soothing, comforting. He even felt like a child between those strong big arms.

He looked up at Hannibal’s eyes with big blue ones completely glossy and sparkling as more tears fell down his face.

“It’s all right. You’re safe. I got you, Will.”

Those words melted William, slowly shaking a little less as one strong hand softly wiped away his tears. Hannibal brushed the tears away and cupped William’s face so softly, one thumb moving to caress Will’s lower lips for a second, catching another tear that was there about to fall.

William felt that gentle caress on his lip and looked at Hannibal’s lips before looking at his eyes. He felt the sudden need to be kissed by those lips. To be kissed by Hannibal.

He was still scared, yet he just couldn’t help but have the need to feel those lips on his.

Hannibal saw how the other looked at his lips, a warm feeling filling his chest as he leans just a little closer, looking down at those plump very tempting lips.

“Why didn’t you stop me?” William murmured softly and Hannibal stopped approaching closer, just remained still, and very much close. The older man felt the other’s warm breath against his lips. How inviting. How intoxicating.

“Why would I?” Hannibal replied simply.

Then… he did like it?

“You were in search for something. For an answer. Why would I stop your research?” Hannibal added with a soft voice.

William frowned a little, feeling somehow disappointed by the fact Hannibal said it as if it was all just to help him find out something. But even feeling disappointed and everything, William wanted to reach those lips so bad. Find out more. Have more. Feel more. Wanted Hannibal to make him research more. And he hated himself for that for it was all just a psychological game for Hannibal. And he wanted Hannibal to want it too.

He wanted that so bad.

“I’m having feels and fears that I can’t control. I’m scared. I don’t know what’s happening to me.” William said with a shaky voice and frowning eyebrows.

“It’s quite all right. It can feel that way when parts of your chrysalis begins to break.” Hannibal said and softly rocked the other between his arms in an almost fatherly way.

“I’ve seen… different options. Or truths… since more than one could be accurate. All those possible truths… scare me.” William said.

“Why does it scares you?”

And the option that scared him the most was that Hannibal could *be* the Ripper. And perhaps he was attracted to both images, Hannibal and the Ripper, but not separately. And *that* would speak a lot about Will’s own mind. A lot about his ‘becoming’.

“Because I can feel I’m changing. I shouldn't but I want to fall down the spiral.” William said and his hand landed in Hannibal’s chest for a reason.

“You want to fall down the rabbit hole.” Hannibal whispered.

“Yes. I want to fall down the rabbit hole.”

“Even if what waits at the bottom scares you?” Hannibal asked, curiosity shimmering in those dark golden eyes.

“Yes.”

Chapter End Notes

As always, thank you very much for all the kudos, the hits, everything. Specially the comments since that is what keeps me writing the most <3
Let me know on the comments how are you enjoying or hating this so far.
Also... Let me know any grammar mistake (yep. I said it before xD English isn't my language.)

Thunders and wolves

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 18

Thunders and wolves

William couldn’t trust his own mind anymore. He knew he couldn’t. His mind was screaming things at him. Things that didn’t make any sense.How could he feel attracted to Dr. Lecter? And even worse, how could Dr. Lecter be the Chesapeake Ripper?

He even heard and saw things that didn’t make sense before. Animals howling when there was no animal in the first place. Hobbs' body wandering around. Sometimes even whispers.

No. William couldn’t trust his own mind. Definitely.

But snuggling between Hannibal’s arms, somehow he felt he could trust him. He felt safe. Sheltered. But he knows he shouldn’t feel attracted to his psychiatrist. Knows he is definitely not into men.

He slowly stopped shaking, Hannibal’s arms still holding him against his bare chest. How warm and strong that man felt. Even soft.

Maybe I just feel lonely and confused like I felt when I kissed Alana the first time.

Even if kissing Dr. Lecter isn’t precisely what I did.

“Feeling any better?” Hannibal asked.

Dr. Lecter’s voice made William snap out of his thoughts for a moment. Big blue eyes looked up to meet golden ones. The younger man just felt so embarrassed. He came to Dr. Lecter’s house in just sleeping shorts and a tank top, got drunk, injured his leg, rubbed his ass against his psychiatrist while being asleep, then awake, then when the other man teased him he stopped Hannibal but for he wrong reasons... just to end up teasing back the man. And to make things even worse, he stopped the whole thing by having a delusion that caused a mental breakdown… and still, Hannibal was helping him with that too.

After all the things he did tonight. How wasn't the man even angry? He didn't knew if Hannibal truly liked any of the things that happened between them. Perhaps Hannibal's body was simply... reacting. But still, the man should be very mad or annoyed by him.

But he wasn't.

"I g-guess so." William stuttered very quietly, averting his eyes for he felt too close to the other. And also because he felt his cheeks heating up.

Can I at least stop blushing, God? Satan? Buda? Anyone?

"I have the feeling you are even more confused now." Hannibal said and Will just could feel those dark eyes fixed on him even if William was averting the other's gaze.

"Probably."

"My apologies. Sometimes it's hard to find the right method for a specific patient. Every mind is unique. That's why psychiatry is considered an art rather than a science to some." Hannibal explained.

"No… your method wasn't… wrong. It was weird, yes. But not precisely wrong. My mind is… wrong." William said and slowly tried to pull away from Hannibal.They were just too close and that was unsettling for Will now that he was... Not controlled by certain instincts

He really needed his personal space back.

Hannibal obliged and released the other from his arms. William rolled to his side of the bed, grunting lowly because of the pain at his ankle. He laid on his back and looked at the ceiling, feeling rather awkward and deeply embarrassed. Hannibal pulled from the blankets, covering William and himself before laying on his side facing Will.

The younger man felt a little surprised by how the other covered him with blankets but he enjoyed the warmth nonetheless, pulling the blankets up to his chin and humming softy.

"Does that mean you're not pondering anymore those possible truths you were talking about?" Hannibal asked.

William laid on his side as well to face Hannibal. At least the older man wasn't as close as seconds ago and it was easier to look into those dark eyes now.

Will sighed and closed his eyes for a moment. Was this some sort of laying-on-bed psychiatric session?

"Nope," The word sounded like a small bubble bursting from the brunette's lips, "I'm still pondering those possible truths. Just in case. I've been right before about odd things that also sounded like delusions after all. Like…" Will spoke and sighed a chuckle, "I thought it was actually crazy and irrational to think the Ripper could be interested in me in any way. But then I lured him with Freddie Lounds' article and days latter he killed a man that looked pretty much like me and placed his heart in someone's stomach." William said with a crooked smile that grimaced a little after realizing what he said.

After all, his mind was pondering the possibility of Hannibal being the Chesapeake Ripper. The Chesapeake Ripper already shown interest in Will. And now Hannibal at least seemed to be interested in him.

Or perhaps not.

Perhaps the man didn't specially enjoyed any of it. Perhaps Hannibal was just simply helping Will figure things out.

Why do I even keep trying to blame this man?

"Yes. You were right indeed. I wouldn't ignore my unconscious if I were you." Hannibal replied with a slight grin that almost looked as if the man was proud of the other.

Those words really managed to confuse Will. Hannibal knew he mixed him with the Chesapeake Ripper in his dreams. But he also knew Hannibal teased him and almost fucked him in his latest dream. Which of those options was Hannibal suggesting William to keep in mind? Or is he just complimenting my mind?

Little knew William that all those options were actually accurate.

William felt a little of guilt for just keep trying to blame the man. Hannibal shown him nothing but to be reliable. And very, very patient, always directing to him as even a friend. The man even ruined his own clothes by standing under the rain for him. Just to be there when he fell apart.

William remember that night under the rain. How the other caught him in the air before he could fall to the mud. How the other held him while he took care of sheltering him from the rain the whole time. He even remembered the glossy cold droplets falling down Hannibal's face, so slow, as if somehow, time itself stopped at that moment. And those strong arms How safe they made him felt. How could he not remember that?

His big blue eyes seemed to shine for a moment as he saw the memory captured in his mind. His chest felt warmer and even a small sigh fell from his pump slightly parted lips.

Why does that memory feels so good?

William blinked the memory away and decided to test the other.

"You said I 'shouldn't ignore my unconscious'. The things I see in dreams." He gazed at the other and smirked, "you know what I've been dreaming about." Will's smirk turned almost wicked in a playful way before he kept speaking, "Are you flirting with me, Dr. Lecter?" he asked with suck a cocky grin that Hannibal just loved.

My greedy, precious boy. I always am.

"Flirting with your 'imagination', your mind," Hannibal said in a slightly raspy voiceo, those words and their possible meaning making Will's heart rate accelerate, "your capability to think like the people you catch is unique. I really believe you shouldn't ignore your

unconscious. After all, sometimes delusional or not, it already brought you so close from catching this man." Hannibal added and Will only felt more confused.

Hannibal could be very well flirting with him. But at the same time he could be only complimenting his mind. Those words managed to fit both options so perfectly.

How does Hannibal even manages to make things so confusing? Or is just me searching for different meanings?

"Oh. O-okay." Will mumbled as he decided Hannibal was probably just complimenting his mind, as he did many times before. He actually felt even a little disappointed the other wasn't flirting, "thanks." William added quietly and a small smile appeared in his face anyway. After all, he loved the way Hannibal would always praise his mind. For a reason, he would always feel better with himself, almost proud of who he is whenever the other happens to laud his particular mind structure.

Perhaps that's why he wants Hannibal's approval. Because it makes him feel better with himself.

Will felt his eyes a little heavier now. It's been quite a night after all. The night lamp was bothering his eyes already, making it just too much harder to keep them open or to close them and bear the light passing through his eyelids.

"Dr. Lecter," he began, narrowing his eyes a little bit to bear the light some more, "could you… turn off the lamp from your bedside table? I feel kind of tired." William mumbled.

"Yes. You should probably rest. Besides, the night is quite nice for that." Hannibal said after the sound of droplets falling on the roof filled the place as it began to rain.

The older man turned off the lamp and laid again on his side, facing William once more.

"Don't worry about the nightmares. I'm here." Hannibal whispered quietly.

The darkness, how Hannibal's words made him feel safe and the sound of the rain combined really reminded William of the night under the rain when Hannibal held him to ease his mental breakdown. How warm it felt. So warm that the absence of those arms around him made Will feel almost cold now. As if he needed those arms around his body.

Why does he even needs them? He's just his psychiatrist.

The bed was big but somehow Hannibal felt so close from him. So close, yet so far.

Hannibal could see very well in the darkness and he noticed Will's eyes were still open and staring at him. He observed him in silence for a moment, also admiring the way the moonlight kissed his pale skin, caressed those curls and made those big sapphires shine.

How beautiful you are, precious. Such beauty really belongs somewhere else. Somewhere between heaven and hell. But definitely not earth.

“Something in your mind keeping you from falling asleep?” Hannibal whispered and Will snapped, realizing he’s been staring at the other for perhaps minutes.

A thunder broke the silence of the sky and William’s body jumped a little as he gasped before swallowing hard. He hated how he could get jumpy sometimes. And right now, he hated it even more.

“N-no. I’m fine. I promise.” William replied. Of course he couldn’t tell the man he was thinking about that night under the rain and also somehow missing the way his arms made him feel.

And of course, Hannibal noticed the other jumped a little by the sound of the thunder. He would always notice everything.

The older man smirked, the flash of a lightning illuminating his face, making William able to see the other’s grin right before a louder thunder broke the silence of the night. For a moment it even seemed as if Hannibal’s wicked smirk caused the thunder. Which was of course completely irrational.

William jumped again and shivered by the sight of that smirk. It was somehow so threatening in a way but also so… sinfully beautiful. Will felt small, like a prey. But he also felt thrilled by that feeling.

Hannibal heard the other’s shaky breathing and grinned a little more, hidden by in the darkness now.

“If storms are a problem for you I understand. I won’t judge you if you need to be closer to feel safe. It actually is an instinct every mammal has. The need to be closer to others of their same specie to feel safe when a storm rolls up.” Hannibal spoke.

And William hated the man for a moment. Because he was right. He wanted to be closer to the other because he was indeed feeling in need for shelter. Just like he needed it under the rain that night.

Perhaps he even wanted to feel the way he felt that night.

But at least Hannibal was giving the whole thing a psychological and biological explanation. If Will pulls closer he wouldn’t think he wants to be closer for other reasons. Even if perhaps there were other reasons too.

William sighed shakily and closed his eyes before he pulled himself closer to Hannibal. He opened his eyes slowly and saw Hannibal’s hand between their faces resting on the pillow. The older man’s palm faced William, golden eyes looking at him above his fingers.

Was Hannibal offering his hand to him to give him comfort? Will didn’t know but he didn’t hesitate, not even for a second. He wanted the comfort and the sight of Hannibal’s palm made his own hand move, placing the palm of his own hand on Hannibal’s.

Dr. Lecter's hand felt so soft and warm, yet so strong and much bigger than his. Even just his hand alone could make William feel protected.

Those golden eyes kept looking at his and William was glad their hands eclipsed the rest of his face because he could feel his cheeks begin to blush, again.

He slowly began to close his blue eyes and let his body relax. Will's breathing became softer and slower as he began to fall into slumber.

Finally... Some rest.

Another thunder broke the silence. Will's eyes opened fast as he jumped and made a small sound that almost sounded like the tiny attempt of a scream. Hannibal watched the other and interlaced their fingers, making William's heart beat faster as he feels their digits being laced together.

Will felt Hannibal's other hand brush his hair and he just melted under the touch, gasping a little as he pulled closer, their stomachs and thighs touching now too.

"it's all right, Will. I'm here." Hannibal whispered.

For a reason, William gripped the other's hand tighter. Hannibal's thumb caressed his hand gently, making him blush once more and bit his lower lip a little, this time not being able to hide his face since their hands were a little lower now. He looked at the other with big innocent eyes that seemed to sparkle a little more. Perhaps because of the fear.

Or perhaps because he was feeling the same way he felt that night under the rain.

Perhaps his eyes seemed to sparkle because of the warmth he felt. Because how Hannibal could make him feel sometimes, like now.

His blue eyes fell to the other's lips, wondering for a moment why Hannibal decided to tease him in sexual ways instead of just… attempting to kiss him. But kissing felt somehow much more intimate. Not just a physical thing like in his dreams. No. Kissing was definitely much more intimate.

And if Hannibal didn't happened to kiss him that was probably because he wanted to recreate Will's doubts, the things from his dreams. And that never implied a kiss.

The fact that Hannibal didn't kiss him gave Will two possible options; The man was indeed just performing some sort of psychological test… or he really didn't feel attracted to William. Both could be accurate.

But no. Non of these options were actually accurate. At all.

But of course, Will couldn't tell they weren't accurate.

He gazed at the older man's lips, biting down his own lower one once more, wandering why can't he make the other want to kiss him. And also wondering why does he wants Hannibal to kiss him in first place.

William seemed not to be able to look away from Hannibal's lips. He was just frozen for a moment, feeling it was even harder to breathe now. Hannibal licked his own lips fleetingly and Will's heart accelerated.

What the fuck is wrong with me?

William's lips parted as he gasped very lowly, almost shakily before he closed his eyes. Having Hannibal's lips so close was really not helping him with this huge confusion at all.

Hannibal saw how the other closed his eyes, almost harshly. And after that, another blush appeared on William's cheeks. The older man grinned in such a dark way even when he also felt amused by the sight.

Minutes passed and William finally fell asleep, not releasing Hannibal's hand at any moment. Hannibal admired the other like God would admire his first creation. Admiring Will like Hades would admire Persephone, hidden and watching from the shadows of the underworld. His free hand slowly moved to the other's chin, his index finger softly brushing the smaller man's lips gently enough to not wake him up.

Such an innocent little lamb you are. Who would've guessed you were more afraid of thunders than afraid of sleeping with wolves.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter will be very probably much darker :3 like... The real shit of the plot will slowly began to develop ;) and yes. It's going to be twisted af.

As always, thank you very much for all the kudos, the hits, everything. Specially the comments since that is what keeps me writing the most <3
Let me know on the comments how are you enjoying or hating this so far.
Also... Let me know any grammar mistake (yep. I said it before xD English isn't my language.)

It's a date

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 19

It’s a date

William was at the ballroom dance. Again. This time he was still wearing his mask. Perhaps he was a little afraid of finding the Chesapeake Ripper now. Mostly because he could very well shift into Hannibal again. And he certainly didn’t need any more confusion clouding his head.

He watched the masked crowd dancing around, which was weird. The last times he appeared there all alone.

With the Ripper.

He began to pace around, blue eyes searching for that very feared man that haunts his dreams, not sure of who would be more troublesome to find. The Ripper or Dr. Lecter.

Or both.

A soft hand brushed the man’s neck from behind. Will felt every hair of his body erect as goosebumps filled his skin. He turned around slowly, sighing in relief when he found Alana this time, wearing that red fine dress that made her look like some sort of Aphrodite.

“Were you looking for someone?” Alana said with a soft smile as one of her hands took one of Will’s in her, placing her other hand on the man’s shoulder. William instantly placed a hand at her waist and interlaced his fingers with the other's as he begins dancing, leading her.

“I was… I think. But I’m not so sure I want to find him that much.” William said, eyes looking around with some sort of paranoia shimmering in those blue orbs before he gazed back at her bright eyes, a soft smile slowly appearing on his face, “but I’m glad I found you instead.” He added in a more calm voice.

“Find who?” Alana asked with a curious eyebrow raising on her forehead.

“The Ripper…” William said and sighed, looking around once more, “or Hannibal. I’m not even sure anymore.” He exhaled shakily closing his eyes for a second.

Alana frowned and moved a little closer, slowing down her moves, wrapping both of her arms around the back of William’s neck, the young man responding by wrapping his arms around her small waist.

“I can understand the Ripper part.” She said with a smirk and tilted her head, “but why would you be so glad you haven't found Hannibal?” she asked, whispering a little as their lips came closer.

“He… makes me feel confused.” William said with a breathy voice.

“How is he confusing you?”

“That’s the thing. He’s not. I… made myself feel confused. He tried to clear up my doubts. It got only worse.” William confessed, closing his eyes for a moment once more.

“Are you attracted to him?” she said with an almost devilish grin.

“No.” William said firmly but felt like he wasn’t so sure about it.

“Does he scares you?” she whispered.

“No.” Will said, not believing in that answer either.

“Well…” Alana began, moving her lips closer to Will’s, blue eyes looking back at hers and at her lips, “if you’re not attracted to him… then prove it.” She whispered against Will’s lips, hovering and ghosting an attempt of kiss.

“I will.” The young man said, slowly moving closer as well, their chest touching before he felt those soft lips of hers.

But not for too long.

An odd but inviting scent filled his nostrils, making Will’s stomach growl in response. His lips parted to attempt and kiss Alana properly, heart racing within his chest as he hummed softly.

“Will.” William’s heart skipped a beat as he heard Hannibal’s voice. He separated his lips from Alana’s, sudden fear glimpsing through those big blue eyes. Alana looked at him with a frown on her face before she and the whole ballroom with all the people in it began to fade. "Will, wake up." Hannibal's voice echoed in the nothingness.

Hannibal was standing next to the bed, holding a silver tray with breakfast on it as he looks at the young man sleeping on his bed. William hummed and his lips seemed to move as if kissing someone invisible in front of him. Hannibal couldn’t help but grin in amusement by how the other looked; completely asleep and slightly moving his lips as if kissing a ghost.

I wonder what are you dreaming about this time.

“Will.” Hannibal said softly, “Will, wake up.” He raised his voice just enough to bring William back from his dream.

The young brunette opened his eyes, panting a little just by the sound of Hannibal’s voice. But still, he was glad at least the man didn’t appeared in his dream this time. The scent of bacon and eggs, toasts, croissants, waffles and coffee filled Will’s nostrils, recognizing the same scent of his dream. His stomach growled in response again, this time awake.

The young brunette sat on the bed, blankets sliding down and exposing his shoulders and bare chest whilst he rubbed his eyes a little.

“W-what time is it?” William’s voice slurred quietly.

Hannibal moved to his side of the bed and sat next to Will but not close enough to be invading personal space, fortunately for the younger man. He placed down the silver tray between them on the bed and picked a cup of coffee for himself.

“About 3pm.”

William frowned before widening his eyes.

3 fucking pm?

He gazed at the older man and deducted that was probably the reason why Hannibal was fully dressed in fine dark grey pants and a white dressing shirt. The absence of a tie or coat making him look somehow less structured. Even a few silky greyish locks were falling on the man’s forehead, eclipsing just half of his right eye.

“3pm? Why did you let me sleep for so long?”

“You had to recover from your leg, your hangover and your nightmares. Besides, you're not a child to be tell when to wake up, are you?” Hannibal explained and picked a pill from the silver tray to hand it to the brunette, “Here. You should take a painkiller now before the effect of the last one fades away.”

“Thanks.” William said quietly and grabbed the pill, placing it in his mouth to swallow it without water or any liquid even if there was even a glass of water on the tray.

“Please, be my guest.” Hannibal said and pointed at the breakfast with his eyes before taking a sip of his black coffee.

William didn’t need the other to insist. He was starving. He grabbed the cutlery and began feasting on the ‘bacon’ and eggs quite eagerly, humming at the very tasty flavors exploding in his mouth.

“How do you make such a simple thing as bacon and eggs taste so good?” William asked with some of food still inside his mouth.

Hannibal chuckled quietly, pleased by the compliment and amused by the sight of William speaking with his mouth full.

“I’m very rigorous with the meat and flavors I decide to mix. Sometimes, just one single herb or subtle condiment can change the spirit of the meal quite a lot.” Hannibal explained and took another sip of his coffee.

“Well, I’m gonna stuff myself with the ‘spirit’ of this breakfast if you don’t mind.” William responded with a chuckle and brought another big portion of bacon and eggs to his mouth.

“I always enjoy feeding my guests properly. Please, serve yourself.” Hannibal said with a very smooth voice and watched the other eat with some sort of amusement before he grabbed a portion of ‘bacon’ and eggs for himself.

Once they finished their breakfast, Hannibal retrieved the silver tray with the leftovers, which were just a few; two toasts and a half-eaten waffle, thanks to Will’s big appetite.

The older man came back holding bandages instead of breakfast this time, walking towards the bed to sit next to William’s legs.

“What’s that for?” Will asked tilting his head.

“To help you walk.” Hannibal explained and pulled the blankets off from Will’s body.

The younger man was wearing just his sleeping shorts and underwear and he really felt cold as soon as the blankets exposed his pale skin but didn’t made any comment about it. He hated to keep needing the other’s help and hated how much attention he's already required from him so far.

Hannibal’s hands began to work on the other’s sprained ankle, William hissing and grunting lowly from time to time as the other applied the bandages tight enough to contain the joint properly.

“Too… tight.” William said with a slightly pained voice between clenched teeth.

A very tiny smirk threatened to form on Hannibal’s lips. But it didn’t.

“Breath deep and try to bear it for me. I promise you will get accustomed to the feel.” Hannibal said with such a raspy hypnotic voice.

How does he manages to say so many things that sound with such a double meaning?

“Does it has to be so tight?” William said with a slightly choking voice before rolling his eyes a little as a sting of pain filled his senses.

“I’m afraid it has to be this tight indeed. It has to hold your joint properly. It’s not even that tight. Your tendons are swollen. That’s why you feel it that way.”

Hannibal explained as he finished working with the bandages. Once those hands stopped pulling and stretching the fabrics around his ankle, Will sighed as he actually felt he could bear it better now.

Then it hit him. He came here drunk in just bed clothes. It’s already afternoon and he has no clothes of his own to wear on his way back home. He would have to drive his way back to Wolf Trap in just sleeping shorts, an old tank top and slippers.

Or ask Hannibal to lend him some clothes.

Fuck. My. Life.

“I… um…” Will began mumbling, looking down at his own lap.

“Yes…?” Hannibal gazed at the young man.

“I don’t have any clothes.” William said and then he also realized that with an injured foot he wouldn’t be able to drive either. He wants to stop asking things from the man. Yet, he keeps finding himself needing Hannibal more and more.

Like, really. Fuck my life.

“I know. I’ll give you something to wear.” Hannibal said and stood up to pace to the wardrobe.

“Just… not a dressing suit, please. If that even exists in your wardrobe. I would look rather stupid with such an oversized dressing suit.” William said.

“Are you calling me fat, Will? That’s rude.” The older man joked as he picked a blue wool sweater, a pair of black pants and a leather belt, already knowing the pants would be too big for the young man.

“Not at all,” William laughed quietly, “you’re just… taller.” *And bigger. And much more muscular*. But of course, William wouldn’t say any of those things out loud.

Hannibal raised an eyebrow and turned around to walk towards William, handing him the clothes and a pair of shoes that would also be just too big for Will’s feet.

“I’ll wait outside. Call me when you’re ready or if you need anything.” Hannibal said and left the bedroom, closing the door behind him to give the other some privacy.

As soon as Hannibal left the room, William sighed heavily. He hated this. He just kept needing more and more from the other. He felt so pathetic. So useless. He grunted as he took off his sleeping shorts, grunting again once he put in those pants that were really loose on his hips. And legs. And everywhere.

At least he gave me a belt.

Damn bastard. He knew this would be just too big for me.

He put on the belt and slid on the blue warm sweater. He felt Hannibal's scent wrapping him once more and had that strange feeling again. He sat at the edge of the bed and put on the first shoe. It was stupidly big, as if wearing his father's shoes as a child. He slid his injured feet in the other shoe groaning a little louder. He was glad the shoes were too big though. At least his swollen injured foot fits in that shoe.

"Is everything all right?" Hannibal asked from the other side if the door when he heard William's pained groan.

"Yes. Come in." William replied.

Hannibal entered the bedroom, pupils dilating a little at the sight in front of him. The oversized sweater made William look so small. Almost child-like. The collar of the sweater was falling to one side, exposing one of Will's delicate collarbone. The very long sleeves covering his hands almost completely, just the tip of his digits remaining visible. Those big pants and shoes making him look indeed like a little boy using his father's clothes as a disguise.

How utterly adorable you are, my small lamb.

"You'll probably need some help for-" Hannibal began as he paced to William, a loud grunt coming from Will's throat interrupting him as the young man tried to stand up by himself, "… standing up." Hannibal added with a sigh.

The younger man almost fell to the floor. Again. Hannibal moved quickly and caught the other before he could fall, wrapping an arm around Will's waist.

"Foolish child," Hannibal whispered in a rather soft way, the words filling Will's skin with goosebumps for a reason, cheeks turning slightly red as he tries to avoid Hannibal's golden eyes, "why won't you just ask for my help instead of hurting yourself like this?" Dr. Lecter added and helped William walk out of the bedroom.

Hannibal noticed the color on those cheeks. Noticed how William would always react to nicknames such as 'boy' or even 'brat'.

Daddy issues perhaps? Such an interesting subject to bring up to your next session.

William swallowed and looked up at Hannibal's golden eyes. He would have to ask for something more from Hannibal. And he hates that.

"I… probably won't be able to drive." William said very quietly.

"I know." Hannibal said as they almost reached the stairs.

Fuck. The damn stairs again.

Hannibal placed a hand at the back of Will's thighs and the other at his back, scooping the younger man up between his arms like a bride, a small sound escaping William's lips as he

widened his eyes.

“I’m driving you home. I'll take a cab to come back here after that. No discussion.” Hannibal said.

If asking Hannibal to drive him back home wasn’t enough, the man was carrying him again. He hated it. But a part of him also kind of enjoyed being carried by him. It was… strange.

“Is this really necessary?” William protested with a slightly angry frown and almost pouting.

Hannibal gazed down at the other, an amused smirk appearing on his face as he sees the younger man angry and threatening as a small puppy.

“Yes. You would very likely fall down the stairs if you try to walk them.” Hannibal said, that mocking grin still painted on his face.

“Great.” William grumbled, “and please, just… don’t drive my car just to please me. Taking a cab all the way back here is expensive. I know.”

“Come now. Don’t be such a stubborn little boy, will you? I said ‘no discussion’.” Hannibal said and gazed at the other in search for any reaction to his words.

And there it was. That sweet shade of pink spreading on Will’s cheeks. Just as Hannibal expected and wanted to see.

Once they reached Will’s car, another unpleasant surprise was waiting for the young brunette. He left the gas tank empty.

“The tank is empty.” Hannibal said once he sat at the driver’s seat and gazed at the tank level displayer.

“Great… just great.” The younger man said rubbing his hand over his face.

“We’ll use my car. I’ll take yours to your place later.” Hannibal gazed at the other raising an eyebrow before he added, “no discussion.”

The ride back to Wolf Trap felt a little tense. Perhaps because William was a little too immerse in his own thoughts. Pondering whether he was right in at least one of his theories involving Hannibal, the Chesapeake Ripper and his possible attraction to one or both of them, the possible connection between his psychiatrist and the killer he is searching for, and the possibility of him just having irrational thoughts and dreams. After all, the unconscious is full of irrationality. Isn’t it?

“Here we are.” Hannibal sang and pulled over at the front of Will’s house. William gazed at the other and offered him a shy smile, eyes timidly reaching the other’s golden ones.

“Thank you.” William murmured.

“My pleasure.” Hannibal nodded and gave a polite smile.

Will’s hand gripper the handle of the door, hesitating for a moment. He didn’t know why, but for a second he thought on inviting the other to come in.

Why would he even want to come in? To spend more time with me? Haven’t I bothered him long enough already?

Will was about to open the door when he saw Hannibal stepping out of the vehicle, the young man blinking in confusion for a moment as he saw his psychiatrist walk to his side of the car. Dr. Lecter opened the door from the outside and offered his hand to Will.

Right. My ankle.

“I assumed you wouldn’t ask for my help this time either.” Hannibal said with a subtly cocky grin, helping the other come out of the car before wrapping an arm around the other’s waist, perhaps a little slower than necessary.

“I really hadn’t thought about it.” Will held from one of Hannibal’s shoulders and began to walk with the taller man’s help, “But thanks. I’m glad you thought about it before I tried to walk and fell.” William added with a small chuckle, feeling a little embarrassed, “even though you always catch me before I hit the ground.”

“I will always catch you if you fall.” Hannibal said as they reached the front door of Will’s house. Those words made Will’s chest warm once more, feeling as if he really enjoyed how the other seemed to be always protecting him in a way. Even when William knew it wasn’t such a big deal. After all, Hannibal was nothing but a great gentleman. It was in his nature to be like this. It wasn’t like Will was something special or anything. Right?

William opened the front door and his dogs greeted him, Hannibal’s hands moving to grip the brunette’s hips so he won’t fall.

“Easy now, easy. I missed you too, guys. But I need you to stay quiet and let me walk.” William said to his dogs with a bright smile on his face.

The dogs sat obediently, some of them sniffing and inspecting Will’s ankle.

And only then William noticed the other’s hands were on his hips, a very slight shiver running through his body as he remembered how those same hands gripped his hips last night as he grinded on top of Hannibal. And he was very glad his back was facing his psychiatrist because he knew his cheeks were on fire.

Hannibal’s hands released the other’s hips slowly, still staying behind the other just in case. William made his first steps without help, grunting a little as he walked towards the couch, sighing once he finally sat down.

“Thank you, Dr. Lecter. For… everything. And… sorry for being so messed up in the head.” William said, big blue eyes shyly looking up at golden ones.

Hannibal tilted his head and smiled at him, “There’s nothing wrong with your mind, Will. You’re just evolving. Evolution can make us feel… confused sometimes.” Hannibal said and nodded a silent ‘goodbye’ before turning around to walk to the front door.

As soon as William saw the other walking away, he felt the irrational need to stop him. Felt like he wanted the man to stay just a little longer. But he didn’t stopped him, of course. He knew he was being irrational and that the man probably had many more important and interesting things to do.

Hannibal turned his head and glanced at the other for a moment, “if you need anything, please do let me know and call me.” Hannibal said and kept walking past the door.

“I will.” The younger man said, not fully believing his own words.

Dr. Lecter left and somehow, even surrounded by his dogs, William felt very much alone. Solitude never bothered him. Quite the contrary. But now, for a reason, feeling so lonely wasn’t as comforting as usual.

He managed to walk around the house, feed the dogs and even change his clothes. Hannibal’s really didn’t fit him well. But he had to admit, there was something comforting in using his clothes, but also unsettling.

Will was siting at a chair next to the table, looking outside through the window, lost in random thoughts until he thought about his last dream.

‘Well, if you’re not attracted to him… then prove it.’ William remembered what Alana told him in his dream. A sudden sparkle appeared in his eyes as he thought about it for a moment.

It really took him very little to decide. After all, he still remembers very well how Alana’s kiss felt that night and how she seemed to be interested in him with more than just ‘professional curiosity’.

The brunette stood up and slowly walked to the phone to dial Alana’s number.

“Yes?” Alana said from the other side of the line once she answered the call.

“Hi. It’s m-me. Will. I was won-“

“Will! How are you doing?” she interrupted him with a rather enthusiastic voice.

“Well,” Will chuckled a little before he kept speaking, “a little gammy to be honest. It’s nothing really. Just a sprain, but I will probably have some trouble making dinner. I was wondering-“

“I’ll be there with Chinese food in two hours.” She interrupted him once more.William smiled to himself and rubbed his nose.

“All right. I’ll see you in two hours then?" William said, not being able to stop himself from smiling.

“It’s a date.” Alana said, trying to let William know she isn’t going just to help him. She considers it as a date.

“Okay,” William sighed a smile, “it's a date.” He added before hearing a small giggle that came from the woman before she hung up the phone.

I have a date with Alana. An actual date.

Hannibal arrived to his house and decided to prepare dinner for two. He has to take Will’s car back to Wolf Trap and decided he could surprise the other by bringing dinner for him since he figured out William would have some trouble cooking by himself since his leg was pretty much in pain.

He remembered how much the young man liked that goulash he tried at the ballroom dance and the idea of preparing a proper goulash for William came to him. He knew the recipe by memory and in less than an hour the meal was ready. He placed the goulash in a big Tupper to carry it easily on his way back to Wolf Trap.

He had gasoline stored in his house all along. He simply wanted more excuses to visit William. He filled the tank and stepped in the car, accommodating the seat to his size, feeling the whole car a little too small for him to be comfortable.

A very small smile was on the psychiatrist’s face all the way to Wolf Trap. For a reason, having dinner with Will’s company felt much better than just having dinner alone.

He parked the car at the front of Will’s house, stepping out of the vehicle with the Tupper containing dinner for the two of them. That smile on his face growing wider and wider as he walks towards the door.

But then that smile completely faded away, golden eyes turning almost black as he heard the very loud moan of a woman. A woman he knows. A woman he despise.

Hannibal’s heartbeats accelerated as he paced to Will’s bedroom window from the outside of the house, carefully leaning his head to peek inside through the glass.

Pale skin was brushing against even paler skin. Alana's and Will's naked bodies mixing, contorting and grinding together in a slow pace, William on top of her thrusting inside the woman Hannibal hates to see breathing so much.

Hannibal felt something ticking inside. Twitching. Cracking. And then just the wrath of fire, burning it all from within.

He hated the sight. Hated it so much it made it harder to breathe. But still, Hannibal just can't look away.

The woman gripped Will's buttocks and the younger man slammed into her even harder, closing his blue eyes as he pushed his head back with a low grunt leaving his lips, picking up the pace as soon as Alana's hands gripped Williams hips.

Just like Dr. Lecter gripped them last night.

Hannibal clenched his jaw hard, his grip on the Tupper tightening more and more until he crashed the lid with just his thumbs.

He came here to surprise Will with dinner. But Will seemed to be the one to surprise him. The man probably completely forgot Hannibal would come by later to drop his car.

And indeed. William completely forgot Hannibal was coming back later. His mind was just… somewhere else. Perhaps he was too focus on proving himself he wasn't attracted to Hannibal and that was why he was having sex with her right now. And if truth be told, his little 'test' with Hannibal last night left him sexually frustrated. Very.

Hannibal just couldn't stand the view anymore. It was unsightly. Disgusting. Utterly revolting. He took a deep, almost shaky breath and left, walking towards the road to use his phone and call for a cab.

If you don't see her for what she is, then I'll show you what she really is. You don't belong to her. You know better than that, Will.

The sun was up in the sky. Light passing through the curtains and caressing both of their bodies as William's and Alana's bodies were laying naked on the bed, barely covered by a blanket.

Will's phone rang. And then his cellphone. And then Alana's cellphone too. Only after the sixth call, William opened his eyes.

The man reached his cellphone and answered the call, gazing at Alana who was just opening her eyes.

“Hello?” William slurred and rubbed his face.

“Will. Do you know where Dr. Bloom is?” Jack spoke quite agitated from the other side of the line.

“Y-yes,” he hesitated but answered with the truth anyway since Jack sounded like it was something very important, “she’s with me.” William added and heard a long sigh of relief coming from Jack, “what’s wrong?” the young man asked.

“we have another body. You need to come now. Bring Dr. Bloom with you.” Jack said, his voice serious as a funeral.

“What’s the location?” Will asked and quickly grabbed a pen and a piece of paper from the bedside table to right down the address Jack was spelling for him. His blue eyes widened as he recognized the address he was writing down, heart accelerating more and more by the second.

“Jack…” Will said quietly and breathed shakily, “that’s…” William said and gazed at Alana for a moment, who was staring at Will with big eyes full of questions.

“Yes. That’s Dr. Bloom’s block. The crime scene is just a few houses from hers. He’s getting closer, Will.” Jack said and ended the call.

Chapter End Notes

I know I said this one would be darker xD but I wrote more than I intended too and the darkness is just slightly developing :3
Yes...we will have a very possessive Hannibal, ladies and gentlemen xD
As always, thank you very much for all the kudos, the hits, everything. Specially the comments since that is what keeps me writing the most <3
Let me know on the comments how are you enjoying or hating this so far.
Also... Let me know any grammar mistake (yep. I said it before xD English isn't my language.)

The way down the rabbit hole has just begun

Chapter Notes

Some slightly strong language and gore. That's my only advise :3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 20

The way down the rabbit hole has just begun

William started the car and gazed at Alana for a moment before he began driving. Both of them were quiet and deep in their thoughts. He had sex with Alana and now, another corpse appears in no less than Alana's block.

How did the Ripper even knew?

"I can't believe this, Will." Alana finally spoke, shock clear on her whole face.

"Me neither." William said after a shaky sigh.

"How did he…" Alana mumbled.

"Did you tell anyone you were having a date with me last night?" William asked.

Alana blinked a few times and licked her lips before averting her eyes from his, "Perhaps…" she admitted, not feeling very proud about it.

"I know I didn't tell anyone. You should make a list with the names of anyone who knew." William said.

Alana grabbed a small notebook and a pen from her purse and began tipping the paper with the tip of the pen as she thinks.

William gazed at her and raised an eyebrow, wondering for a moment why was she taking so long in writing down the names.

Then it hit him. He was driving his car. His own car. Because Hannibal brought it back.

Fuck. How could I forgot? He probably came by when I was already asleep. Or maybe…

Please, tell me Dr. Lecter didn't see me fucking with Alana.

For a moment, he narrowed his eyes, thinking that perhaps Hannibal knew he had sex with Alana last night. Perhaps he brought his car precisely when they were in the act and that's why the man didn't even knocked on the door. The fact that his unconscious mixes the Ripper and Hannibal plus the fact Hannibal probably knew he had sex with Dr. Bloom last night was really unsettling.

Or am I just keep trying to blame the man somehow?

"Done." Alana's voice interrupted Will's thoughts.

He glanced at the paper, and to his surprise, after all the time it took her to write down, she only wrote two names.

'Laura Tangus' and 'Dr. Tiana Savici'.

"Why did it took you so long to write two names?" Will asked with a small chuckle, blue eyes still dull with worry.

"it's just… one of them, Tiana, she's my psychiatrist." She explained.

"Fair enough. We should investigate if any of them told anyone." William suggested.

"I'm sure Dr. Savici didn't say a word."

"Yeah, well… I don't trust the whole 'professional confidentiality' thing that much." William said and the sudden idea of Hannibal telling anyone anything about their little 'weird test in bed' made him feel perhaps a little nervous.

But for a reason, he trusted the man. He's a big gentleman after all. He wouldn't tell anyone.

"Have you posted anything on Facebook, Instagram, anywhere… anything with your location on?" William asked.

"God, Will. No. I'm not that dumb." She replied, raising her voice a little bit.

Their way to the crime scene really felt long and tense, very different from the night of kisses and intimacy they had. It was as if the Ripper actually managed to take both of them of that

state of mind. Of that almost warmth William felt with Alana.

Once they arrived to the scene, Alana's block was already crowded by FBI agents. Dr. Bloom's eyes widened as everything became just too real. It was her block, just three houses away from hers.

The woman began breathing faster, one of her hands moving to her chest at her heart level, feeling some sort of cold panic taking control over her body. Will parked the car and gazed at her, moving one hand slowly to gently grab Alana's hand, pulling it apart from her chest as he interlaced fingers with her.

"I'm here. I'm not much... but I'm here." William said and stepped out of the car. Alana did the same, and as soon as William stood next to her, her hand reached for Will's again. The man replied with a smile and they began walking to the murder house holding hands.

They heard the distant voices of Jack, Beverly and Hannibal getting closer as the both of them walked towards the place, not able to see the corpse yet since Jack's crew was blocking the way, mostly to prevent Alana from seeing the body.

Hannibal recognized that terrible aftershave and turned around, his eyes landing on Will's face first, then Alana's, and last at their hands holding.

Your hand could season up a warm soup, Alana.

The sight gave him another sense of disgust, feeling a fire slowly building up inside. But he always knows how to turn anger into politeness. He would satisfy that anger latter.

"I'm glad you came together." Hannibal began with that fake and polite smile on his face before gazing at Alana, "you probably need some sort of protection." He added, those words being both; an advise and a warning.

"Yes. I'm glad I wasn't at home last night." She said with some of pink brushing her cheeks as she looks down at her own shoes.

"Well, enough of catching up." Jack interrupted their little chat and moved closer to Will, placing a heavy hand on the young man's shoulder, "Will, I need you to do your thing." Crawford said and guided William to the room, making Will's hand release Alana's.

The scene was really something else. The room was all painted in burgundy, curtains of the same color, a big heart-shaped bed with messy red bedsheets, high heeled red shoes and a red dress on it and anything someone can possibly imagine to find at a sin bin room. One that was clearly focused on BDSM orientations.

But that wasn't the strange thing. No. It was that woman impaled by a dancing pole at the center of the bedroom. Even Will had to admit himself it was a little shocking.

The dead woman was completely naked, the dancing pole entering her body from her anus and reappearing coming out of her open mouth. Dry blood stained the dancing pole from her bottom to the ground, making a small puddle of blood on the floor around the base of the dancing pole. But there were also drops of blood a few steps at the right of the body, and William took notice of it.

"Everybody except Mr. Graham, out. Move away." Jack commanded with a yell and everybody obeyed, leaving William quiet and alone in the bedroom.

Will paced around and inspected the body. The woman was completely naked. He looked at her face but it wasn't the horror printed on her dead eyes what caught Will's attention. It was that very shiny black curly hair. Too shiny to be hair. He touched the corpse's hair and confirmed his suspicions. It was a black curly wig. He tugged from it just a little and saw a golden lock make its way out from the wig.

He kept pacing around and looked at her wrists, one first and then the other. Both had the same lineal marks as if she's been tied up. He looked at her a ankles and found the same marks. He gazed back at the other drops of blood on the floor and then back at the victim. His eyes fixed on her breasts. They were awfully big and looked way too firm to be natural.

Breast implants perhaps?

William bowed a little and found at the bottom of her breasts two surgical incisions still with stitches that were hidden by those two massive bosoms.

Interesting.

William closed his eyes and the golden pendulum began to move in his mind. He opened his eyes in his mind and saw the corpse as he found it, impaled at the middle of the bedroom. Another swing of the pendulum and the dancing pole was unattached from the ceiling and the floor, resting on the ground as the woman was laying on the bed with her limbs restrained. Another swing of the golden pendulum and the woman was just there, in front of him, laughing, breathing. The dancing pole back in its original place. The bed tidy instead of messy.

William gazed at the blonde woman in front of her. She was wearing only that very short red dress and the high heeled shoes. The woman smiled and giggled, biting her bottom lip in a playful way.

"You don't know me. You don't really know any of the men who comes here. But you just need the money, so you let them in anyway." William said and pushed the woman on the bed, landing on top of her.

“Some of your clients are fast, rough. You have many bdsm items around, so you expect this. Me being rough with you isn’t a surprise.” He said as he took of her shoes and dress rather fast to grab her by the wrists.

“I need you manageable. Still. And you already have many sets of ropes in your bedroom. If I tie you up, it won’t surprise you either.” William said as he reached with one hand one of the ropes hanging from the wall.

The brunette man tied the blonde woman’s wrists and feet together before standing up, looking at her in the eyes, watching fear welling up in them.

“From now on, you know something is wrong. I’m not on top of you anymore. I’m not even slightly interested in your body. Not in the way you expect me to be. But this is your job. To satisfy people into sadistic sexual practices. If you scream now, who would even believe your screams are for real this time?” William said and moved to the dancing pole, grabbing a chair to reach the top and disconnect the pole from the ceiling before be did the same with the base of the dancing pole.

He placed the dancing pole on the floor and gazed around, blue eyes wandering over the set of wigs on the shelves, one long and black curly wig catching his attention. He paced towards the wig and grabbed it before walking to the tied up woman.

“I didn’t pick you because you need to die. Is your location and your job. You just happened to be a hooker, just like the person that actually needs to die. But he has to know. Will has to know it is her who needs to die.” William said and put the wig on the woman’s head, holding her with one arm tight around her neck.

“I make you look like her. I want you to look like her as I do this. Because I want to do this to her.” William said and grabbed her by the ankles, pulling her body out of the bed and dragging it over the floor, closer to where the dancing pole waits on the floor.

“You’re nothing but a whore. Someone who lies for a while in exchange of something. Just like Alana. Will has to know. I’ll show him. I’ll show Will who you really are.” The man said and pressed a knee on her stomach to keep her steady whilst his hands grabbed the dancing pole, moving the point to her anus to thrush the long metal inside her intestines.

“I break you from the inside, the sharp edges of the pole making it easier than it looks.” He pushed the pole even more until the woman’s body started convulsing violently.

“I break every vital organ at the longitudinal center of your body. I could make this last for hours, but you’re not my real target and time is precious.” The man said and sank the pole even further, her body turning limp as life leaves her body.

William released her restricted wrists and ankles and grabbed the dancing pole once more, using all the strength of his body now to push the metal in until he saw her throat getting thicker by the metal bar occupying the inside of the neck.

“I know the human body too well to maneuver the pole inside you, just to stick it out precisely where I want it to.” The brunette man said and moved to her head, lifting it by the

backside of her neck as he opens her mouth, pushing her more into the pole by pressing his hands over her pate so the dancing pole will stick out of her mouth.

He looked around once more in search for something to help him lift her up.

“Those pulleys and sex swing chair will be very helpful.” William said and began lifting the dancing pole and the dead impaled woman with the help of the rare but very handy accessories.

As he lifts up the body, he sees a few drops of blood landing on the floor, just a few steps to the right from the dancing pole original’s position.

He installed the dancing pole properly and placed the pulleys and the swing chair back in place. He paced around the body and frowned for a second.

“But I don’t think you’re just a hooker. I also think you are heartless.” William said as he remembered the other crime scene, back at the ballroom dance where he found the first ‘heartless harlot’.

The man tilted his head and watched how the body slid down very slowly along the pole by the weight of her body. He gazed at the stitches under her breasts and a small smirk appeared on his face.

“The dancing pole broke your center. The heart is slightly to your left. I still can rip it out from your chest.”

William reopened the stitches from her left breast, breaking a few ribs too to gain access to her heart.

“You’re already dead. You won’t bleed much and it will be easy to clean it.”

He gripped her heart and cut the arteries with a knife he had in his pocket, as he imagines the Ripper would.

“I take this from you because Alana has non. And Will has to know.” he said as he extracted the heart.

He began to re-stitch the bottom part of her left beast, hiding the absent heart under the implant.

“But you are a good liar, aren’t you, Alana? That’s why your absence of heart is a secret. Something that lays under the lies, the… 'artificiality’, like these unnatural big breasts.”

William went to the bathroom connected to the bedroom and damped a towel with water so he could use it on the body. He went back to the center of the bedroom and began to wipe away the blood that fell from her left sinus.

“But he’s going to see beyond the stitches. Beyond the lies. I know he will. And I expect him to do the same with Alana. To see beyond the lie she is.”

William slowly opened his eyes, snapping out of his very peculiar imagination to see the impaled woman in front of him, blue cold eyes turning into concerned ones as he realizes the danger Alana is in.

“This is my design” he said out loud but quietly and turned around to leave the macabre bedroom.

As soon as he left the room, Jack, who was taking with Dr. Lecter, instantly looked at Will and walked in his direction, followed by Hannibal while Alana simply waited curled up in a couch.

“So? Is…?” Jack began.

“Yes. It’s the Chesapeake Ripper.” William interrupted him.

Hannibal gazed at Will, holding back a smirk that wanted to creep over his face.

My precious lamb saw past the lies, didn’t he?

“How do you know? I mean, I know it is him, but what told you it was the Chesapeake Ripper?” Jack asked.

“The stitches." Will answered, "Reopen the ones at her left breast. I’m sure you’ll find no heart in that chest.” William explained and sighed as he rubbed his eyes.

“She had breast implants recently. That's why she has stitches." Jack said with a frown that lasted just a second before a clever smirk appeared on his face instead, “he used the previous stitches to access the heart.” Jack arrived with the conclusion but frowned again, “but why hiding it? Why hiding the fact he took her heart when the first woman was left with her chest completely opened? Is it some sort of… aesthetic thing?” Jack asked.

“No. It was because of the lies. He believes Alana isn’t just a harlot. He thinks she’s also a liar. Something fake. That’s why the truth, the missing heart, lays under a breast implant. Something he considers just as fake as Alana.” William explained with a rather raspy voice clenching his jaw a little as he looks at the floor.

And Hannibal couldn’t help but allow a very tiny smile to form on his face.

How clever his boy was. How proud he felt for how William interpreted everything he left for him.

“Is this another message?” Dr. Lecter asked gazing at Jack and then at William.

“Yes. Pretty much… ‘stay away from Alana because this is what I want to do to her’. He thinks I deserve… ‘better’. Thinks I should see *this*,” William said and pointed at the bedroom with the corpse in it, “as what Alana really is.” Will added with an angry frown.

“Why is he so… interested in you, Will?” Jack asked.

“He thinks I understand him.” William answered.

“Yes. I get that part. But also a thousand of psychos probably understands him too. Why you, Will? What makes you so special to the Ripper?” Jack insisted.

“That… I don’t know.” William said and sighed, looking down once more.

Just wait and see, my precious lamb. There’s still so much I want to show you. The way down the rabbit hole has just begun.

Chapter End Notes

As I said... It would get darker... And this is just the beginning of the darkness ;)
As always, thank you very much for all the kudos, the hits, everything. Specially the comments since that is what keeps me writing the most <3
Let me know on the comments how are you enjoying or hating this so far.
Also... Let me know any grammar mistake (yep. I said it before xD English isn't my language.)

The truth behind the lies

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 21

The truth behind the lies

Jack's face seemed so perplex, so confused and tired he looked even older than he actually was. He had at least ten computers around him, each computer operated by a FBI agent.

The station was a mess, too crowded, too many people talking, whispering, machines buzzing as the sound of all those computers' keyboards being typed all at once almost made the man feel dizzy.

This was a mess in a scale Crawford wasn't expecting at all.

William entered the crowded room with black circles under his blue orbs and a coffee in his hand. As soon as he saw all the computers, all the agents and finally Jack's face, his own seemed to shift into utter confusion.

"Um…Jack?" William began, a frown appearing on his face before he adjusted his glasses, "what's all this?"

Jack sighed through his nostrils, brown eyes landing on Will's blue ones and the younger man instantly knew something was wrong. He's seen Jack in distress before. But not like this. Never like this.

"What happened?" William asked a little more quietly as he moved along the computers and the FBI hackers to reach Crawford.

"A mess. That's what happened." Jack said and gazed around at all the screens, most of them in black with all letters and odd symbols in them, running codes Will understood nothing of.

"Could you be a little more… specific?" William said and took a sip of his coffee.

The hard look on Jack's gaze almost made him feel small. But he knew the man was probably just upset by something deserving of making him upset.

"A virus was spread to every damn computer in Maryland." The bigger man said.

“So? When did we ever care for cyber crime?” William asked with a confused frown.

“Come… I’ll show you why we care now.” Jack said as he guided William to his own office, “we investigated Dr. Bloom's friend and Dr. Savici, her psychiatrist, the only two people Alana told about your… date with her.” Jack explained as he opened the door of his office to let William enter the room.

“So?”

“At first, we had just those two women suspected of at least knowing you were in a date with Dr. Bloom last night. And well, also Dr. Lecter, since you said he dropped your car probably by the time you were already on your date with her. But,” Jack sighed and sat in his desk, lifting the lid of his laptop as he gazed at the brunette man, “bring that chair over here. You’ll want to see this. Well. Not really. But I think you should.” Jack said and pointed at the chair across his desk so William would bring it next to him.

Jack rarely sighs that much. Will knew there was something definitely very, very wrong.

The empath brought the chair to pull it closer, placing it next to Jack before sitting down and gazing at the screen of Crawford’s laptop.
The older man moved the mouse and clicked on a folder. Two files popped up in the screen.

"This is what's been sent to every devise with internet." jack said.

“ ‘Read me’…” William read out loud the name of the first file with narrowed eyes, “ ‘The truth behind the lies’…” he read the name of the second file, the frown on his face growing wider and wider.

“This was sent to every computer in Maryland last night at 11pm. Two hours before the woman impaled died according to Beverly” Jack explained and moved the mouse to the ‘read me’ file, “Now, watch this.” Jack said and clicked on the first file.

“Will Graham, the man trying to catch the Chesapeake Ripper, is on a date with Dr. Alana Bloom at this moment. These files will be sent to every single computer and mobile phone in Maryland, even mines.” William read the text from the first file out loud and saw coordinates under the text. He gazed at Jack and took a shaky breath.

“Yes. Dr. Bloom’s address is in there.” Jack explained what William already suspected.

“Jack…” William mumbled quietly.

Jack glanced at him with a heavy gaze full of concern.

“This makes everyone in Maryland a suspect.” William said with wide blue eyes gazing at the screen.

“Precisely. That’s… the mess we are in, Will.”

“This could be very well a tricky tactic from the Ripper… or someone *is* helping the Ripper.” William said.

“Yes. Might be even Dr. Savici.” Jack said and placed his hand in the mouse once more.

“Why do you say that?” William said and watched the pointer of the mouse move to the second file named ‘the truth behind the lies’, curiosity but also a very bad feeling welling up inside William.

“Dr. Savici's alibi couldn’t be verified. She doesn’t even remember where was her last night… and…” Jack said and hesitated in clicking in the second file, “apparently, the person who spread this files with a computed virus also added all the records of Dr. Bloom’s conversations with her psychiatrist. Well, actually just the ones involving you.”

William’s heart began to beat a little faster. This was just too much to take in at once. Everyone in Maryland was a suspect now. And if that wasn’t enough, it seemed everyone knew about her relationship with Alana as well.

“Let me see.” William said.

“There are things in that file that simply aren’t… nice, Will. Are you sure you want to read it?”

“I’m sure those same files are in my phone and computer by now. I’ll read them anyway. J-just… let me see. Whatever is in there I’ll handle it.” William explained.

“Just have in mind all of that might be just lies instead of 'truths behind lies', Will.”

Jack’s warning did nothing but make William feel even more curious. But also slightly nervous. Why was he warning him so much.

The older man finally clicked on the file and stood up, placing a hand on William’s shoulder, squeezing it almost like a fatherly caress.

“I’ll give you some privacy then. I’ll be with the hackers’ unite if you need me.” Jack said and left the office, leaving William alone with that very long text.

His blue eyes brushed the lines from the very long text, his heart beating faster and faster as anger and pain began to fill his body, those sapphires welling up with silent tears threatening to fall down as he keeps reading and reading.

This can’t be real. She can’t be like this. Please, tell me this is not how she really sees me.

William could actually feel his heart breaking, getting stabbed again and again with each word he happens to read about the notes on the sessions between Alana and Dr. Tiana Savici. He kept reading until silent tears actually began to fall down his cheeks as a pained frown formed on his pale face.

After almost an hour of mental torture, he finished reading the whole text, finding a link at the bottom of it.

His shaky hand moved to the mouse to click on the link. An audio file opened and Alana's and her psychiatrist's voice began to sound through the computer's speakers.

The very same words he just read at 'the truths behind the lies' file were being uttered by Alana's very voice.

And then he knew… Alana's been lying to him all along.

Just like the Ripper tried to warn him about.

The young empath stood up, feeling his whole body weak and heavy as he slowly paced to Jack's office exit door, but before he could come out, he found the very one person he didn't want to see right now.

Alana.

"Will…" Dr. Bloom said with wide eyes as he bumped with him at the entrance of Jack's office.

"I would turn around and leave if I were you." William said with a cold voice and blue eyes still very glossy.

"Please… Will… just… let me explain."

"I already read and heard the whole damn thing, Alana. Explain what? How you see me as some sort of freak? A broken mind who is just too shattered and 'almost looks like a stray puppy in search for need'? Like you said yourself?" he said the exact same words Alana actually used when taking about him with her psychiatrist, "Explain why you wanted to fuck me just because you would secretly feel better about yourself by doing it? You even said you pity me! Said I just arouse you out of professional curiosity. What am I even to you Alana? A 'stray puppy'? A mind to dissect? A distraction? Something to make fun of? You even laughed when you told your psychiatrist how 'paranoid and delusional' I was when I called you because I was hearing an animal trapped in my chimney. You… laughed." William's words kept falling from his lips as he felt himself shivering slightly, feeling the need to be swallowed by the ground.

How could she be so cruel? So cold? So… unreal.

"Please, Will, I didn't mean," she moved a hand to grab Will's, the young man moving his own hand away harshly as if the contact with her skin even pained him.

It actually pained him.

"You said you didn't even know why you kissed me at the masquerade. Y-you said I look so needy you just… feel praised by me. And when she asked you if you actually felt something for me," William said and paused and hated himself when a tear rolled down his face, "you said you didn't know why you kissed me, that you just wanted to see how far I would go. That my… 'devotion' was 'cute'." He added quietly and wiped away his tear with anger.

"Will, listen to me…I-"

“No. I actually listened enough already, Alana. From all the people in the world, I’ve never expected you to be the one to hurt me like this. To-to… lie like this. You’re a lie. Just… a lie.” William said and walked past her through the open door so she wouldn’t see the second tear rolling down his cheek.

“Will. Stop. Please. Just listen to me…” she said and grabbed his forearm as William was already leaving.

“No. I don’t need your ‘pity’. I’m not a stray dog for you to pat on the head and then laugh because the dog leaned into the touch. I don’t need anything from you.” William said and closed his eyes as more tears fell down, not turning around to look at her.

“Will…”

“Don’t.” that’s all William said before pulling his arm from her grip and walking fast to the exit of the building.

Jack was buying himself a coffee from the coffee machine when he saw William walking faster than usual. He knew Will would be devastated after reading all that. He read it himself as well and even he felt deeply disappointed by Dr. Bloom's behavior.

“Will. May I give you a ride or anything?” Jack said with a rather soft voice, almost fatherly, walking in Will’s direction. Will took off his glasses for they were stained with tears by crying in silence and looking at the floor.

“No.” the young empath said with a shaky broken voice, not looking at Jack to keep at least a little bit of his dignity, “May I take the day off? I…”

“Of course. I’ll call you if we find anything on who sent the computer virus… or anything else.” Jack said and turned around, feeling a little concern on what William might be doing after this. He’s been always afraid of finally watching him shatter, that being something he actually doesn't want to happen.

“May I ask where are you going?” he asked with a soft voice and William knew it wasn’t curiosity the reason why Jack was asking. It was because the man actually cared in a way.

“I’m just going to see Dr. Lecter. Don’t worry. I’m not as weak as Alana claims me to be.” William said and left the building.

Chapter End Notes

Yep... Not everything is at it seems :3 poor will... I even felt bad for him writing all these xD
As always, thank you very much for all the kudos, the hits, everything. Specially the comments since that is what keeps me writing the most <3
Let me know on the comments how are you enjoying or hating this so far.
Also... Let me know any grammar mistake (yep. I said it before xD English isn't my language.)

The calm before the storm

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the delay... Been dealing with some personal stuff. Here it is :3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 22

The calm before the storm

Dr. Lecter's fingers were caressing the piano, eyes closed and a soft grin on his face as the notes filled the library, composing the melody as his digits hit they keys, knowing exactly which sound will come next, just like in real life, just like he composes every event as they come up.

Almost everything is designed by him to utmost detail. Just like the fact that he knew William would probably come to his office once he finds out about what Alana really thinks of him. Once he knows the truth behind the lies.

William's eyes were still slightly red as he reached Hannibal's door, the unique melody that seemed to be perfection itself catching his attention for a moment before snapping and knocking on the door.

Hannibal's hands moved along the keyboard of the piano just a few more seconds before he stood up and fixed his jacket, eyes directing at the knocking sound direction with a little grin as he headed to the door.

After opening it he found William, standing perhaps a little more crooked than usual, blue irritated eyes avoiding his, lips curled down as that sad frown made the younger man look like a lost puppy.

"Will?" Dr. Lecter said as if the young man's presence was a complete surprise.

William's eyes slowly looked up until they met Hannibal's. How big and helpless those blue stormy jewels looked. How utterly fragile.

“I… um... may I come in?” William said with such a sad smile that seemed to beg the man to let him in.

“Why, of course. Please.” Hannibal moved to a side to let the smaller man pass and placed a hand at the back of William’s waist to guide him, the brief touch reminding the young man of how it felt to be dancing with the Chesapeake Ripper in his dreams.

William began pacing around the place, hesitating on simply keep walking around or sit on a couch.

But he did non of those.

Hannibal’s hand grabbed Will’s forearm gentle but firm at the same time, making the young brunette turn around and face him. William looked down and two strong warm hands cupped his face, forcing him look at Hannibal in the eye.

“Will, you don’t have to hide from me. I’m not just your psychiatrist. As unethical as it might be, I’m also your friend.” Hannibal said with a smooth voice, their faces so close as the younger man’s oceans met the fire in Hannibal’s eyes.

The young brunette’s lips shivered a little as he tried to hold back his need to cry, scream, shatter between those hands holding his face.

“You have nothing to be ashamed of, Will. Not with me.”

“You've read the files too, didn’t you?” William asked, Hannibal closing his eyes for a moment as if silently answering his question, “of course you have. Everyone in Maryland and at the surroundings have. God knows how far those files will spread.” William added with a smile that was almost pathetic for how sad it looked.

“I’m a clown. A freak. An ‘experiment’.” William said and his eyes turned glossy, “And stupid. I’m supposed to see right into the truth. Even the Ripper saw past her facade. I’m just… I w-was just a rare toy to be play w-“

Hannibal’s arms wrapped the young man harshly but also in such a protective way at the same time, one of his hands holding Will’s nape, burying the other’s face at the crook of his neck.

“No, Will. You’re none of those things. You’re unique.” Hannibal whispered close to Will’s

ear as the young man loosely wrapped an arm around Dr. Lecter as well once he felt tears falling down from his eyes.

"Yes… 'unique'. That's quite a polite way to call someone a-a… freak. I'm nothing but a joke now. Not even a good one." William sad and laughed at himself sarcastically.

"No," Hannibal contradicted the other and ran a hand over the other's hair after hearing a quiet sob coming from the empath, "Whoever sees you that way is blind. And right now pain is making you blind, Will. I can help you turn pain into something much useful."

William laughed with more tears rolling down his face as he bit down his lower lip, eyes looking up at the ceiling as if asking God why was all of these happening to him.

"I don't even deserve your help. When I saw you brought me my car… damn, you even brought my damn car because I'm a useless mess… when I saw my car back at my home… I even thought perhaps it was you who…" William said and lightly choked on the knot at his throat.

"You thought it could've been me the one who killed those women to show you she was using you." Hannibal finished what William couldn't end up saying himself.

"Y-yes." William admitted, his hand at Hannibal's back gripping the fabrics of the taller man's jacket.

"I don't blame you. It was simple deduction. It's quite all right, Will."

But William did blame himself. And quite a lot.

"I'm sorry." William mumbled very low and breathy, another sob shattering against the crook of Hannibal's neck.

And oh, how Hannibal loved to hear those words and little sobs.

"It's fine, Will." Hannibal whispered close to the other's ear, his lips fleetingly brushing the other's neck so slightly as if merely accidental, yet it was enough to sent a gentle shiver through Will's body.

The feel of those lips reminded him of the other night when he stayed at Hannibal's, when he

had all those dreams, when they teased each other to try and test why was he dreaming such things.

Why was Lecter doing so much for him anyway? He literally told him he suspected him of being no less than the Chesapeake Ripper and yet, there was the man, holding him, comforting him.

“Why are you so nice to me? I don’t deserve this.” William said and his hand fell after releasing the fabrics of Hannibal’s coat, his eyes meeting Hannibal’s, questioning the other with a big pained frown.

Hannibal’s hand moved from Will’s hair to the back of the young man’s neck, pulling his face closer to his, and for a moment William’s heart stopped for it looked as if the other was about to kiss him.
But he didn’t.
“I promised I would catch you if you fall. Besides, if you ask me, what you don’t deserve is to be played with," unless Hannibal is the one playing with him, of course, "You have such a sparkling innocence within you, just as your darkness. Playing with that innocence should be an unforgivable sin.” Hannibal said.

But the psychiatrist never cared about sins and the rules around them. He is a sin himself and its own private hell.

Hannibal’s words really had an effect on Will, his eyes seeming to get only bigger as he looks at the other in the eyes, plump lips parting just slightly as those blue orbs fell on Hannibal’s lips for a second before looking back at golden eyes.

“It’s so… strange. I feel… only you and the Chesapeake Ripper can see me *that* way. As something special or unique." William said almost breathlessly, not fully realizing what he was saying.

“Have you really looked at your own reflection, Will? That’s all you need to do to see past your own lies, past what you think is a ‘joke’.”

“All I see in the mirror is something broken. Something that can reflect everybody else but me. I **am** a mirror, Dr. Lecter. How pathetic is that?”

“Nothing about you is pathetic. You’re looking but you’re not seeing, Will. You’re not a mirror. Do you think someone as the Ripper even needs a mirror?”

“Then what am I?” William asked and bit down his button lip, “how am I even special in any way?”

“In order to know that, you’ll have to break free from the chrysalis. Once out, only then you’ll see who’s really standing in front of the mirror.”

“I’m scared of that, Dr. Lecter.” William whispered so quietly with a shaky voice, biting down his lower lip even harder as Hannibal seemed to lean closer for a reason, making him feel so small, “what if the Ripper actually sees a mirror in me? What if what the Ripper finds so special about me is a monster I’m not aware of? What if breaking free means losing control?”

“Are you feeling in control right now, Will?” Hannibal said, his lips leaning even closer to the other’s.

William shivered and breathed out shakily, the closeness of those lips actually guiding his response a lot.

“No.” William breathed out.

“Then hiding inside a cocoon isn’t helpful anymore, is it? If the caterpillar keeps growing inside it without breaking free, it will die suffocated. That is the opposite of control.” Hannibal explained, his body closing the gap between them, lips inches apart as their chests touched, making William gasp quietly.

Hannibal’s metaphors really felt quite physical now, if truth be told. And William’s heart couldn’t be beating any faster.

“I’m scared of what I might become. I reflect so many things I don’t even know which reflection is mine anymore.” William whispered and swallowed hard as he could almost swear Hannibal’s lips brushed his.

“One should never be afraid of oneself, Will. Besides, by seeing who you really are you’ll know what makes you so special to the Ripper’s eyes.”

“I feel like the Ripper wants me to break free as well.” William murmured, his lips moving very slightly and unwittingly as he felt that unexplainable need to feel Hannibal’s lips.

But he just can’t kiss the man. He just can't. That would be stupid. And he felt stupid enough for one day thanks to Alana.

Why does he even wants to kiss him so badly anyway?

“You’re probably right, my dear Will,” hearing Hannibal calling him that way gave him an odd warming feeling at his chest, “Ripper or not, I think what he wants is right. Denial and cocoons can be comfortable. But so can be a coffin. And you, Will, are very much alive.”

William heard every single word coming from the other’s mouth, even felt them brush his lips. There was something so intoxicating about Hannibal’s physical closeness, about how protective yet strong he seemed, how intimidating yet warm he felt.

“W-would you help me see my own reflection, Dr. Lecter?” He said with pleading eyes that seemed to pray to the man.

“Yes, Will. That, and even more.”

It was almost 2am and William just couldn’t sleep when his phone rang.

Who the hell calls at 2am?

“Y-yes…?” William slurred.

“Will,” the young man heard Jack’s voice in the phone and knew these were no good news, “We have two more bodies… and…” the man sighed and went silent.

“And what?” William asked, already sitting on the bed.

“The bodies are at Dr. Bloom’s address… completely skinned… unrecognizable...and…" there was a very long pause after those words, William's heart beating faster by the second as he waits for Jack to go on.

"And Dr. Bloom is missing."

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for taking so long for this chapter. I've been dealing with some personal stuff u.u
But don't worry... Even if I may take long sometimes, I won't drop this story, is a promise :3
As always, thank you very much for all the kudos, the hits, everything. Specially the comments since that is what keeps me writing the most <3
Let me know on the comments how are you enjoying or hating this so far.
Also... Let me know any grammar mistake (yep. I said it before xD English isn't my language.)

I think he wants to eat with you, Will

Chapter Notes

Sorry for taking too long! Been having some issues, but here it is :3 hope you enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 23

I think he wants to eat with you, Will.

Right now, he did not care how much Alana had hurt him. His pain wasn't even important. Right now nothing was important but the fact that Dr. Bloom was missing and none of the dead bodies in front of him had a face.

Was William standing right in front of Alana's skinned body?
Was she… gone?

Will's body was stiff, cold, his chest barely moving since he suddenly felt air was thick as iron. Only his lips were slightly quivering, watching the scene in front of him, hearing Jack's distant voice saying something about DNA tests and also repeating something about calming down.

Everything around William was a huge blur, distant echoes filling every corner of that macabre scene, every corner of his rising fear, piercing his skull like cold daggers.

Will…

A voice different from the other's echoed with the rest.

"Will." Hannibal raised his voice a little, placing a hand on William's right shoulder.

The younger man felt as if being brought back to reality with a killswitch. His head slowly turned to gaze at his psychiatrist, blue stormy eyes shimmering with despair finding golden ones.

“This is too personal for you. May I suggest not recreating the scene this time?” Hannibal whispered.

“Can… c-can…” William stammered very quietly.

“Please, tell me.”

“Can… you… jus s-stay with me as I do the… recreation? I-I just have to do it but… I don’t want to be all alone this time.” William whispered very softly, one of his hands unwittingly holding on by gripping Hannibal’s coat for a moment with one of his fists.

“Of course.” Hannibal whispered back before he gazed at Jack, who didn’t look very well either.

“Jack… Will asked for my presence this time. May I?” Hannibal asked, knowing Jack’s answer already.

“Of course, Dr. Lecter.” Jack responded what Hannibal was expecting him to, “everyone but Will and Dr. Lecter, out.” Crawford raised his voice to command the other’s.

Everyone left the place except for the young brunette and the psychiatrist.

It felt as is both of them had been left alone in hell.

Little William knew Hannibal was the one ruling this hell.

The scene was macabre, unsightly, revolting to the very core. It was very similar to the dead librarian crime scene but also very, very different.

It wasn’t just one body this time. There were two. Completely skinned. Every single vein, every muscle, everything was completely exposed as if prepared for an anatomy class. Their reproductive organs were completely removed as well as any other gender’s trait. Not even a portion of skin covered those grotesque corpses that had no eyes, no hair, no anything. Just teeth.

The two dead bodies were sat in front of a table with two empty dishes over it, cutlery and a bottle of red wine. One of the corpse’s head was resting on the other’s corpse shoulder, as if simply resting, both of the dead bodies holding hands together as perhaps a couple would after eating.

William took a long sharp breath, remembering how warm he felt at the last crime scene when he came in holding hands with Alana.

He was breathing in hell, way too down the rabbit hole. And he felt all alone.

“Will,” Hannibal whispered, moving himself closer until his right arm brushed Will’s left arm, “I’m here.” The psychiatrist said with such a soothing voice as if he already knew exactly how William was feeling.

And for a moment, in that word that was on fire, William wanted to grab Hannibal’s hand, as ironic and grotesque that would be given the fact two skinned corpses in front of him were holding hands.

Will’s hand brushed a side of Hannibal’s, a shy pinkie tangled around the older man’s one. A part of Will feared the other would pull his hand away but a part of him also thought his psychiatrist would understand his state of mind, offer him comfort once more. And he wasn’t wrong.

“Okay…” William breathed out shakily, “here we go.” He added and closed his eyes.

The golden pendulum moved behind his eyelids once before he opened his eyes in his mind, seeing the two skinned bodies holding hands. He knew Hannibal was right next to him holding a very small part of his hand but he still could imagine it all as always.

The pendulum moved once more and the two bodies were on the table now, skin covering the flesh but he’s simply unable to see if any of them is female of male. They still have no face. No identity.

He knows this is a message. It’s been always a message.

“I don’t need Will to know if you’re female or male. I don’t need him to know who you are. In fact, let him wonder. Fear.” William said, recreating the modus operandi as he began cutting off the skin inch by inch, the scalpel moving with grace over the flesh, not cutting even a millimeter deeper than needed.

“I cut you, remove your skin and what makes you who you are expertly with professional skill and utmost perfection. This is a class, because I want to teach something to someone.” William spoke as he finished skinning each body.

'Such act would demand to do the task somewhere else. A place at least basically prepared to perform such procedure. He had to move the bodies. Prepare them somewhere else first.' Will thought to himself before he kept recreating the events.

The pendulum moved once more and the already skinned bodies were sat in each seat, their limbs falling limp, not put in that almost graceful pose yet.

William gazed at the empty dished and then at the bodies, moving closer to move them, accommodating them, placing one's head on the other's shoulder as of resting on a lover.

"I took just your skin. No internal organ. I took skin itself, the largest organ from the body. I don't have to cut you open, I already took my prize. But you ate the message, that's why you only have teeth. All you needed to do was eat. Like that time. Like every time… the secret is within you." William whispered.

His eyes fell down and looked at the hands of the corpses, remembering how alone he felt himself, and because of that, he interlaced the fingers of the dead bodies together, "eating with company is much better. Warmer. We eat because we are alive… until we are not." He said with a slight trace of sorrow as if he could channel Hannibal's feelings.

Maybe he was.

"There's something I want. Something special. Something that almost made me... feel something." William added with a frown, not fully sure why he said that nor the meaning of it.

He opened his eyes and gazed at the skinned bodies as everything came back to normal.

"This is my design." The young man added.

Hannibal heard the other speak all along, recreating the scene out loud with closer eyes. And how mesmerized he was by witnessing the process, the way Will's mind works on what he does, recreating it like ephemeral brushes of a painting. It was truly beautiful.

William released Hannibal's finger and moved away a little, feeling slightly embarrassed by his earlier need to touch the other.

Even if he still kind of needed comfort. Lots of it.

He looked out for Jack and gestured him to come closer.

"So? Jack asked with a worry frown as he still can't help but fear one of those bodies could be Alana's.

Honesty, William feared the same.

"Of course, it's clearly the Chesapeake Ripper." William began stating the obvious, "Just like with the librarian, this corpses are a message. There must be something in one or in both

stomachs. You will find no internal cuts. The organ he took this time was skin.” William explained as Jack heard his every word, a thumb resting under his dark lips as he thinks.

“A message to you?” Jack asked.

“Yes but… I don’t know what angered him this time. The first time it was because I danced and kissed Alana. The second time because I slept with her, as everybody already know…” he said with certain annoyance tangling at the last words, “but this time, I didn’t do anything. I don’t know what angered him.” William spoke, not even contemplating the idea Hannibal saw him holding hands with Alana. After all, he had no reasons to think such act would anger Hannibal. It wasn't like Hannibal was interested in him, and he still couldn't match the dots, see him as the Ripper.

So the whole 'holding hands' thing was still slipping from his mind along with the reason why of the Ripper's anger.

How utterly blind he was.

“Maybe because he’s just a crazy son of a bitch.” Jack lost control of his tongue as he practically spit the words, gazing at the bodies for a second before sighing, “so there’s a message for you in the stomachs. Okay. I’ll tell Beverly to check on that right away.” Jack turned around and directed with his hands to everyone to move, “all right, people. Prepare everything and let’s go to the lab. Time is precious now.” Jack raised his voice and commanded the rest of the crew. He knew if there was a chance, even the slightest chance of Alana still being alive, every second that passes by makes hope fade away, precisely second by second.

Everyone began leaving the scene but William who couldn’t move and Hannibal that stood at his side.

William just couldn’t move. He knows he has to go with the rest so they can begin running the tests, so he can keep analyzing, but he just can leave the place, fearing leaving would mean leaving Alana too, as if he felt she was somehow there.

He knew she toyed with him. Knew he shouldn’t feel anything. But this is just wrong. So wrong. Even if she hurt him, he still feels so much. And even besides that, she is or was his partner in a way, working together sometimes. Someone that didn’t deserve to be skinned and presented as an anatomy exhibition.

This wasn’t good, at all, and Will didn’t feel good at all either.

“Dr. Lecter…” the young brunette breathed out, face slightly shaking as fear was creeping over him, sucking on his stability like leaches.

“Yes, Will?” Hannibal replied, moving himself closer and to the front of Will.

“Could you take me to the lab? I feel driving would be a stupid idea right now.” He said as he saw the corpse of Hobbs sat on one of the chairs, moving his eyes to see Alana, also like a

living dead sinister creature, sat in the place of the second body, holding hands with Hobbs as if both were sharing in common the reason why they died.

In a way, Will already felt guilty for Alana's death, even if he still didn't even know if she was actually dead.

After all, why would the Ripper take off her identity?
But still, the fear of Alana being one of those two dead bodies was destroying William.

Hannibal noticed how William would just stare at the bodies, his face shaking more and more, letting Hannibal know Will was probably having a delusion.
He already told Will he would take him to the lab, yet, the younger man didn't seem to reply nor hear him. He just stared with big blue lost eyes, parted moistened lips as if he was about to drool, face and hands trembling lightly.

He was having a panic attack.

"Snap out of it, Will." Hannibal spoke almost harshly as he cupped Will's face with both hands to bring it closer to his.

The younger man's blue eyes slowly looked at Hannibal's, still not fully closing his lips nor blinking.

Hannibal noticed a drop of drool at Will's lower lip. One of his thumbs slowly moved to brush William's lower lip and wipe away the drool.

William felt the wetness and knew he had drool on his mouth, knew Hannibal noticed and wiped it, making him feel utterly embarrassed, the fear of blushing bringing him back to reality a bit more.

"I said I can take you to the lab. You're not gaining anything from waiting here, standing motionless and falling apart. Whatever happened, happened, and it's done. You need to move. See the message. Do not lose hope until you know for sure you have nothing left to lose." Hannibal spoke as he held the other's face close to his, looking deep into those blue moons that screamed for help.

William remained quiet, looking at the other's eyes for a moment, thinking of his words as he focuses on Hannibal's eyes to try and make the image of the two skinned bodies fade away, noticing for the first time Hannibal's eyes weren't fully brown. They had golden rays sprouting around his pupil, as sun devouring the earth. Maybe that's why sometimes they look so brown, so dark, almost black... while sometimes they look a little bit more golden.

William shook his head lightly and focused once more now that the other image faded away a bit.

"You're right," the young man blinked a few times, grateful that Hannibal was protecting him from the sight he wanted to avoid right now, even if it was crime scene Hannibal prepared himself, but of course, Will didn't know that, "Let's go." The young empath added.

Once in Hannibal's car, William allowed himself to release all the air he didn't know he was holding in his chest. One of Hannibal's hands moved to Will's shoulder to rub it gently before he spoke, "You're not alone in this, Will. I'll be with you down the rabbit hole."

The words and the brief but gentle caress managed to make William relax a little, sighing before leaning his head back against the headrest of the companion's seat. It was strange how with so little Hannibal could make him feel better, more stable. But it was... nice.

Hannibal started the car and turned the heat on, gazing at the other for a moment, noticing how the young empath seemed to soften under his touch.

"Thank you." William began mumbling, "I feel like I don't deserve this."

"What do you mean, Will?" Hannibal gripped the steering wheel with both hands and glanced at the other.

"This. I mean… what have I ever done to deserve having you always here to help me?" and it wasn't just to help him. He also made him feel protected. But of course, Will wouldn't admit it.

"You don't have to do anything at all but to be yourself to deserve that." Hannibal replied simply.

"I feel like I owe you," Will sighed and looked through the window, "a lot."

Oh, you will repay me in time, my lamb. Don't you worry about that.

"Nonsense. You owe me nothing, Will. I did told you I would catch you if you fall."

A small smile tugged at Will's lips as he heard those words. How could just simple words soothe him in such ways? It only happened with Hannibal. Maybe because he's his psychiatrist?

Yeah. That had to be the reason.

"Still… thank you." William said with a small grin.

"What are friends for." Hannibal replied and those words didn't felt that warm for a reason. But they should, right? Why wouldn't William want Hannibal's friendship? After all, he enjoys his company very much, and precisely now, his company is what is making him feel better, sheltered in a way, like he felt under Hannibal's umbrella that stormy night.

Still… why did those word, 'what are friends for' tastes so bitter when Will heard them?

The lab was awfully crowded once more, every agent looking more like crows rather than anything else, all gathered as close as possible to the two bodies resting on the autopsy tables. William and Hannibal walked through the crowd until they reached the spot where Jack and Beverly were at, talking about tests and stuff about the reports they had so far.

Jack noticed William walking in and looked in his direction with wide eyes, “Will.”

Will responded only by opening his own eyes a little wider as he got closer, standing in front of the first autopsy table. Hannibal simply remained next to Will in silence.

“You were right. There was a message. Maybe two.” Jack said with a huge concern and even fear shimmering in his eyes and wrapping his voice.

“Well, actually two pieces that could create a message.” Zeller added, but his voice didn’t sound as cheerful or cocky as usual. It was quite the opposite, pretty much like Jack’s.

“We found a half of one same hand in each stomach,” Beverly began, her face expressing some sort of deep grief. William looked at all of them and saw there was grief in each of their faces, and fear began to fuel up inside Will, “one half of the hand was wearing one of Alana’s rings.” She added looking down, biting her lower lip in anger and impotence.

There was half of a hand in their stomachs. And that hand was very likely Alana’s.

William felt the whole world falling apart, making him stumble backwards only to be caught by Hannibal, who grabbed him from the waist.

Everthing was spinning, melting, feeling as he was falling into Dante's very inferno.

But then the world stopped as William realized the evident. What was right in front of him all along.

“The skinned corpses… they don’t have missing hands. We only found her hand. She might be alive.” William spoke his mind out, sighing shakily, slightly relieved but not fully. It could very well also mean she was already dead. And he knew it. After all, they had no news on Alana’s whereabouts so far.

But if he has her… he won’t just let her go… would he?

“Any result on the bodies' identities?” William asked and Beverly bit her lip even harder.

“Yes. And you won’t like it.” The woman responded as she moved to a computer resting on a desk a few steps away. William and Hannibal followed her since they were the only ones that didn't see the results yet.

She began typing and clicking on files, gazing at Will before she spoke, “it’s like the case of the librarian. We could identify only one body,” Beverly said and clicked on a .jpg file, the picture of a male that looks pretty much like William popped up in the screen.

“His name was James William Diaz. A psychiatry student. Another victim that also looks like you. Even one of his names matches yours.” Beverly explained as her eyes landed on Will’s.

William felt as if a breaking ball just impacted his chest. That’s why they were skinned. The Ripper wanted him to fear Alana was one of those corpses. He knew they would try to identify the bodies by the teeth, it was no coincidence the other corpse had no identity possible to be found.

“And the other one is just a ‘John Doe’. Someone without a face and a name. Just like the Chesapeake Ripper.” William mumbled mostly to himself as he was beginning to understand the message more and more.

Silence filled the room for a moment, as if they were all thinking the same.

“I think he wants to eat with you, Will.” Beverly said and gazed at William and then at Hannibal.

“I think the Ripper wants to eat Dr. Bloom....” Beverly added as her eyes fixed on Will’s.

And William felt as if the world was shattering once more.

This was way too far down the rabbit hole.

Chapter End Notes

I know, I know. I left you on a cliffhanger for way too long xD but as I said, I promise I won't leave this fanfic. I have so much planned... You can't even imagine xD
And things are very close from getting very, very crazy :3

As always, thank you very much for all the kudos, the hits, everything. Specially the comments since that is what keeps me writing the most <3
Let me know on the comments how are you enjoying or hating this so far.
Also... Let me know any grammar mistake (yep. I said it before xD English isn't my language.)

Death hidden inside the Lie

Chapter Notes

So sorry for the late post. I was buried by tons of work. Don't hate me xD
Enjoy the madness :3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 24

Death hidden inside the Lie.

The world was spinning around William, who felt as if falling down a spiral that seemed to have no end, trapped in the Ripper's hell, breathing its fire, caught and cornered by the shadows that hid so deep inside himself.
The whispers coming from the darkness that felt so subtle were yelling at him now, screaming at him to make a move as he feels swallowed by that rabbit hole he was so sure now was no less than the Ripper's very throat.

Would he be digested by the darkness? Would he find the exist by crawling his way out? Was there any escape at all?

Two days passed. Two whole days, and Alana was still missing.

Yes, of course he felt hurt by all her words, by how she manipulated him, mocked at him, saw him as some pathetic experiment, a 'weirdo' as she herself called him, but that didn't mean she was deserving of being one of the Ripper's victims. And guilt was consuming William's whole self.

He knew the Chesapeake Ripper was after her, knew he didn't want her close to him. And yet, William asked her on a date.

I killed her. I fucking killed her.

The young empath rubbed his eyes as his clock alarm rang after a whole sleepless night. He sat at the edge of his bed, sore and quite red eyes staring at an invisible spot in front of him as his mind was simply lost somewhere else, somewhere dark and very far away from reality.

He fed his dogs but couldn't eat anything himself for the second day in a row, feeling weak but also in constant alert, his whole body being punished by his reckless acts, by putting Dr. Bloom in such danger.

His life was a mess. A nightmare he wanted to wake up from. But the problem was he was wide awake.

Two days ago

The night was awfully cold as if death itself was walking down those same streets Alana was walking through on her way back home. She could've called for a taxi but the embarrassment she felt once he knew everyone had heard her psychiatry sessions gave her the need to simply… walk.

What an unfortunate decision, unfortunate and very, very foolish. She knew the Ripper was after her, but still, the very stubborn woman told herself that killer won't take her free will away, that if she wanted to walk and think, she would.

How wrong she was, for the Ripper was about to show her he could actually take her freedom away and everything that comes with it.

She couldn't hear the car nor his very silent footsteps, couldn't sense him getting closer. Maybe the Ripper was just too quiet. Maybe she was just too deep in her own thoughts.

Either way, the Ripper stroke silent like a thunderless lightning, attacking her from behind and piercing Alana's neck with a needle as a leather gloved hand covered her mouth whilst injecting a strong sedative cocktail into her body, making her fall limp in Hannibal's arms.

Lecter carried her unconscious body to the black Toyota -previously belonging to one of his victims-waiting parked at the corner of the street. No witnesses, no screams, no resistance. Nice and easy.

Alana's head felt like spinning in circles as if she was on a roller-coaster, her whole body felt limp and numb, oddly cold. She opened her eyes and narrowed them, pupils contracting to tiny black dots as a very bright light was pointing right at her face, not allowing her to see anything at all.

She tried to move a hand, a feet, a finger, anything, but she couldn’t. And that's when she knew something very wrong was happening to her body.

“wha-… “ her voice sounded raspy, weak, words being something just too hard to form right now, “what’s… happening… where?” Alana slurred.

Hannibal gazed at her as soon as he heard her voice, a slight grin forming on his face as he sees the defenseless state of the woman.

“You’re under chemical submission, Alana. I am supplying you with a cocktail of narcotics intravenously, succinylcholine being one of them among others. You can hear, breath, speak, but you can’t move. You won’t remember any of this either." he stated confident, nonchalantly as if talking about the weather, "Don’t worry, there’s anesthesia in that cocktail too.” Hannibal explained as he kept slicing the woman’s hand, but of course, she couldn’t know. She couldn’t feel nor see a damn thing. He wasn't using anesthesia out of mercy. He simply wanted everything to be a surprise once she meets her fate.

That voice…

“H-hannibal?” she whispered quiet but shakily, realization hitting her like a truck colliding with a deer blinded by the headlights, just as she's been blinded all these years, fear being way too strong to even feel betrayed at that precise moment.

“Indeed.” Dr. Lecter replied as he finished extracting her hand to place it at a small box with iced packs to preserve it.

“You-y-you are…” she stammered as tears welled up in her eyes.

“The Chesapeake Ripper. Yes.” Hannibal replied as if that wasn’t such a big deal. After all, she won’t remember a damn thing.

And with the sound of those words, she fell back to unconsciousness on that cold stretcher.

Hannibal stitched her now handless limb in the very welcomed silence, retrieving the tourniquet tightly wrapped around her arm once he was done with the sutures.

<u>Present day.</u>

Sun has fallen down already and William was still sat at his kitchen, chin resting on his right hand as he simply looks through the window but not really looking, just simply lost in his thoughts, in the darkness, the hell the Ripper created around him.

The phone rang and William almost jumped as he felt quite startled by the sound.
He walked quickly to pick up the phone, waiting to hear Jack's voice from the other side.
Who else could be calling him at midnight but jack?

"Yes?" William picked up, his voice rather anxious and stained with tiredness.

But it wasn't Jack's voice the one he heard.

"Dr. Bloom is at the ballroom dance waiting for his knight in shining armor to come to her rescue. Come alone, no tricks. One FBI agent, one cop, anyone who isn't just you and she's dead. All of them. And Will, I would hurry up if I were you." A distorted, almost robotic voice spoke from the other side of the line.

"Who-…" William's question was cut off by the phone tone. The other had hung up the phone already.

Will knew a distorted voice could only mean one thing; It *was* the Ripper the one who called and Will probably even knew his voice. Otherwise, why would he even care to distort it?

Time was priceless right now, each seconds meaning less probability for Alana to survive whatever torture she was living right now.

And quite a torture it was indeed.

A day and a half after Alana's disappearance.

Dr. Bloom was laying naked and unconscious on that cold stretcher, deeply sedated as Hannibal began preparing everything for what would be 'his design'.

He cleansed the woman's naked torso with antiseptic before grabbing a scalpel to begin cutting through her skin and flesh, creating a 'Y' incision all over her upper body as if she was already dead, one line initiating from one collarbone way down where her breastbone is before mirroring the same cut from the other collarbone, both slices meeting at the center to form one singular and perfect horizontal line that went way down to her pubic bone, one perpendicular line meeting the horizontal larger one to allow Hannibal to open her torso like

a double-wing door, proceeding to cut the ribs with a large bone plier to gain access to the internal organs.

He grabbed a fragmentation MK2 hand grenade, already washed with antiseptic before placing it behind Dr. Bloom's heart, binding the organ and the grenade together with surgical thick strings, creating knots around the arteries so the heart would still be able to beat as it has the explosive devise attached to the organ.

He turned around and picked a very thick surgical steel cord, attaching it and knotting it to the pulling ring of the grenade, moving the metal cord carefully way down through the organs, not damaging anything unnecessarily.

He made a small incision at her colon so the cord could enter the end of her intestines and stick out from her anus, hanging from her bottom like a silvery parasite.

Once he was done, Dr. Lecter placed back together on place the layers of her torso, beginning to stitch them just like he would do with an autopsied corpse, even if she still was very much alive. Deeply sedated but alive.

He put the shirt back on her, buttoning it until all the surgical cuts and stitches he performed on her body were hidden by the fabrics, not putting any other clothes on her, all he needs is to leave the grotesque yet perfectionist procedures hidden. Preserving her dignity had nothing to do with Hannibal putting a shirt on her. Her dignity was something he couldn't care less about.

“Ready to become Will’s and my ‘design’, Dr. Bloom?” he asked to the unconscious woman, not expecting any response of course, suddenly finding her surname to be kind of amusing given the destiny he planned for her. How fitting it was.

Hannibal drove all the way to the ballroom dance where the masquerade took place a little more than a month ago, glancing through the rear mirror at the unconscious woman laying on the backseat of one of his cars.

The place had not been used by anyone since he killed the other woman that looked so much like Dr. Bloom back then at the masquerade, so there was no one there to worry about. No witnesses. Not even a soul but his and Alana’s wandering the place and surroundings.

Once in the building, he looked at the place he’s been preparing at nights, all the antlers decorating every inch of the walls and roof as of bringing Hobbs' very ghost to the place, the very thick stick standing inside the big and tall bulletproof glass box he created, the pulley system that connected the inside of that crystal-like box with a lever that would activate the pulley system from outside the bulletproof glass cabin. It was all set to perfection.

He picked up Alana's still unconscious body from the cold floor where all the masked crowd danced that night, scooping her up to carry her body like a fireman, pacing to the back side of the glass cubicle, grabbing the key in his pocket to unlock the padlock and open the transparent door.

A pair or harnesses hung from above and into the cabin. He secured the harnesses under each of her armpits so her weight would be sustained by them, leaving her body dangle, her waist at a level just at Hannibal's mid ches, perfect to maneuver and finish the most important part of his plan.

The thick yet not so long stick was blunt at the end, which made it perfect for its purpose; cause a much slower and painful impalement. In that blunt end was a small ring bolted to the wood of the stake.

He moved Alana's hanging body so it would hover over the post, his gloved hands carefully grabbing the silvery cord hanging out of Alana's anus, attaching it to the ring at the end of the post so the cord would connect the end of the thick pole to the safety pin ring of the grenade attached to Alana's heart, all the simple yet cruel mechanism of the real threat remaining hidden within the woman's body. The death hidden inside the lie.

As she was still unconscious by the cocktail of strong drugs he gave her, Hannibal wrapped an arm around each of Alana's thighs, pushing her body down against the blunt end of the pole, grunting just a little by the demanded physical effort of forcing that very thick wooden post to pierce and penetrate her anus. Blood began to fall down her bottom and through the wooden surface as her flesh ripped apart a little to give in and allow the post forcefully enter her body.

Everything was calculated to utmost detail; Alana's feet couldn't reach the floor to simply stand up. She would have to let her own weight and the effect of gravity act so her body would be lower, but once her feet reaches the ground, the pole would already pierce and tear apart her intestines and stomach, causing her a very painful death. Using her arms to climb through the harnesses would be impossible since she had only one hand. The only way to stop the impaling was by pulling down the lever outside the bulletproof crystal cage he created for her.

He stepped out of that macabre coffin made of clear glass and locked the door with the padlock once more, giving one last glance at the woman already being very slowly impaled before leaving the building.

Hannibal began driving his way back home, pulling the car over after a few minutes to grab a disposable phone from his pocket to call William and a laptop he had at the passengers seat, searching for the file with the distorted voice already recorded with the message he had for the empath.

“Yes?” William picked up immediately, the anxiety and the fear tugging at Will’s voice like starving leaches. Such a beautiful melody to Hannibal’s ear.

“Dr. Bloom is at the ballroom dance waiting for his knight in shining armor to come to her rescue. Come alone, no tricks. One FBI agent, one cop, anyone who isn’t just you and she’s dead. All of them. And Will, I would hurry up if I were you.”

And with that, William really felt like being swallowed by the Ripper’s very throat… the way down the rabbit hole was darker than he could've ever imagined.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for taking so long... Been having tons of work. Sorry guys, don't hate me xD
And yes, things are just about to become very crazy :3
As always, thank you very much for all the kudos, the hits, everything. Specially the comments since that is what keeps me writing the most <3
Let me know on the comments how are you enjoying or hating this so far.
Also... Let me know any grammar mistake (yep. I said it before xD English isn't my language.)

Ready or not, here it comes.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for taking so long to update. But as I said, I won't leave this story, don't worry ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 25

Ready or not, here it comes.

William was stepping on the accelerator so hard he feared it would break. The streets passed by the car windows too fast to even distinguish posts from people even if the streets were completely dead and lonely, not even a soul walking around, not even a sound filling the air of the night except for the roar of the car's engine and those drums at Will's ear that were no less than his own heartbeats, the organ threatening to break his ribs from the inside like a caterpillar hatching from the chrysalis.

He was treading on thin ice, hell fire waiting below it, and he knew it.

He 'parked' the car, almost colliding with a post as he arrived the place, that big manor where the masquerade ballroom dance took place many, many nights ago. He stepped out of the car and simply ran to the entrance, not stopping to inspect the area or see if there was any other car besides his, anyone else or any sign of the Ripper.

But he was all alone. Alone in that inferno with no one else to hold him, to whisper that 'everything's gonna be alright' inthis ear.

Death was screaming at him instead, fear clawing at the back of his neck as he ran faster and faster until he heard a real scream. A scream as high-pitched as if coming from an eagle, a scream that came from the very bowels of pain incarnated in a sound.

It was Alana's scream that broke free from her throat once she became conscious and felt the inhumane and monstrous pain ripping apart all of her senses.

William ran faster towards the source of the screams, feeling like Alice chasing the white rabbit.

And indeed, hell was in front of Will's very eyes.

His eyes that simply couldn't believe the sight in front of them. It was grotesque, unsightly, revolting. Something William could've never imagine even in his darkest nightmares.

The massive dancing room was coated with antlers, recreating the hell Will found himself in after shooting Hobbs as if the place could project a dark corner of his own mind.

But this isn't his design, right? It's the Ripper's.

Then why does he feels like this place is mirroring his own personal inferno so damn well?

The Ripper had to know him more than he even thought. This felt way too personal in a whole different way as if the Ripper was the one getting inside his mind and not the other way around.

It felt as it took eternity for Will to finally look at the front, at the undeniable center of that hell, at the crystal coffin standing before him and at the woman screaming inside that transparent cage.

"Alana!" William screamed from the top of his lung as he ran in the cage of glass' direction, his fists colliding with the glass as he stumbled towards it.

His eyes couldn't get any bigger without popping out from their sockets as he watched the helpless woman screaming inside the box, hitting the glass as well with her remaining hand as an attempt to break it and reach for Will, for help, for a way out of that terrible pain.

"Help me! Please!" Alana yelled between screams and cries of agony, "it's tearing me apart!"

William's eyes slowly looked down, bile forming at the back of his throat once he saw that thick pole slowly entering Alana's body from the bottom. He gaged as his eyes filled with tears once he finally begins to understand the reality before his eyes.

He has to do something and it has to be done now. No time to recreate anything in his mind, no time to analyze the design, not even a second to waste.

"Okay… okay…" William panicked as his hands moved to his head, gripping two full fists of brown curls to pull from them as he walks backwards a little, his eyes wandering around the

place in search of anything that could help, if there was anything to help him at all.

“He told me I should hurry up if I wanted to save you. There must be a way. God," he breathed out shakily, "it has to be a way.” He thought out loud, pacing around the crystal box containing Alana and all the blood falling down from her bottom.

He moved to a side as he grabbed his gun from his belt, pointing his pistol at the crystal box, shooting again and again, careful enough not to aim at Alana, wasting almost all of his ammo in a futile attempt to break what he knew now was a bulletproof glass.

‘I let you watch the heartless whore reaching her end but I do not let you touch her.’ His mind analyzed part of the design unwittingly as intruding thoughts simply breaking in into his mind without permission.

He found the padlock and wasted his last two bullets just to see it was unbreakable as well.

Pointless.

“Fuck!” William yelled, letting the gun slip from his hand as he gripped his hair once more, Alana’s screams making the empath feel as if falling down more and more, sinking into the flames of hell, melting, slowly cooking his flesh.

He walked in circles until his eyes fell on the harnesses, following their way, inspecting the pulleys and ropes until he found the lever at the end.

Could it be ‘that’ easy? All this was just a game to the Ripper. Maybe it was that easy. Right?

Right?

“There’s a lever to lift you up.” William said as he gripped the big lever, using both arms to switch it down. The mechanism got activated and the ropes began to be pulled very slowly by the pulleys.

Will gazed at Alana and ran to her, his hands landing on the glass once more as if looking at a doll trapped in a box.

“I’m sorry for everything I said and did, Will. Please, just get me out of here. I won’t tell, I promise.” Alana cried out with begging eyes that were cascading so many tears.

Does she thinks that Will was the one who put her in *this* place, in *this* kind of torture?

“I didn’t do it, Alana. He called me and I came.”

“I won’t tell anyone, Will, I promise. I won’t tell. P-please…”

William swallowed and looked into her eyes with stormy ones, a part of him feeling hurt because she thought *he* did this, another part of him crumbling down by knowing Alana had no idea of who was the person that kidnapped her for two days, cut her hand and impaled her inside a bulletproof crystal box.

“You don’t know who the Ripper is, don’t you?” William whispered almost to himself, the helplessness coating his voice, his hands shaking more and more as sweat began falling from his forehead.

He looked at the harnesses holding Alana’s weight beginning to pull her up slowly, bringing more and more screams from the woman’s lips as she was being slid out the thick post inch by inch.

Will's eyes fixed on her chest, a thought beginning to bug him like claws scratching the back of his skull from the inside.

There’s a missing piece in the puzzle, in the design.

The heartless whore was right in front of him… but she had a heart.

He blinked a few times as his mind was flooded with flashbacks of the prostitute impaled by the dancing pole. He remembered the stitches under her left breast, the stitches that were hiding ‘the truth behind the lie’.

What was the truth behind the lie here?

“I don’t know if you did this or not,” the woman said before screaming again, blood sprouting from her lips as she coughed it out, “I’m still sorry for using you, mocking you.”

A louder scream broke free from her throat as she was pulled up some more, the thick pole already half way out, its exit just as painful as its entering.

“I forgive you.” William replied as tears streamed out his blue eyes and rolled down his face, placing a hand on the glass once more.
Alana’s hand mirrored the move as she placed her hand at the same spot where William placed his from the other side of the glass.

“Then please, take me out of here.” The woman said and William frowned slightly.

She still believed it was him who did this. And that actually managed to make him feel hurt, even in this hell where he felt he couldn’t get any more hurt than he already was.

“I already pulled the lever. It wasn’t me. I swear.” William said, his eyes almost pleading her to believe him. But something in her eyes told him she didn’t fully believe him, “just resist until you’re pulled up. I won't let you die.”

“Why isn’t… Jack here?” she managed to ask between her screams and in all her agony.

It was a rational question, and apparently enough to make Alana suspect William of being the Ripper even more.

“The Ripper told me to come alone.” He took a shaky breath before he kept speaking, “how could I ever be the Ripper? I danced with you all that night when the woman appeared dead in the private room. I was with you the night the prostitute was murdered. You’re n-not thinking straight.” William tried to explain.

“It’s not easy to think… in this… stat-.” She replied until a loud scream interrupted her words by breaking free from the top of her lungs.

William knew there was something very wrong here. Something was missing, hidden under invisible stitches, behind the obscene and morbid show he had before his very eyes.

But he just couldn't see it.

Within her body, within the lie was the truth; the metallic cord connecting the pole and the ring of the grenade was being stretched as Alana’s body was being lifted by the pulleys and harnesses, very slowly pulling as well from the safety ring of the grenade located right behind her still beating heart.

The heartless whore still has a heart.

Alana felt something else within, as if something wanted to pull down her very soul as the cord tightened inside her body.

“Will, there’s… s-something w-wrong.” The woman stuttered as her eyes became clouded by

fear, completely unaware of the bomb literally about to explode.

‘I place you in a bulletproof box not to just let you watch her as you're drowned by impotence. I built this box to protect you from the truth inside the whore, the truth that is about to explode.’ William’s mind sank once more into Hannibal’s design, fear bringing a storm to his eyes as well, ‘I warned you she had no heart but you didn’t see. Maybe now you will.’ He kept recreating the other's thinking, unable to stop the analysis, almost feeling as if the Ripper himself was right behind him, whispering the words into his ear.

That was it. The missing piece of the design. Will was part of his design, and for this piece to be whole, William had to intervene.

'I think he wasn't to eat with you, Will.' he remembered Beverly's words and began to understand. William himself was a gear to make the clock work.

That's why the place could mirror the hell inside his mind so damn well. It *was* his hell.

'I'll guide you on your way out of the chrysalis, through your becoming, which is no less than my design.' he couldn't stop his mind from acknowledging the sinister truth behind all this, from getting inside the Ripper's mind just as the Ripper was getting inside his.

“His design… the hidden message. That's what's wrong.” William whispered in a shaky voice, his wet eyes not able to leave Alana’s pleading ones.

“Ready or not, here it comes.” William uttered and just as if his words had casted a spell, time seemed to froze, the world ceased to move for a moment as the safety ring separated from the grenade within A Alana's ribcage. Hell broke loose and exploded from the woman's chest like a supernova of blood and viscera, bursting that heart into million pieces and ribs with its explosion, every drop of that sinister truth hitting the glass walls until everything was crimson red.

Silence filled the place and shouted inside Will’s mind. That cascade of blood slid down through the glass letting glimpse what was left of Alana. Her chest was completely shattered, a hole allowing the light to pass from side to side in that place where there used to be a heart, the broken ribs surrounding the hole like the petals of a flower crafted in hell being such a grotesque sight as if that was a morbid offering left by the Ripper. Her face was disfigured by the fragments of the grenade, her eyes opaque and lifeless still screaming all that horror and pain, immortalized in those pieces of sky that William used to admire and long for so much.

The teacup was cracking, breaking piece by piece.

No… this can't be real. It just can't be real. Let me wake up. I wanna wake up!

Please, just let me wake up.

Everything inside Will seemed to explode too, his eyes incessantly looking at that amorphous mass of mutilated flesh, trying to understand that he really was in hell, wrapped by the flames consuming him, and there was no turning back.

And just as everything seemed to burst into a thousand pieces withing his mind, the most visceral sound of agony and madness broke free from the depths of Will, the scream that came from the top of his lungs tearing his throat from the inside, fearing he would not be able to stop screaming ever again.

It was hard to tell if minutes or hours passed as William just needed to fill the silence with his own scream, a mad laughter falling from his lips once he felt out of air as thick tears sprouted from his blue stormy eyes.

The young empath fell on his knees, his hands touching the glass in front of him as he kept crying and laughing like a mad Hatter until his whole body was shaking, almost convulsing like an earthquake.

A very shaky hand searched for his cellphone at his pocket, dialing Jack's number a few times until he was able to finally hit the right numbers with those very quivering digit.

"Will? Wha-…" a very drowsy Jack answered the call.

"A-…Al-…" William interrupted him, trying to form the woman's name in vain, "Ala-…"

"Did you find her? Is Dr. Bloom all right?" all the drowsiness faded away from Jack's voice instantly.

"she's-she…" he simply couldn't form words without choking on his own tears, "she's dead." William cried out, his fingernails sinking into his own face as if trying to take it off, rip it apart so he could feel disconnected from the world, from the sight, from the truth, "at… at the masquerade." He added, stammering more and more, hearing a loud sob coming from Jack before he ended the call.

How? Why?

Who?

His mind was flooded with flashes and flashbacks, seeing himself dancing with Alana just before Hannibal interrupted them to tell him the Ripper had just attacked. The images were replaced by all the crime scenes the Ripper prepared just for him, that sinister pattern being repeated again and again. And then such a sad warmth filled him as he remembered the night he slept with Alana.

And the car.

He remembered his damn car was outside his house that night.

And it was outside because Hannibal brought it back.

He looked at his right, sweat falling from his forehead as he knew he was being delusional for he saw that black humanoid figure with antlers, that monster his mind gave shape to. The power of those black eyes devoured him, made him tremble to the very core. That power he knows he saw in human eyes before.

In Hannibal's eyes.

Hannibal.

How could he allow himself to miss the evident, to miss what has been before his very eyes all along?

He walked towards his delusion, closer to that black humanoid monster, and only when he was one step from it, the figure shifted into his psychiatrist, his colleague, his… 'friend'.

'Do you see now?' the delusional version of Hannibal spoke calmly.

"With such clarity it hurts my mind." William whispered and turned around, walking away from the macabre building and towards his car.

He would face the Ripper. And he would face it tonight.

"Ready or not, here I come, Dr. Lecter."

Chapter End Notes

It was very hard to describe the scene... Hope it wasn't too messy to understand xD my English isn't the best at all.
Ik... Ik... I took too long to update xD I'm very sorry. I've been stuffed with work u.u
As always, thank you very much for all the kudos, the hits, everything. Specially the comments since that is what keeps me writing the most <3
Let me know on the comments how are you enjoying or hating this so far.
Also... Let me know any grammar mistake (yep. I said it before xD English isn't my language.)

You owe me a dance

Chapter Notes

> Sorry for taking so long. I'm on a trip for vacations and there's barely any internet here..
> Plus I had little time as well. My apologies everyone :3
> Here you go <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 26

You owe me a dance.

The world was crumbling to pieces as William drove his car as fast as the engine allowed him to go. The silence, that damned silence was eating him away, devouring the poor young man from within like rats biting their way out from his chest and skull.

He just couldn't stop re-watching Alana's death inside his head. So many cries of raw morbid agony, suddenly silenced all at once and forever in one single explosion that destroyed Will's world. And all because of him. Because he didn't walk away when he should've. Because, even knowing the danger of the fierce storm that was coming ahead, he kept getting closer and closer to Alana. Because he continued flirting with death, waltzing with the Ripper between lucid dreams and reality, getting inside his mind games, defying him, taunting him.

And playing with the Ripper was much more dangerous than playing with nitroglycerin itself.

Over a damn roller-coaster and at the middle of an earthquake.

William searched for the phone at his pocket so he could call Jack and tell him he's heading to Hannibal's house right now and that he needs backup.

But apparently, things are never easy for Will.

A low grunt vibrated in his throat as he found no damn phone in any of his pockets, his hand hitting the steering wheel again and again in frustration and anger before a growled 'fuck' fell from his mouth.

He must've left it back at the ballroom manor after he called Jack, not being very aware of his actions at that moment. Could anyone really blame him?

As the sinister red explosion kept repeating itself in an infernal endless loop within William's head, his hands began to shake, his eyes avoiding the rear mirror as he began seeing Alana, dead and completely ruined, simply sat at the backseat, looking at him through the mirror.

It's just in my head. She's only in my head.

She's dead. Dead people can't walk.

Silence was replaced by pants, filling the inside of the car and steaming the windows a little bit. Madness and wrath were screaming inside his mind, guilt wrapping around his neck as a boa constrictor that just won't release him. It was hard to tell if he was falling down the Ripper's throat or already being digested in his stomach right now.

But if Hannibal was indeed the Ripper, there would be a reckoning. A proper one for prison felt like way too little right now.

The very unstable brunette began remembering that night under the rain when Hannibal caught him before he could fall. He still could see the raindrops hitting Hannibal's face, rolling down his cheekbones. Feel the warmth of his arms, his intoxicating scent when he buried his face in Hannibal's chest and those strong hands caressing his curls to comfort him like no one else could. Then he remembered that very peculiar night when they teased each other as an attempt to discover the reason behind Will's dreams, the reason why his mind would just mix the image of the Ripper with Hannibal's, what a poor naïve little lamb he was. He kept remembering every glance, every word said, every single time he felt breathless for an unknown reason whenever he was way too close to Hannibal, every single time that man sheltered him within his arms and every occasion the older man said he would always be there for him, to catch him when he falls, to help him on his way down the rabbit hole. Bile formed at the back of William's throat at the memories, wishing he could just pull his hair hard enough to break his skull and stop the agony he was asphyxiating with.

How could he have been so blind? How could he get carried away so far? What was it that was blinding him so much? William could always assume anyone's point of view without problems, read people's eyes like open books written in big capital letters.

Why was it so different with Hannibal? How could he have misinterpreted every detail, every single sign so badly? Was Hannibal really that skilled?

Or was it Will who simply refused to see the undeniably evident truth hidden behind the lies? Why would he deliberately choose not to see the truth?

Why?

Was there still a missing piece? A major thing he couldn't see just yet? A bigger truth behind all the lies and illusions Hannibal had create?

One of his hands reached for the glove compartment, hoping he hadn't forgotten his revolver somewhere else too. But no. This time, just a little bit of luck had reached Will. His colt special .38 was resting inside the compartment, just waiting to be used.

He opened the cylinder to make sure it was loaded. He ascertained all the six bullets were there before securing the cylinder in the revolver's body again, gazing at the road just in time to dodge a car parked at the side of the street, his heart beating even faster than it was already beating, feeling he could spit out the poor aching organ if he simply happens to cough.

How the hell did he end up like this? Barely holding on to smoke and hoping not to be invisible to God, praying for a way out of this even if he believed in no God.

Hannibal knew very well how things came to this, after all, he crafted his plan to utmost detail.

And Will was definitely very far from being invisible to him.

The psychiatrist has been working day and night on his plans, designing and building another house below his. What once was a hidden basement with a few secret fridges and tools was now the sinister reflection of his darkest needs.

Six feet underground was his 'little haven', made of thick and solid metal insulating from all sound those rooms that he's been building little by little, escape and scream proof walls creating a small labyrinth, a 'home' for his little lamb.

What a complex design this would be. One Hannibal has been working for months.

Each room was equipped to meet different needs. Some supplied with surgery elements, others with devices of doubtful use, looking more like an article that would sell very well in the deep web. Other rooms were a bit more normal, being simple bathrooms, bedrooms, dining rooms, each and every one of them with its own surveillance camera, transmitting continuous images to the command cabin, also included in that small solid metal labyrinth.

The decoration was mostly minimalist. Simple, yet somehow nice and warm in some rooms. Simple, yet somehow sinister in others.

Hannibal has created the burrow at the end of the rabbit hole and it was full of surprises waiting at every corner. Everything was settled for Will. All the Ripper had to do now was sit comfortably and wait for William to enter his kingdom to have a waltz.

Will was feeling comatose and deranged at the same time, struggling to get through, to drive his way to Hannibal's place. He was in a different state of mind, lost between realms, between delusions and reality, between sanity and complete madness.

In that state of mind, he thought he found his phone. He knew he searched in his pockets before, but maybe he simply didn't searched well enough. He thought he was dialing Jack's number right now. Believed Jack picked up the phone.He was sure Jack picked up, and that everything would be somehow fine.

"Jack. I'm heading to Dr. Lecter's house. I have strong reasons to believe he is the Chesapeake Ripper. I need backup. Arriving the place in about twenty five minutes."

"I got your back, Will."

But Will never called for real, and Jack never picked up that call.

The lamb was all alone in a hell he couldn't escape, driving right into the very eye of the storm.

Dr. Lecter was pouring himself a glass of red wine, wearing a three piece dressing suit in shades of burgundy and details in black, the fine fabrics caressing his figure just fine, accentuating his shoulders and hips. An outfit very much like the one he wore at the masquerade ballroom dance. He looked like quite a king, like mystery and smoke, like sin and death incarnated in flesh.

He sat on his desk, sharpening the pencil with the scalpel before his hand began recreating Persephone's Rapture, Hannibal being Hades and William being his Persephone, his beauty, the spirit of spring he had to kidnap from the world of light to drag him all the way down to his kingdom, to his hell.

Once he finished, taking him mere minutes to create such a perfect piece of art, he went to the kitchen, beginning with the preparations for the 'dinner'.

He was taking care of the last details, placing the heart at the center of the nest made of ‘sweet William’ flowers, sharing the name with the man who was so close to reach his door. Petals of different shades of red seemed to bloom from the very heart as if it was still alive, almost beating, feeling, aching.

Hannibal placed the silver dome over the tray to cover the main dish at the center of the large table, moving himself into the kitchen to grab cutlery to settle over the table.

He left the front door and the entrance unlocked on purpose. So it was no surprise when he felt the muzzle of a gun against his nape. Besides, that awful aftershave anticipated William’s arrival since the moment the young man quietly opened the door.

Hannibal’s lips curled up in utter delight for a moment, licking his lips before he turned around to look at William right in the eyes, his own pupils growing wider at Will’s sight, the clear sign of staring at something scary or utterly enticing.

“Hello, Will.” Hannibal said, his face calm, expressionless.

“Hello, Dr. Lecter. I believe you owe me a dance, don’t you?” William, said, referring to the dream where he danced with the Ripper, pointing the gun at Hannibal’s forehead, his pupils growing insanely wide as well, black devouring blue as his face expressed way too many things at the same time, unlike Hannibal, “is this the bottom of the rabbit hole?” William breathed out shakily, panting through his nostrils as he holds that revolver tight as humanly possible.

“We don’t reach the bottom until the very end, Will.” Hannibal said, lifting his hands in the air as a faux attempt to seem harmless, the one thing he is not, “Would you like to talk in a more civilized way?” he slowly pointed at the couches they used for therapy sessions so many times before.

William rubbed his eyes and the bridge of his nose with a shaky hand before gripping the revolver with both hands again, pointing at the couches and then at Hannibal back and forth, gesturing Hannibal to take a seat with such a sarcastic crooked smirk printed on his face, almost every facial muscle trembling, alerting of the instability creeping over him more and more, sinking deeper into the core of his mind and soul.

“Yeah, sure… take a sit.” William said, sarcastic in his mannerism, a breathy trembling little chuckle falling from his lips.

Hannibal raised an eyebrow, slowly walking backwards towards the couch. Of course he wasn’t afraid of the gun. He simply kept the act. For now.

“Would you tell me-…” Hannibal began, but his words were interrupted by one of Will’s foot hitting his chest, kicking him hard enough to make the older man fall backwards and land sat on the couch, a gasp escaping past his lips.
Once Hannibal’s back touched the backrest, William placed a foot on the couch between Hannibal’s legs and very close to the older man's crotch, leaning his face and upper body forward as if cornering Hannibal, pressing the muzzle of the gun at his psychiatrist's jaw, making the older man lift his chin, Hannibal swallowing hard and sighing hotly, so, so close to Will’s lips.

For anyone’s eyes, those gestures would be seen as signs of fear. But no. Hannibal was delighted and utterly thrilled to the core.

“No, Dr. Lecter. Tonight, I’m the one making the fucking questions.” William said with burning rage through clenched teeth, piercing Hannibal’s dark eyes with his stormy ones.

Oh, how exquisite... how gorgeous and ravenous my precious lamb looks tonight. Definitely a sin a wouldn't dare to starve.

Chapter End Notes

I know I took so long, I'm very sorry. I wasn't able to upload before.
I promise things will be very, very twisted... So hold on tight ;)
As always, thank you very much for all the kudos, the hits, everything. Specially the comments since that is what keeps me writing the most <3
Let me know on the comments how are you enjoying or hating this so far.
Also... Let me know any grammar mistake (yep. I said it before xD English isn't my language.)

Face to face

Chapter Notes

Hi everyone! Sorry for the big delay. I was on vacations and then had a few health issues, slowly recovering :3
But it seems to be getting better now I guess.
Anyways... Enjoy :3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 27

Face to face

The storm lashed the sky with its lightning, just as Jack's conscience was being punished. Not even in the darkest days of his career as detective had he felt the true weight of working with death as he was feeling it now, standing with his team right in front of that glass box and at the grotesque, disfigured mass of flesh that laid inside of it. The fact that that skein of muscles, viscera and bones had once been Alana Bloom was really incredible, repulsive, utterly disgusting.

Tears welled up inside Jack's eyes and soul as he gazed at what was left of Alana's body, slowly looking down to hide in the soothing sight of the floor to finally let those thick tears fall to the floor to mourn for Alana.

How could something like this happen? What kind of God would allow such thing?

Maybe it was a God indeed whom made this happen.

Jack slowly paced around, feeling he was in some sort of bad horror movie, in something that just wasn't real, not fully understanding the moment he was living now as he watched his team process the scene, take photos and collect evidence.

But just as Will felt there was something wrong in that very same room, something missing, Jack also realized there was something wrong too in that room at that moment.

There was something extra. A foreign object that shouldn't be there.

Jack gazed at the phone his team recollected from floor, Will's cellphone. Jack knew it belonged to William, knew the young empath called from here. But why was his phone here?

And then, it hit him. There was something missing too indeed.

Will.

Will was missing.

"Has anyone managed to find out anything about Will's whereabouts?" agent Crawford yelled at the crowd at the crime scene as worry and fear wrapped around his neck.

"He clearly won't answer the phone." Zeller said, holding the small bag with Will's phone in one hand.

"Graham's house has been checked. He's not there." An officer said from a few steps, incorporating himself more into the crime scene.

"Well, where the fuck could he be?" Jack yelled in frustration, brushing the bridge of his nose with his thick fingers.

He could very well be with the Ripper. And literally everyone in Maryland was suspect of being the Chesapeake Ripper. Such hell Jack found himself in.

"I want you to check Will's phone. There's something I just don't like about this. Do me the fa-" Jack spoke until he was cut by someone else.

"Agent Crawford," an officer interrupted Jack, "I think we are being watched." He added, immediately catching Jack's complete attention.

Crawford walked in the officer's direction with long, hurry steps, climbing on a chair another

officer lend him to reach and see what the officer that called him was talking about.

“See?” the officer said, pointing at a small black dot that seemed to shimmer, incorporated into the body of an antler, “that's a camera. Probably wireless since I don’t see any wires.” He added.

“Watched…” Jack murmured quietly before raising his voice, “we’ve been watched all this time!” he yelled, throwing those antlers to the floor as he felt anger and frustration clawing at his guts. The Ripper has been watching them all along, toyed with them, laughed at them. And he probably had Will.

“ I want you all to turn off your phones, now. Let’s take down every single antler in this room and nobody says anything vital for the investigation between those walls, understood? And run the scan on graham’s phone already.” Jack commanded the crowd.

Things just couldn't be worse. He already lost Alana and certainly couldn't bear the idea of losing William too.

William’s hand stopped shaking, firmly holding the gun against Hannibal’s jaw pressing hard enough to mark the older male’s skin. He balanced the weight of his body on the feet he had on the couch placed between Hannibal’s thighs and so close to the crotch as if William could dominate the other by threatening with stepping on his testicles.

As Will pressed the muzzle of the revolver against Hannibal’s jaw, the older male raised his chin, swallowing loudly before exhaling slightly shakily.

Hannibal’s face was too close, so close William wanted to rip it off with his teeth.

“Very well. You can make all the questions you want.” Hannibal said, calm and emotionless as ever, making this seem almost like one of their sessions.

But it wasn’t.

Will thought about the million questions he had, feeling a storm of voices asking so many different things at the same time, but the only word that escaped his lips was an almost whined ‘why?’.

“Why?” the empath seemed to cried out, tears welling up in his big ocean eyes as soon as he

uttered the word, “Why would you kill her? What did she ever do to you? Why are you doing this to me?”

“I’m afraid I’m not sure I know what you’re taking about.” Hannibal spoke, blinking twice as he looked deep into the other’s eyes like the good liar he is.

“Alana. She’s dead.” William whispered shakily, murmuring the words as if afraid of uttering then. He leaned more over the other like an eagle stalking a prey, pressing the gun against the other a little harder, “The Ripper killed her. *You* killed her.” He added, almost hissing the words through his clenched teeth.

Hannibal frowned ever so slightly for a moment before he blinked slowly and looked down as if the ‘news’ surprised him and even pained him.

And for a tiny second, William wanted to believe it.

“I’m… so sorry, Will.” Hannibal whispered emulating a perplex face that glimpsed a fake mourning towards the woman he burst into pieces.

“Don’t.” William replied with some sort of authority he didn’t know he had inside, pressing the muzzle of the gun even further against Hannibal’s jaw.

Hannibal parted his lips ever so slightly at the very comforting pressure of the gun pressed against his skin, letting silence fill the place for a few moments.

The air felt so dense William could swear he was able to breathe by mere miracle. He was almost completely sure he was face to face alone with the Ripper. Something he did before, but being in front of that man now knowing what he does, what he’s capable of… it’s a whole different story.

“What makes you so certain I am the Ripper?” Hannibal asked, calm as ever as if merely asking about the weather.

How dare he ask the obvious?

And how dared William doubt the obvious? even if just a little.

“The night I was with Alana,” William began after a brief pause, pain glimpsing through

those blue jewels like lightning reflecting in the ocean once the huge storm rolled in, “You came by. You brought my car. You were there, Dr. Lecter. You saw.”

Even remembering the sight of William having sex with that woman was enough to make the psychiatrist lose his appetite, which was a very hard thing to take away from Hannibal. How could William not see that she wasn’t worthy? How could he seek for comfort in those arms that were nothing but a trap?

“Yes. I saw. Is that reason enough to suspect me of being the Ripper when everyone received a virus telling where you were and with whom? Every soul in Maryland knew you were with her, Will. You don't trust me anymore, Will? Is that gun really necessary to feel some sense of safety while you’re having a conversation with me?”

Hannibal was calm, awfully calm, and that did nothing but to frustrate William even more. He wanted Hannibal to feel caught, to feel fear, to show some sort of remorse even when he knew guilt just couldn’t fit the Ripper’s profile, but damn, how he wanted things to be different, to be wrong, to hear Hannibal say something to change his mind, say anything that could convince him that his psychiatrist and ‘friend’ wasn’t the intelligent psychopath he’s been trying to catch.

“Yes, Dr. Lecter. It is reason enough to me.”

“Hope you’re not basing it all on the mere fact that I brought your car by the time you were having a date with her nor on the dreams you had. Tell me, Will, are you still lost in that ballroom dance, waiting for the Ripper to come and ask you for a dance?”

Oh, he didn’t. He just didn’t.

“I’m in no ballroom dance waiting for any damn Ripper. I’m pointing a gun at the Ripper and being more than considered. I would be more cautious if I were you. Besides, dreams and delusions never lied to me, Dr. Lecter.”

“But they certainly made you feel confused, if you recall.” Hannibal said, referring to that night William spent at his house, having weird and wet dreams about the Ripper and Hannibal. He was clearly mocking him for those doubts, and William just wanted to pull the trigger already.

“The Ripper is interested in me. That’s a fact. Maybe I was never interested in you, Dr. Lecter. Maybe you did those things in my dreams just because the Ripper and you happen to be the same person.”

Never interested? What a cruel, wicked thing you are.

“Is it really that easier to say your friend is the Chesapeake Ripper instead of admitting that perhaps you were confused indeed, maybe even interested?” Hannibal asked, his dark eyes shimmering with something hidden deep inside, like a whisper fleeting away into an endless echo to get lost into the nothingness.

“I believe I already told you once that I don’t find you that interesting, Dr. Lecter.”

“But you *do* find the Ripper interesting. If I’m the Chesapeake Ripper, wouldn’t that mean you do find me interesting? Am I the Ripper or not, Will? Am I the person you should be pointing a gun at?”

Somehow, Hannibal’s words sounded reasonable. Was William basing his statements on mere dreams? On the fact that Hannibal knew Will had a date with Alana, just like everybody else in Maryland knew too? Was he so deep in denial he preferred to accuse Hannibal of being no less than the Ripper?

Was he pointing a gun at a friend?

Hannibal managed to make William doubt, make him believe in the 'best' of him. Even if Will knew he was allowing the other making him doubt, damn, how glad William felt for having doubts once more.

Sometimes, ignorance can be such a sweet poison.
But it’s still poison nonetheless.

“I…” William breathed out through shivering lips, “I… y-you…” he stuttered as his shaky hand made the bullets in the revolver giggle, not so sure anymore if he should be there, cornering Hannibal against a couch and pressing a gun to his jaw.

“It’s all right, Will, let me help you,” Hannibal slowly raised a hand as if trying not to scare a deer away, “I promised to be right next to you on your way down the rabbit hole, to catch you if you fall.” He whispered, slowly brushing William’s hand with his, soft and gentle as silk, “I can only imagine how you must be feeling right now, and I believe there are much more important things to talk about now instead of pondering whether your psychiatrist is the Ripper or not,” Hannibal’s hand guided William’s way down to make the other stop pointing at his jaw, “What did you see to find yourself falling so deep right now?”

William blinked a few times while lowering the gun and pulling away a little to stop invading

Hannibal's personal space so much, retrieving his foot from the couch to stand a little straighter. His free hand rubbed his face as if trying to calm himself, to wash away his frustrations even when he knew there was no way to achieve such thing.

"She was… impaled. Trapped inside a box made of bulletproof glass. She…" William stopped, pants threatening with turning into sobs as he could feel tears welling up in his eyes, "Her heart exploded. He made me part of it, part of his design. He w-wanted me to pull the lever, to watch her burst." Will's instability was palpable in every single syllable, real as the walls around them, as the floor he was standing on.

"He wanted you to live. You have an understanding of his state of mind. Maybe he understands yours too. You can't just look into a pit without having that pit looking back at you. He found you in the deepest parts of his mind, in his reflection. Tell me, Will. What did you see in your own reflection? Was it you, or him?"

William thought about Hannibal's question for a moment, tried to look deep inside of him, into those dark corners of his mind he just doesn't dare to trespass.

"A Rorschach inkblot. A disguise. A puzzle in constant change, twisting and fusing, adapting… evolving. But evolution does not always lead to a good ending, Dr. Lecter."

"And how did that make you feel?" Hannibal asked, standing up and moving himself closer to Will.

"Scared."

"You're waking up to who you are, to your becoming. It's only natural to feel fear once you can truly see into the pit, once you can really see your own reflection at the end of it."

"I don't reflect him. Just as he doesn't reflects me, Dr. Lecter. And to be honest, if this is how 'waking up to who I am' feels like, I'm not so sure I want to be awake anymore."

"You prefer the comfort of ignorance, reflect the truths of others to not see your own. As I have told you once, the mirrors in your mind can only reflect the best of yourself, not the worst of someone else. Denying yourself your own identity and nature is not staying asleep, Will. It's being dead no matter how much your heart keeps beating. You caged the person you are before even knowing who you are in first place, what you're capable of. For how long do you think that comfort will last if you're doing nothing but chaining yourself up?"

"Are you suggesting me to-" Will began until he abruptly stopped as realization hit him.

And oh, how hard it hit him.

“The hand…” William murmured, feeling as if someone just flushed a toilet and his soul was now being pulled down along with the water, drowning, sinking, spinning, “The hand inside the stomachs of those corpses… it wasn’t random," He said as he slowly began walking backwards, fixing his stormy blue eyes on Hannibal’s feral ones, “You saw Alana and me holding hands that time, and then, two corpses holding hands appeared, both of them with a part of Alana’s right hand in their stomachs.”

And again, everything was making sense.

The young empath began shaking, his heart racing madly within his chest as he found himself in a hell whose air he just couldn’t breathe. Hannibal is the Ripper, and if Will is trapped with him right now it's probably just because that's the way Hannibal wants it to be.

William kept walking backwards, feeling like a small mouse cornered by a lion as Hannibal slowly walked closer, each step the other took making his heart race and skip beats.

“Jack is on his way here,” William hustled to say, hoping those words would stop Hannibal from keep coming any closer, but they didn't, “I called him as I was driving. He knows I’m here. He knows you are the Ripper.”

Hannibal tilted his head and pursed his lips, remaining unbearably calm as he grabbed a knife from the settled table. Definitely not the reaction William wanted from Hannibal.

“I’m afraid you haven’t called Jack. You’re all alone with me at the end of the rabbit hole, Will.”

“N-no… no, no, no. I did call him with my phone. I called him. He’s on his way.” William insisted, trying to reassure himself Jack knew where he was and that he would arrive at any moment. He has to.

“Is he? Why don’t you check your phone, Will?”

“Check my-…” words left William’s head as one of his hands searched inside the pocket he was sure contained the phone. But the damn phone wasn’t in that pocket nor in any other pocket, “I…” did he allucinated calling Jack?

“Left it at the manor right in front of the bulletproof cabin? Yes.” Hannibal finished Will’s words.

“How do you know where I left it?” William's eyes widened once he remembered he left the phone right there indeed. How could he know?

Hannibal’s face shifted into a quite demonic one as a wicked smirk formed on his face. He has William right where he wants him to be. In his hell, down the rabbit hole and far away from anybody else, sinking into fear and anger, suffocating inside the chrysalis that would kill him unless he hatches his way out.

“I wanted you to watch her burst just as much as I wanted to see you watching.” Hannibal said, stopping his steps once he was just a few away from Will and once Will’s back was only two steps from the wall, “She believed you were the one that placed her there, the one that impaled her. She mocked you, used you, never believed in the best of you, not even once. Tell me something, Will. Could you finally see that there was no heart inside her? Did you see the truth behind the lies?”

William’s eyes fell to glance at the knife in Hannibal’s hand before looking back at those eyes that seemed to be so much darker now, almost black as an endless nocturnal sky without stars, piercing him like knives and sending shivers down his spine.

He’s trapped with him, and he needs to do something quick.

“Oh, yes, I did. I saw the truth behind the lies, Dr. Lecter.” William said through lips that formed a quite sarcastic grin.

Hannibal's lips curled up ever so slightly as he tilted his head to a side, sliding fingers over the edge of the blade of the knife he was holding.

“And what did you see, Will?”

William held the gun with his two hands and pointed at Hannibal once more, pulling back the hammer of the revolver as a dark, tiny smirk creeped on his face.

“I saw *you*.” William said before the deafening sound of a gunshot broke the ephemeral

silence.

Chapter End Notes

Again, I'm so sorry for making you wait for so long. Please don't hate me xD
As always, thank you very much for all the kudos, the hits, everything. Specially the comments since that is what keeps me writing the most <3
Let me know on the comments how are you enjoying or hating this so far.
Also... Let me know any grammar mistake (yep. I said it before xD English isn't my language.)

The rapt

Chapter Notes

Sorry for taking long again, but this time I have two very good excuses xD
I've been and still am awfully sick u.u been struggling to even stay awake or even conscious with the high fever and all.
Second excuse? This chapter is quite long :3
With that being said, enjoy ;3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 28

The rapt

The roar of the revolver broke the silence like a scream of agony, of pure rage. Gunpowder invaded the air like pollen in the spring while Will could swear he could see the bullet go off, furrowing the air and breaking the sound barrier as it made its way to his enemy, the beast, the Ripper, the truth behind the lies.

And after that shot, silence reigned once more.

Using the knife Hannibal held in his hand was not really his intention so far. That sharp object was merely meant to psychologically push William, a simple tactic to play with Will's limits, with his fears and instincts. A tactic to see if the empath had brought that revolver just to feel safer or if it really was in his plans to make use of it. Hannibal was expecting Will to bring some sort of weapon, an object to defend himself or even kill Hannibal, and of course, the very curious psychiatrist needed to know if his 'design' was capable of pulling the trigger.

But Hannibal wasn't suicidal, of course not. Life was just too precious to fade into the calm of nothingness and silence just yet. As soon as he saw that Will wasn't aiming at any vital area in his body, as soon as he saw the young man's hands trembling ever so slightly as they held that revolver, Hannibal knew that killing him was not in Will's plans, at least for now.

A small growl rumbled in Hannibal's throat once that sharp and crashing but somehow

bearable pain began to invade his body, that familiar strong burning rising from his right shoulder where the bullet had pierced his flesh, radiating up his arm and part of his chest. After the bullet went through Hannibal's shoulder from side to side, the blood did not take long to sprout, breaking free from the entrance and the exit wounds and dyeing the clothes a dark reddish-brown.

While Hannibal was feeling quite a lot of physical pain, his face seemed to reflect a mixture of very calm but amused surprise and an almost parental anger, a subtle glimmer of pleasure even glimpsing in his dark eyes once they focused on Will's oceans that seemed to be so tormented, containing storms summoned by Calypso herself. The bullets giggled inside the revolver as the empath slowly lowered the gun, not sure if he would pull the trigger or not for an unknown reason. He shouldn't even ponder those options. He knows he should be emptying the revolver's magazine already by shooting Hannibal until his heart stops beating. But for some reason, elevating what he should do to the level of actions was much harder than simply desiring it.

Will had managed to see the truth behind the lies, see who Hannibal really is. He had seen behind the façade of the psychiatrist, behind the curtain and beyond that very well tailored person suit Hannibal had created.

So many shots rained down on Hobbs back then, each and every one of them with the clear intention of ending the life of that man while only one of the six bullets stored in Will's revolver was fired at Hannibal, landing merely on his right shoulder, not even close to the heart.

Yes. The young man had dared to pull the trigger indeed, but certainly not to kill.

"We are born into a world of scenarios and circumstances we don't control. Yet, we do control most of our actions." the words left the older male's lips with a more raspy and low voice due to the pain tangling at his wounded shoulder, "This looks like a very controlled action to me," Hannibal said, gazing down at the wound, "Do you feel in control right now, Will?" he queried, slowly pacing closer to William, cornering him step by step like a lion stalking a much smaller prey.

Oh, if there was anything William wasn't feeling right now, that was in control. He was a wreck. A shaky disaster threatening to become the epicenter of an earthquake.

"No…" William breathed out with a frown that looked almost pained.

"Then what do you feel right now, Will?"

Did William even know what he was feeling right now? Was there a word to describe the hurricane of emotions tearing apart his psyche, his stability and his whole being?

“I feel like a fool…” Will practically cried out like a child who has just discovered Santa isn’t real, “Y-you fooled me.” He breathed out stammering, those big blue eyes suddenly turning a little glossy as the pain of betrayal finally kicked in, abusing his mind and what was left of his heart.

“No, Will. I’ve never fooled you.” Hannibal corrected, creating a very confused frown on William’s face as he stood right in front of him, slowly handing him the knife he’s been holding, the same knife that pushed William into shooting Hannibal just minutes ago, “No matter how hard I could try, I will never be able to fool you. You are perhaps the most intelligent person I have ever met. If you’ve been walking blind in the dark for all this time, Will, it is only because you’ve deliberately chosen to blindfold yourself.” He added with a subtle and soft smile on his face that seemed so genuine in its nature, his dark eyes looking so human as they shimmered with something akin to proud, as if he was proud of William, proud of that very brilliant and unique man.

Hannibal's words did affected Will. He was burning in emotional pain and rage, but still, no one ever talked about him in such way, no one ever flattered him so deeply as if praising his very existence. But those were the words of a psychopath, of a serial killer who eats human flesh, of the man who dragged him down to hell itself.

“I think I rather have my nightmares with open eyes.”

“Dreams are merely a construction of the human brain. A virtual reality that has no time and space. A scenario that dies as soon as we wake up only to remain sometimes just as a fuzzy memory that so often simply fades away as soon as our head leaves the pillow. But you are wide awake now, aren’t you? Could you possibly make all this fade away? Open those eyes you decided to blindfold and forget the ‘bad dream’ you had?” Hannibal said, moving himself just a little closer until the tip of their shoes almost connected.

“Not in a thousand years, Dr. Lecter. I will never forget.” Will spat his threat, bringing the muzzle of the revolver against Hannibal’s stomach.

“Not in a thousand years…” Hannibal repeated William’s statement in a dulcet whisper, almost slurring the words as if savoring each one of their letters before humming softly and closing his eyes for a second before looking back at Will’s blue oceans, a warm yet unsettling smile forming on Hannibal’s cruel lips, “That’s my boy.” Those whispered words slipped from Hannibal’s lips like gentle dew on the petals of a delicate rose, his voice a soft velvet caressing the air until it reached Will’s ears, sending shivers down his spine until even the smallest hair on the young empath’s body bristled.

‘*That’s my boy.*’ The words kept echoing inside William’s head, making the brunette feel unease, frustrated and angered, but also weird in a way he just can’t precise, his ears slowly flushing as they felt like burning, clenching his jaw as he feared the odd warmth would spread to his cheeks.

“I’m not your ‘boy’. And I would really appreciate some space.” William protested but his voice sounded quite a lot more quiet that he intended it to, murmuring them as he looked at those dark and sinister eyes with challenging ones.

“Some space, hmh? So you can shoot me from afar, miss again and blame it on the distance? You are the one holding the gun, Will, not me. Closeness shouldn’t be any threat to you in this moment. You can always shoot me from where you are now. Or does closeness makes you nervous, Will? It does make it feel a lot more real, doesn’t it?” Hannibal teased with a playful and wicked smirk, gazing down at Will’s lips for a second, his gaze making William feel his lips burning and for some reason making his own blue eyes fall on Hannibal's lips, feeling his cheeks a little warmer as he noticed a flickering tongue brushing Hannibal's cruel grin, immediately looking back at the older man's eyes, begging his cheeks not to get any warmer.

“I didn’t miss.” The younger male hissed like a snake spitting it’s venom with a very tiny smirk that was still quite smugly in its nature.

“So… are you blatantly admitting killing me wasn’t your intention when you pulled the trigger?” Hannibal’s words erased that grin from William’s face as soon as they fell from his lips.

Killing Hannibal was my intention, wasn’t it?
Wasn’t it?

... Isn’t it?

“I wouldn’t dare to state such thing with so much confidence if I were you, Dr. Lecter. Should I remind you I am the one holding the gun?” William’s stubborn smirk shyly creeped back to his face as he pressed the muzzle of the gun further against Hannibal’s abdomen.

“Then tell me…” Hannibal said almost in a whisper, pressing his own body more against the gun, moving himself even closer to William, “Why aren’t you pulling the trigger? I don’t even have the knife. I have no weapons at all, do I? I'm even injured already and Jack certainly wouldn’t blame you for shooting each and every of the five bullets you have left. Tell me, Will. What’s stopping you from killing me?” Hannibal whispered in such a smooth

way, flirtatious undertones tangling at his soft chivalrous voice and making William stare perhaps way too long at Hannibal's eyes, making his blue jewels feel tempted to look at those lips that were uttering such an hypnotic voice.

Why aren't I pulling the trigger? Why can't I just pull the damn trigger?

None of this made any sense. Will had the Ripper practically gift-wrapped, completely unarmed in front of him while he was holding a revolver and a damn knife if that wasn't enough, but even so, the idea of pulling the trigger to pierce Hannibal's stomach with what would be an undoubtedly deadly shot filled the empath with a disturbing, unpleasant sensation.

The younger man parted his lips to take a shaky breath as air felt just to thick to fill his lungs, closing his eyes to see behind his eyelids how Hannibal clung to his shoulders for stability after he pulled the trigger in his mind, to see blood sprout from his lips once the man coughed out the scarlet liquid, to see the light of life extinguishing in those dark eyes. Will could feel his heart beating harder at the imaginary sight, at the power spreading within him like a virus, the pleasure of accomplishment invading his body as he watched the Ripper finally fall to the ground, defeated, immersed in the darkness of death.

But imagining was something so simple, so easy, so surreal. Bringing his fantasies to the level of reality was a whole different thing.

Will opened his eyes and his eyebrows arched upward as if in pain, as if pleading for help while his thumb pulled back the hammer of the revolver, preparing the gun to fire. But his hand only trembled even more after doing so, feeling as if that weapon weighed tons.

I can't pull the trigger. I just… can't.

"Why are you doing this to me?" William whined the murmured words through shivering lips, looking at Hannibal's eyes with big blue ones that seemed to get so glossy, begging for answers, for help, for mercy, like a small puppy waiting out under the heavy rain on a winter night, pleading its master to let him in.

"I have million reasons to do this and absolutely none not to. I can see you, Will. Behind all those glass fragments reflecting reality after reality, none of them really yours, behind the disguises, behind the smoke of everything you try to suppress and silence… behind all that, I can see you, perfect and ravenous, savage, whole. You've seen your reflection in the mirror and found me there, looking back at you, only because you see me just as much as I can see you, see what those mirrors in your mind truly reflect. I can see the best of you, Will. Maybe you could see the best of me in you one day."

Oh, what a cruel and confusing thing Hannibal could be, each and every of his words complicating Will's very existence, making him feel a hurricane of emotions that mixed up so much he didn't even know what to feel at all for a second.

“You’ve been playing with the strings inside my head, Dr. Lecter, whispering death in my ears with lullabies. You tricked me, pretended to be my psychiatrist, my friend, that person I could trust. You alienated me from everything and everyone, even from myself. Alienated everything except you. Made Alana burst in front of my eyes, even made me part of her death, of your… ‘design’. Because that’s all I am to you. One of your designs.” The words tasted like poison in Will’s tongue, cruel and deadly, cold and dry, “I have million reasons to kill you, Dr. Lecter.”

“But still,” Hannibal’s hand slowly moved towards Will’s face, slowly and so softly cupping the other’s face, a sharp and breathless gasp falling from Will’s quivering parted lips, “You can’t pull the trigger.” Hannibal added in a whisper, looking down at William’s plump lips.

“Why?” William whimpered breathlessly as if falling apart, those oceans begging once more for that so needed help, begging for someone to catch him one more time.

“The most precious and invaluable gift a real bond can give is the ability to understand and be understood, to see and to be seen with absolute clarity. I would dare to say blindfolds don’t seem to be as appealing as they used to. Pulling the trigger might be blindfolding yourself once more.” Hannibal’s thumb caressed Will’s soft and warm cheek so gently, soft like snowflake falling over the tender grass, smooth like the silk of Death’s robe.

Will certainly didn’t want to blindfold his eyes ever again. More even, he wanted to be understood, seen. Nobody had ever really seen him, maybe not even himself, and the idea of being noticed in such a way made him feel so alive, so real. For the first time, Will was not invisible. He wasn’t just that ‘weirdo’ whose mind was such an alien thing; a thing to avoid or to be used by others without any shades of grey in between. For the first time, he felt special. Something that someone could finally see. Hannibal spoke of him as if the young man were unique, even his hand caressed his face as if he were a treasure made of fine porcelain, something precious and delicate like the feathers of an angel that fell and got lost in Earth.

And, oh, how wonderful it felt to be seen, beautiful as the golden sunrays of the first dawn after an eternity of cold storms and cruel darkness, soft and warm like the arms of the mother who had never embraced Will. But Hannibal’s promise was as tempting as it was dangerous and lethal. And William knew it.

But Will couldn’t afford getting carried away by those sweet promises, by the intoxicating temptation of being appreciated, seen. He could reflect Hannibal, see the Ripper in his

reflection, in his dreams, dance with him until he feels they mix, melt and blurr in one same thing, feasting on each other's flesh like starving beasts, always craving for more.

But Will simply couldn't be that. He just can't be that. Can't be the reflection, that monster he sees so clearly, that unstoppable darkness swallowing every shinning star in the sky to devour every trace of light.

No, he's not like Hannibal. He is a completely different kind of darkness. He is righteousness, justice. The sickness and dementia at the service of everything that is fair.

A rabid dog wrapping a collar around its own neck to be good and behave.

A man who can see when no other can but yet, decides to blindfold himself over and over again.

"You're right, Hannibal," William used the other's first name for the first time, wearing a crooked smile on his face as he slightly shrunk a shoulder, "I can't pull the trigger. You're no rabid dog to be put down," William spoke quietly, carefully placing the hammer of the revolver on its original position before he opened the cylinder to let the remaining bullets inside the magazine fall to the floor like dice over a gambling table. Hannibal retrieved his hand from William's very soft face, his eyes looking down at those silvery bullets that fell like droplets on the ground before looking back at William's eyes. Will chuckled breathy through that smirk that seemed impossible to tell if it was some sort of surrendering gesture or just sarcastic, letting the revolver slip from his sweaty fingers and fall on the floor to join the bullets.
Hannibal watched with curious amusement, one eyebrow raising on his forehead as he saw Will's empty hand up in the air and that smile that seemed to whisper a mute surrender that just couldn't be trusted. But the fact that the knife he previously handed to the other was still held by Will's left hand didn't escape Hannibal at all.

Wicked thing you are, my lamb.

"Is this your surrender, Will?" Hannibal teased with a playful smirk, whispering the words as if encouraging a child into trying one more time before giving up on learning how to ride a bicycle.

William sighed a wicked smirk, tilting his head to a side as he tightened his grip on the knife he was holding like if it were that thin thread to climb back to his morality and sanity, even if sane was something that felt so foreign right now.

"No," William breathed out as he leaned his face closer to Hannibal's, close enough to feel

the warmth emanating from the older male's skin, close enough to breathe in the other's so intoxicating scent, close enough to feel nothing else exists in the world right now but the two of them. Will's heart raced madly inside his chest, ticking like a bomb ready to explode, his pupils dilating until the black devoured that beautiful blue almost completely, breathing sharply so close to Hannibal's cruel lips. And oh, how lost inside those beautiful eyes Hannibal felt, how hypnotized he was by William's so exquisite scent, feeling his own heart racing as well once his dark fierce eyes fell on those lips that were so painfully close.

"This is where I fight back." William growled with savage rage, letting the desire to attack the other to rise within him like a rushing fire, allowing himself to see at least a little of what those mirrors in his mind reflected as he plunged the blade of the knife into Hannibal's shoulder just where the bullet pierced the flesh before, making the older man grunt in response, the deep sound being as threatening as the roar of a lion who's just been shot with a dart and is about to devour that poor fool who dared to aim that pathetic little thing at him.

Pain was more than visible on Hannibal's face at least for the second during which Will twisted the blade of the knife into the muscle he had stabbed, that grunt soon turning into a hiss and the pain on his face in that mocking gesture of subtle pleasure.

Will used the blade of the knife as an axis to rotate Hannibal, both men spinning as if it were a waltz, the moves giving William a familiar and very odd feeling.

William pushed Hannibal against the wall, lunging his body against the other's and causing the knife to sink further into the flesh that looked like minced meat already while a fist reached Hannibal's jaw. The older male sketched the most delighted of smiles in response as if all that was capable of causing him some kind of twisted pleasure, as if being attacked by Will amused him to the core.

And it did caused him such a great pleasure indeed, amused him like nothing ever did before. This was just so intimate, so savage and visceral. Something that could only come from the most recondite depths of William, something hidden, forbidden, like a secret being poured into surface in a loud lung-tearing scream.

What a beautiful sin you are, Will.

The younger male kept losing control, the wrath of the lamb guiding his fist to collide against Hannibal's jaw again, and again, and again. Droplets of blood splattered over Hannibal's and William's face as small cuts broke through the older male's face and the younger one's knuckles. The empath growled in rage, finding Lecter's stained-in-blood smirk annoying as salt over wounds.

Why won't that bastard fight me? Stop me? Am I a joke to him? Is this just a fucking game to Hannibal?

"Why won't you just… fucking do something!" William spat the words out between his clenched teeth, mad with frustration as he pulled out the blade from Hannibal's shoulder extracting another low grunt from the older male, his fist wrapping around the handle of the knife before pushing Hannibal hard enough to make him fall.

Hannibal fell on his back and William followed him, straddling the older male's hips as he landed on top of him, raising the knife in the air aiming at Hannibal's face to erase that damn smirk with the blade if he had to.

And only then, Hannibal stopped the lamb.

Lecter's hand wrapped around William's wrist, gripping it firmly, strong like Will thought only something inhuman would be, stopping the knife only a few inches away from his face.

Will's eyes widened in utter surprise, his lips parting to utter only a choking sound followed by a heavy panting as he couldn't form words at all.

"Enough." Hannibal said in the mannerism of a father putting his child in place, gripping Will's other wrist too with his other hand, flipping them in one fast move so he would be the one on top.

William gasped, half surprised and half scared as the older male moved on top of him, Will's legs still at each side of Hannibal's hips. The older male pinned the other down with his abdomen and hips, holding both of William's wrists down against the floor at each side of the brunette's head. Will tried to jerk his fists, tried to move and release himself from the other's grip, kicking the air and the hard floor with the heels of his feet, but it was all futile. Hannibal was just too strong. So strong William even wondered if he ever really stood a chance.

Has Hannibal been playing with him all along? Letting Will attack him just for the thrill? To mock him?

Will was a beauty even the nymphs of Eden's gardens would envy. His chest was raising and falling so fast, his brunette and now very messy curls spread over the floor and on his forehead, thick eyelashes batting like angel wings as he blinks in surprise, droplets of sweat making his pale skin look like a delicate white rose caressed by the soft morning dew, and those plump lips parting now and then as William just can't stop himself from panting. Such beauty could certainly be weather a gift from heaven or the most forbidden sin crafted in hell itself.

“I believe this is where you meet the fate I’ve built for you.” Hannibal said, panting ever so slightly after all the physical pain he endured.

Will swallowed dry saliva, those words giving him a bad feeling in his guts.

“I hope to give you indigestion.” William spat in a murmur.

Hannibal grinned widely, loving William’s fierceness with each and every of his cells. Of course his lamb won’t cry for mercy, no matter how big the threat would be.

“Such a cunning boy you are,” Hannibal purred and leaned his face closer to Will’s, the younger male instinctively moving his own face away, accidentally exposing his neck to the other. The older male’s nose almost touched the empath’s sensitive skin as he searched for that exquisite smell, closing his eyes as if lost in ecstasy as he inhaled deeply the other’s scent and savoring the fear and the anger emanating from the empath’s pores, a delicacy so intoxicating no wine, flower or perfume in the whole world could ever compete with.

He opened his eyes once more, gazing at William who’d just decided that maybe it was better not to expose his neck to a damn cannibal. The stronger male looked down at Will’s parting lips and tilted his head to a side as he leaned his face closer to the other’s ever so slightly, their lips so close it burnt like hellfire, feeling William’s panting mixing with his much more calm breathing.

“But I’m afraid you’re not on the menu just yet.” Hannibal added, his eyes looking back at Will’s stormy oceans before releasing William’s wrists, his hands quickly wrapping around the younger male’s neck but not to strangle. He didn’t applied enough pressure to the throat to make the other completely unable to breath. Instead, he pressed his thumbs down against William’s carotid, expertly reducing the amount of blood flowing up to the brain so he would make the empath lose consciousness. William instantly reached up to Hannibal’s neck, but the older male’s elbows forced William’s hands away from his neck. The empath felt so small and weak, helpless as a prey, only able to sink his nails in Hannibal’s hands in another futile attempt to stop the stronger male on top of him.

Will parted his lips more widely at the pressure at his carotid, Hannibal’s maneuver making him feel lightheaded and whine softly, pushing his head up as he gasped for air. His cheeks and lips flushed due to the pressure at his neck, those blue oceans turning glossy as water was welling up in them as a physiological response to the measured lack of air and blood Hannibal caused him. Oh, how Hannibal wanted to bite those lips that begged for air, to feel their warmth, to know how they tasted. He felt too immerse in the moment he was living in to battle those thoughts, to tell himself it wasn’t rational to want such things, to convince himself that he doesn’t want it, that he doesn’t want to kiss William until completely stealing his breath away, until splinters of his soul sinks in Will’s skin.

“P…please…” Will managed to say, the word almost impossible to hear but Hannibal heard it perfectly well. The poor empath was flooded in fear, falling down and sinking in panic, in a cold place he feared no one would ever find him, in a place so far that he might be forever lost until he turns into mere dust dancing in the wind, disappearing in molecules that never even existed, a whisper no one ever heard, a dream forgotten as soon as our head leaves the pillow.

“I promise it will stop soon. It’s only worse to fight it.” Hannibal whispered, watching how William kept pushing his head up closer to his as he gasped for air, that tempting mouth almost brushing his as Hannibal didn’t move even an inch away, needing to battle the need to crash Will’s lips with his.
He felt William’s fingernails slowly sinking a little less into his hands as the younger male began loosing his strength by the second, getting closer and closer from passing out.

“Yes. Give in into it. Just like that.” Hannibal cooed softly, feeling the other’s hands leaving his and watching them fall limp on the floor.

Will’s eyes became hooded as his eyelids felt just too heavy, tears falling at each side and rolling down his face until they fell on the floor. What a beautiful sight it was, perfect to utmost detail, a piece of art that would make the very Michelangelo feel ashamed of each and every of his creations.

I don’t want to die. Not here. Not like this.

A last sparkle of fear shimmered in those blue eyes, a kind of fear Hannibal saw before so many times. It was the fear of those begging for mercy, of those fearing death with his every cell, of those about to die in his hands. But he knew his lamb just wouldn’t beg, he was better than that. Better than anyone else.

Hannibal lowered his face more, bringing his lips at Will’s right ear.

“You won’t die tonight, my lamb,” he whispered in the softest of ways as if singing the most tender lullaby before pressing his lips on Will’s forehead, placing a gentle kiss on the other’s soft skin.

“It’s a promise.” He murmured just as softly and William closed his eyes once unconsciousness finally swallowed him.

The older man released Will’s neck and gazed at the brunette that seemed to be so peacefully

asleep, frail and pure as an angel. His hand caressed William's porcelain face as if secretly comforting his precious and unconscious lamb before standing up to walk to the kitchen.

He opened the door of one large cupboard, taking out from it the pots and pans that were hiding a secret second door that was at the back of the cupboard, the hidden door not even visible to the eye as it simply looked like the back of the furniture. Hannibal pushed the wooden surface inwards until the entrance to his underground big dungeon was revealed, leaving it open for easier access.

He came back to William, going down on one knee and wrapping his arms around the younger male to carefully scoop him up in his strong embrace as if carrying the most delicate thing in the whole world.
His eyes admired every line and detail on William's face as he carried him like a bride, pacing towards the secret entrance of his very own underworld, like Hades finally stealing his Persephone away.

"Beautiful tyrant, feind angelical, dove feather raven, wolvish-ravening lamb," Hannibal softly whispered Shakespeare's words at the man asleep in his arms as he walked down the stairs that led to his underground second house.

"For I never knew true beauty until tonight."

Chapter End Notes

Will:* shoots Hannibal. *
Hannibal:.....
Will:* stabs Hannibal *
Hannibal:.....
Will:* repeatedly punches Hannibal in the damn face. *
Hannibal:.....
Will: "what the fuck, man?! Are you masochist or some shit?"
Hannibal:.....
Will: * kicks Hannibal in the balls *
Hannibal: * moans like the needy bitch he is and blushes *
Will: "I'm done. We're over."
Hannibal: "no, don't leave me senpai!" * blushes in 50 shades of gay *

Oh, fuck... This chapter was really hard to write xD
It certainly ended up being longer than I thought it would be.
But, you can't complain, this time I wasn't all cruel with my big-ass cliffhangers xD I really do have my regrets though, would've loved to come up with another cliffhanger ¬¬ but I think I ended up with my brain all burnt after the long chapter.
You do know twisted things are a little closer, don't you ;3
Random thing: just realized it's already the freaking 28 chapter and they didn't give each other a damn kiss on the freaking lips xD idk if I'm very cruel or if I do handle the angst and the tension like... Better than I expected myself to xD
When I started writing this fanfic, I literally thought they would kiss in chapter 5 and fuck like animals like in... Idk.. Chapter 7?
Ok... I'm ranting too much already xD maybe the fever is frying my brain indeed ¬¬
Gonna rant some more: is it healthy feeling like I don't even need a real relationship because I am still very much obsessed with hannigram after all this time? XD
OK, no, I'm fucked up in the head, I know, I know...
As always, thank you very much for all the kudos, the hits, everything. Specially the comments since that is what keeps me writing the most <3
Let me know on the comments how are you enjoying or hating this so far.
Also... Let me know any grammar mistake (yep. I said it before xD English isn't my language.)

Please

Chapter Notes

Hi there! I'm back :3 sorry for the delay. My health is still quite terrible u.u
Just in case it's confusing, the beginning is from Will's point of view :3
Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 29

Please

I thought I stood a chance. Thought I could bring him down, put him behind bars or even end his life, make justice in some way. Or at least make things more even. But apparently, fate isn't on my side.

It never is.

I don't even understand how did I end up on the floor nor why can't I break free from his grip. It's like I've lost all kind of strength, like a new-born deer trying to swim through the whole sea in the middle of a storm breaking the sky in half. His hands are just too strong and I keep getting weaker and weaker... So much weaker. It doesn't matter how much I struggle, how much I sink my nails in his hands. Hannibal is just stronger. I wonder if any of this is even real. I mean… I did shoot him, didn't I? Then why is he so damn strong?

Was he toying with me all along?

Probably. Like a big cat sinking its claws on the small mouse just to see when the tiny little bones break, to see how much it resists before reaching the point of no return when you know the mouse won't survive no matter what.

Is this… my point of no return?

I feel his digits digging into my neck like ants creating tunnels for their anthill. His breath, a mix of wine, peppermint and perhaps cinnamon brushes my face. It's sweet, but burns in a way I just can't explain, as if a demon were huffing against my skin. He's so close I fear he

might turn me into stone with his dark eyes or even tear my whole face off with his teeth alone.

I hate to admit it, but know I can't escape. Not now at least. Perhaps not ever.

Well, not in one piece at least.

For how long has he been choking me? It feels like it's been for hours. But it can't be, right? It's impossible.

Unless this is just another dream.

Or has it been happening for just seconds? I really can't tell. It's just… so hard… to think. I'm here, but I'm also somewhere else and nowhere at all at the same time.

Where is my mind? Where am I?

I can't even see…

Wait. Yes, I can. But… those damn antlers…

Hannibal. Right. I'm at his place, being choked to death.

*I have to stop him. I **need** to stop him.*

But my hands feel so numb. And my arms. And my legs. And my face. It all fades to black bit by bit, like the stele of a shooting star disappearing into the darkness of the night, into the nothingness, into oblivion. Forgotten. I fade into the throat of death, slowly, unswallowed.

I don't want to die. Not here. Not like this.

Hannibal got closer. I can barely hear him nor see him in this huge blur but I know he's closer, I can feel his strong, fine and peculiar scent, that black aura that spills from him like mist, the deadly electricity emanating from him, so I focus my eyes and try to see, to read his lips so the weak sounds I hear will make sense.

He says I won't die tonight, or at least that's what I believe he's saying.

And then, his lips kisses my forehead, and they burn and sting, even when they are soft and warm to the touch. If Judas ever existed, I'm sure Hannibal is the very reincarnation of him right now. His lips are the cold breeze of Death. A betrayal. A hellish poison that leaks into

our world to sow a chaos so well orchestrated it could overshadow any piece ever composed by Mozart himself.

Those fingers just won't stop squeezing my life away. I can feel my heart beat so slow… I never knew a human heart could actually beat this slow. I'm terrified, yet, I know my heartbeats are weaker than ever, not even the fear or the survival instincts allows it to beat any faster. Wanting to regain control, to fight back as you feel how your very soul wants to crawl its way out your body is something I don't wish even upon my worst enemy.

Well, actually, maybe I do.

I have to do something. I need to. But no matter how hard I try, my eyes won't stay open and my body won't react. I try to focus, to look at Hannibal to remind my brain of the need to fight because the enemy is right in front of me, over me, strangling me like a damn boa constrictor. But closing my eyes is just so good. God… it's so, so good.

And then, everything turned black, empty, silent. How peaceful the nothingness can be, like a quiet, abandoned graveyard. No worries, no bad memories, no fears at all. Just a wonderful absence of everything.

I don't know where I am nor am I sure of who I am. I just know this darkness feels nice, comfortable. And I wanna stay here. Away from whatever was haunting me, far from the noise, from the pain.

Yes, it's so, so nice.

But then, I hear a noise. What is it? Footsteps? Yeah, definitely footsteps. Can't be mine though, I can't move a muscle.

I'm not sure how, but I think I'm being carried…

Am I a child again? Did I fall asleep on the couch and dad is carrying me to bed?

No, I'm not a child anymore. I'm almost sure.

Then, if I'm not a child... Who's carrying me?

I try to open my eyes, but it's like my soul is disconnected from my body. In fact, I don't feel my body at all. Maybe I don't have a body anymore? Did I ever had one?

Am I… dead?

And then… I get lost in a chain of meandering, irrational thoughts. And it feels good, relaxing. Ignorance can be such a bless sometimes, a sweet treat for the starving, aching heart, a drug for the impatient and unstoppable mind that just won't stop screaming like a wounded animal.

The tranquility of silence engulfs me like worms feasting on the rotten. Is a devastating and priceless pleasure. Calm and tender like the ocean in a windless summer day, and for once, I don't feel anxious, awkward, insane or any of the things I usually feel. I just give in into that void, delighting myself in that spot where time and space don't exist, where I don't exist.

Yes, silence can be such a wonderful thing.

But then… I hear it. I can't feel anything yet, but I can hear it…

Is there… somebody out there? It sounds like a man, breathing hard, almost grunting.

Is he in pain?

Who is he?

It takes an insane amount of effort, but I finally open up my eyes. Everything's blurry, distorted, like when you wake up from a very long and bad dream.

I think I'm laying down on a bed or a stretcher, I'm not sure. But there's a man here too. I think I know him.

Do I?

Damn, it's so hard to see.

He has no shirt and his right shoulder is bleeding, and his face. He looks like he's been beaten or something, or stabbed, or both.

What the hell happened?

He took something out of his shoulder. I'm not sure… but I think it's a… wait, is he stitching himself?

I open my mouth but the sound won't come out of my throat. I don't know how, but I think he heard me.

I want to speak, to move, but my eyes close by themselves and everything fades to black again.

Light pierces my eyes as I open them up once more. It burns, but the shades are starting to have shape.

The man… his face is hovering over mine now. He looks calm but also like he's been beaten up.

Have I seen him before?

'Hello Will,' he says, and I try to focus but I don't remember him. But that name... I think it's my name.

'Stay still for me.' He whispers and then I feel something sharp piercing my arm, a needle I guess. Maybe I'm at a hospital?

'Give that a moment.' The man says and I look down at the needle leaving my arm.

Yes, I'm sure I'm at a hospital. Besides, there's too much light here, you know, like in a hospital. Or an interrogation room...

This has to be a hospital. Maybe I had an accident?

And then, I start feeling… fluid. Like spilling.

Oh, God, how do I even describe what I'm feeling right now? Everything feels so… so… fucking soft. And the colors! I've never seen colors so bright and pretty. It's madness. And I swear the walls are moving, breathing. I should be scared, but… this is just so wonderful. And feels so nice.

I wonder if I can fly...

Damn… I can't. What a shame. Would've been so nice.

'*What did you give me, doc? -s… nice.' I ask the man. My voice is so weak, but it's fine… as*

long as everything is soft… everything's fine.

The doctor walks towards me and I try to move. My arm moves, but I can't sit up by myself. Shit... Am I paralyzed?

Oh, doctor's nice. He's sitting me up. Nice.

Good, nice doctor.

Why am I giggling? I swear I sound like a bee... Or a dog. Dogs are nice too.

Fuck, my tongue wants to escape my face and I swear the ceiling has red eyes.

No, come on Will, hold your shit together.

'*A special cocktail. I could name the chemicals I gave you but you probably won't be able to remember later so I will only tell you what you need to know for the moment. You will feel a certain lack of consciousness, an altered perception over colors, shapes, sensations, like in a dream. You won't be able to tell for sure what is real and what is not. Those are mere transitional delusions, don't worry about them.' The doctor says and I feel lost in the words. They feel like… hard to understand.*

'*Am I dying?' I ask him and then I feel the world spinning around me. I think I'm falling.*

Yes, I'm definitely falling.

But he catches me before I fall down and I feel… safe. I feel like… he caught me like this before? Nah… that makes no sense. But fuck, he's so, so soft. He grabs my face and his hands are like cotton, like gentle petals on my skin. He caresses my cheek and I lean into the touch. I… I like it.

'*No, you're not dying.' the doctor says as he looks at my eyes, pointing a tiny light into them. Damn, how annoying the light is.*

Never mind, the stupid light is gone.

'*Will you… will you take care of me, doctor?' I ask him, and no matter how much I try, my voice sounds too weak, too breathy. And a stupid giggle escapes my lips again. He smiles at me and I must admit the doctor has such a beautiful smile. His silvery hair looks so soft too. I want to touch it. And taste it.*

I feel a dense liquid falling from my lower lip. I hope I'm not drooling. I must be though, I can't close my mouth.

'*Yes, Will,' The doctor says, but I can't look at him, my eyes got lost, I can feel them roll to the back of my head… and I also feel the doctor's finger brushing my lip, wiping away what I know now is my own saliva.*

Fuck, I was drooling. How embarrassing.

Well, at least the nice doctor is helping me close my mouth with his hand.

'*Yes, I'll take care of you.' The doctor says but I can't see him. I know my eyes are open but for a reason I just can't see. But at least I know I'm safe, the doctor said he would take care of me and he seems nice. He must be very close because I can feel his breath against my lips. It's so sweet and… familiar. Alluring… and…*

Terrifying.

Why is it terrifying? It shouldn't be, right?

My eyes focus again and I try to force my sight, try to see something, anything. And I see him, the doctor. His eyes are so dark I fear they might drain my soul as two supermassive black holes greedily engulfing it all. He stares at my lips and I look down at his. They look so soft...

'*Have you roofied me?' I ask him, a giggle escapes my lips before I bite the lower down to stop the stupid sound.*

'*Something… similar.' He says with a small and slightly playful smirk and I laugh again. I probably shouldn't laugh. Sounds like… something bad, something a doctor shouldn't say. But he said he would take care of me.*

'*What's… your name?' I ask him, my voice sounds like such a soft whisper even with all the effort I put into uttering the words. He chuckles in a throaty way, almost seductively, and his breath caresses my mouth. I part my lips, feeling even weaker as I pant very softly, feeling my heart beat so fast for a reason.*

I feel like I'm spinning, like I will fall down and I grab onto his shoulder for stability, and for some reason he grunts quietly, as if he's in some kind of pain all of the sudden. Maybe it has

something to do with the blood on his shirt? But he's the doctor. That's probably my own blood. Maybe I'm gripping his shoulder too hard.

He's still staring at my lips and his gaze almost burns me, sends sweet shivers down my spine. Every color is unrealistic and very realistic at the same time, like a Renaissance painting mixed with pop art, but even in this state, I can't deny this man is so, so handsome. He looks lethal like poison and refined like expensive wine, as if danger and sex could take the form of a human being.

I know I'm not into men… but right now I swear I almost want to kiss him. That upper lip is just gorgeous.

His thumb caresses my jaw and I take a shaky breath. My hand tightens around his shoulder as I lean a little closer as if magnetized by him. I'm almost sure he feels physical pain for some reason but he still looks at my mouth. I wonder if he wants to kiss me.

I'm almost sure I want to kiss him…

Why won't he tell me his name?

Those lips, they look so tempting. His upper one brushes mine and God, how soft, how dangerously close.

*I want to kiss him. I **have** to kiss him.*

'*How easily you forget me, Will.' he says, his voice sounding rather playful but also smugly. It's seductive nonetheless, gives me a strange feeling under my stomach, warm and tight.*

'*But I don't know you. I would certainly remember you if I did.' I say, my voice also sounding raspy, low. Am I trying to freaking seduce the doctor?*

*But he chuckles in the most deep, low and hoarse way and I feel like my guts are melting and my heart wants to break free from my ribcage like a teenager waiting at school for the break bell to ring. The doctor makes me feel small for a reason, defenseless, like a prey… but I like it. I swear he **is** danger and sex.*

'*Why is that, my lamb?' The doctor says and I don't know why, but I feel hypnotized by him*

and magnetized by those lips that smirk in such a wicked, charming way, almost erotic. I breathe out against them, brushing them with my own lips, shyly, softly…

But…
Wait… did he say 'my lamb'?

Why would he call me…

No, this can't be right. This…
This can't be real. Please, someone tell me this isn't real.

I feel so confused it hurts. It's so hard to think. But I know, I know there's something huge I'm missing.

There's something very, very wrong.

And then, the truth slowly begins to reach me, torture me, bringing reality to my brain, adrenaline to my rushed blood, shivers down my spine and death before my eyes.

I'm at no hospital. I know that now... And I know this man. He is… danger. He is…

I know who he is. He's the one I've been searching for. He's the Ripper.

He is…

'*Hannibal…?' I whisper so quietly, as if uttering that name scares me, as if I fear pronouncing it would summon the boogie man. In fact, much worse than the boogie man.*

'*No…' I whisper breathlessly and feel a knot at my throat strangling me from within. I try to move, push him away but I feel everything slipping away like sand as if I was falling down from the world itself, leaking, vanishing, fading. 'N-no… no, no, no, no, no-…' I repeat, as if denying my fears would make them mere nightmares I can forget as soon as my head leaves the pillow.*

But there's no way to wake up from this, from him. This is not a dream. I'm wide awake, and he's here with me.

'*Yes~' Dr. Lecter purrs in a sinister, deadly whisper, and I feel my guts twists in chills right*

before I see a flickering light flashing before my eyes, behind my eyes, inside my head, up and down, everywhere and nowhere. Everything melts, slows down like the song of an old music box coming to the end.

And then, the darkness swallows me again.

It was no easy task to carry William all the way down to his secret underground house. Hannibal had his shoulder quite injured due to the bullet and the stabs, and even for him, a man who has learned how to turn pain into pleasure, to endure it to the very limit, it was still hard to carry an adult male all the way down through those narrow stairs. But a messed up shoulder wasn't going to stop the Ripper from doing something he wanted to do. And to lock his little lamb away from the rest of the world wasn't just something he wants to do.

He desires it, craves for it.

It certainly felt almost like a dream. To desire something for so long certainly feels like some sort of spell that might break if you make just one wrong step once you are reaching that dream.

Hannibal never made wrong moves. Even what could be seen as mistakes are possibilities Hannibal already calculated as a probable outcome. Nothing he does escapes his millions and millions of predictions.

But no matter his efforts, no matter how hard he may try, Will is something Hannibal can never entirely predict. And that's why he has to have him. Needs to have him. William is that one and only exception, an indecipherable epiphany, a puzzle with no shapes, an unholy Grail, a poisonous remedy Hannibal needs just like shadows need light to even exist.

A grunt broke free from Hannibal's throat as he placed William down on a stretcher, the skin around his eyes scrunching up due to the pain at his very messed up shoulder. As a doctor, he knew the muscles were very damaged as well as a few tendons and nerves since he had little to no sensitivity in certain areas and even had difficulty with moving or contracting some muscles, and if he wanted to recover the whole functionality of his arm, he had to do something about it and now.

He took of his soaked-in-blood dressing shirt and placed a mirror in front of him to inspect the wound. It was worse than he thought. Several nerves were cut, and even when that was what allowed him to handle the pain quite well, he knew the healing would be long and quite painful. If something hurts more than a nerve being cut, then that's a nerve being reconnected and healing.

As he was stitching the nerves, he heard William mumbling but didn't mind. Even if the empath manages to stand up, the door to escape Hannibal's 'underworld' was already locked and only Hannibal knew the password for the digital keypad lock than even needed his thumb's fingerprint to get the screen activated. Yes, the Ripper's been very busy buying many stuff on the online black market lately.

After quite painful and long forty-eight minutes, Hannibal managed to stitch up the damaged nerves, tendons, muscles and skin at his shoulder. It was no easy task but he did well enough to preserve the tissues. And fortunately, he finished just in time to receive a waking-up William already with his shirt back on.

It was such an interesting, curious and amusing thing for Dr. Lecter to see William under the effects of the strong chemical cocktail. He was a confused, weak and giggly mess, sweating and swaying like a boat in turbulent waters. Hannibal knew how defenseless Will was at that moment, vulnerable like a small and very drunk ortolan, caged and at his entire and utter mercy.

You seem so weak, my lamb. So innocent… it's almost a sin not to take a bite right now.

William was completely drugged, his jaw slackening and falling as his eyes got lost. Hannibal grabbed his face as if it was the most precious and delicate thing that ever existed, his pupils growing wildly to engulf the sight of those parted lips dripping drool. What a perverted, sinful and wicked view it was. A delight tempting enough to make Hannibal very slightly lick his own lips fleetingly as he wipes the saliva away from Will's with his thumb. He felt the warmth of his breath mixing with William's and his pupils devoured quite a big part of his brown irises, his heart beating a little faster in response to the very alluring proximity.

Their lips had been so close for so long now it was a torture to Hannibal… and to Will too, at least now that he was still lured and high with chemicals. Lecter was so immerse and lost in the closeness of those plump lips, in the electricity and unexplainable utter temptation he felt when William brushed them against his.

But the empath's brain would always find a way out of spells, of deceiving, even if he's under the influence of such strong drugs.

"Hannibal?" William asked and the name seemed to finally break the spell as fear begun to cloud those big blue eyes, "No… N-no, no, no, no-…" the poor empath chanted like players, like begging God this to be just a dream.

But what 'God' is Will praying to right now exactly?

“Yes~” Hannibal purred like sweet poison slipping his cruel lips.

And then, the empath’s eyes rolled at the back of his head, the blue irises hidden and replaced by white as his whole body begun to violently shake. Hannibal placed his hands at each side of William’s very warm and now more sweaty face to hold him in place, but the convulsions are just too strong this time.

“Will…” Hannibal whispered even if he knows calling out his name will grant him no response. Foamy saliva begun to slip out of Will’s slightly parted lips and the shakes became even stronger.

“Will.” Hannibal almost yelled this time, but it was futile once more. The older male seemed to almost hesitate for the first time, teetering ever so slightly as if not knowing exactly what to do, a very tiny glimpse of anxiety shimmering in his dark eyes for less than a second before scooping up the younger male between his arms.

He carries him like a bride, rather fast as he walks along the corridors of his ‘underworld’. The pain at his shoulder isn’t important right now. He needs to make the fever go down or William’s brain will suffer an irreversible damage this time.

What’s even the point of having the teacup all for himself if it might not come back together?

The teacup has to come back together. It *has* to.

Finally, Hannibal reaches the bathroom of the underground house. As he still holds William tight against his chest, he managed to squeeze the faucets of the bathtub open to fill it with cold water. And without thinking, Hannibal gets inside the bathtub, sitting in it and placing William over his lap as if he were a small child at his care. Will’s still shaking violently and Hannibal had to shelter him with his body, prevent him from hitting himself with the walls of the bathtub by holding him tight as a tourniquet.

The cold water begun falling over them both, the cold liquid and the previous blood-loss already making Hannibal shiver a little bit. Will’s eyes were close now, moving fast behind the eyelids as flashing lights flooded his brain. Hannibal felt the droplets he could see falling down Will’s face and body were pouring down too slowly, as if time itself has been reordered, manipulated by some force.

If he could only manipulate biology…

“Come now, my boy. This is not the time to shatter.” Hannibal whispered, still knowing William won’t respond.

The older male took a sharp, shaky breath, exhaling heavily as if breathing out his very soul.

“Don’t do this, Will.” He whispered through quivering lips, one of his hands caressing Will’s wet locks as if the young man were of glass before pressing the brunette’s head against his chest.

The convulsions slowly began to slow down, and Hannibal didn’t knew if he should feel relieved or worry even more, because William wasn't responding at all.

Hannibal’s hands firmly grabbed Will’s face, bringing it closer to his.

“Come on, Will. Stay here, boy… Stay with me.” The almost weak whispers remained with no response, and Hannibal felt not only the teacup was shattering, but also his own inner palace.

As he held William like that, so helpless and under the cold rain of the shower, Hannibal remembered that night under the rain when he sheltered Will with his umbrella. How soft his face was, and those big blue eyes, so sweetly begging for protection.

If he could only reverse time...

Will wasn't responding at all. And even if he's still breathing, if the human brain dies, the person is pretty much an empty case. And Dr. Lecter knew that all too well.

For once, as Hannibal slowly begun to gently rock William’s body between his arms, he didn’t feel like God, didn’t feel that quiet sense of power, at all.

“Stay with me… please, stay with me.”

Cruel, cruel silence. Can take so much away with only nothingness itself.

Chapter End Notes

Me: "nah... I'll be nice. I won't leave a cliffhanger at the end this time. They've been waiting for too long."
Me: * decides to put a damn cliffhanger at the very last moment *

Yesss... Another cliffhanger haha xD but this one wasn't so cruel, was it? :3

Hannibal: * abuses from Will's brain and feeds him more drugs than all the ones made and used on breaking bad *
Will brain: * burns like hell *
Hannibal: *looks up at the sky* "why are you so cruel God? What have I ever done to be deserving of your wrath?"

As always, thank you very much for all the kudos, the hits, everything. Specially the comments since that is what keeps me writing the most <3
Let me know on the comments how are you enjoying or hating this so far.
Also... Let me know any grammar mistake (yep. I said it before xD English isn't my language.)

Lost in the fog

Chapter Notes

I'm so sorry for the delay u.u but... Fortunately, my health is a lot better :3
Funny fact that wasn't so funny xD... One of the possible diagnoses was encephalitis. Yep...
BTW.. I made a Playlist on Spotify in case you wanna hear something with this :3

https://open.spotify.com/user/fehxtov5ptbsa24yrji9e01tm/playlist/1I3vAdf3hKs1h5YjvQDBqM?si=1WY9J10KSMKjOpBux44etg
That's the link. Or you can find it typing the name of the fanfic, "feed me your hate".

Also, if anyone wants to rp hannigram, you can find me on ig as Helena.lecter xD

Anyway, enjoy :3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 30

Lost in the fog

Not even one thing was in its right place in Jack Crawford's life, probably not even his own head. The Ripper's identity was still unknown and everyone in Maryland was a suspect. Alana was dead. Will was missing, and as if all that chaos wasn't enough to torture the poor man, his so beloved Bella has been hospitalized by the time he was at Dr. Bloom's scene.

Jack's been suspecting something was wrong with his wife or at least with their relationship. That woman whose light always illuminated even the most dismal of his days had stopped to shine for quite some time already. What used to be warm nights of cuddles, laughter and tender kisses slowly faded away to turn into long, cold silences, an empty spot in the bed between them. The light of the days seemed so much more dim, gray, like an old movie whose tape began to blur and suddenly, he felt lonely like a seahorse who had lost its lifetime companion to be swallowed by a sadness only the ones who ever really knew the true

meaning of love can imagine. Jack didn't know why it all slowly dispelled like that. Was it the routine? Was it the age? Jack had always seen himself as a man almost unworthy of living next to a woman of such beauty. In his eyes, Bella was a Queen, a being so precious that simply couldn't belong to this planet, a goddess that should be worshipped. Because of that, he thought that perhaps his wife had simply found someone younger, someone more handsome or perhaps just another man with a less stressing job and enough time to fully devote to her. But none of those theories were even nearly accurate. His beloved Bella was slowly withering like a flower loosing her colors, and he still didn't know anything about it. How deep would he fall into his own personal hell? How many levels of agony had God planned him to feel in flesh and soul in just one lifetime?

The waiting room was almost empty, as if fate had found even that way of mocking him, of making him feel completely alone in this rotting world, forgotten, set apart like that old, sick dog no one ever adopts.

"Mr. Crawford?" A masculine voice called out for Jack. Crawford had his face buried in his hands, too deep and lost in his own thoughts and fears to even hear the doctor who was trying to talk to him. He was chained in that hell he was breathing in, the fire burning his soul to ashes in a never-ending torture.

"Mr. Crawford," The doctor insisted, raising his voice to catch Jack's attention, whom finally looked up at the doctor standing in front of him.

"Is she all right, doctor? What happened?" Jack said, frowning in fear as if silently begging to wake up from the nightmare. But he was wide awake and this was real as the thick air that just won't fill up his lungs.

"No." The word fell from the doctor's lips and created a tight knot in Jack's throat, "The cancer gained territory over her body," as soon as the doctor said that dry, grotesque and painful word, 'cancer', Jack felt his entire world crumbling apart, falling into million debris of what used to be a large palace always bathed by sunrays of gold to turn into nothing but broken gray pieces of nothing.

No… no… this can't be happening. This can't be happening.

Please, tell me this isn't real. Tell me she won't leave.

This can't be real. I want to wake up. Let me wake up.

"C-ca…" Jack stammered, his tongue and lips refusing to form words as he feels he can't breath at all, can't swallow, can't blink, can't anything. His sore eyes due to sleep deprivation finally felt wet after so many hours, thick tears welling up in them like a flood hiding all the light those brown eyes ever had. "C-cancer? My wife has… cancer?" he asked in a weak whisper so broken hearing it pained even the doctor in front of him.

"I'm… sorry. With a cancer in such an advanced stage I thought you knew. Your wife knew already by the time we told her." The doctor said, his lips slightly parted, hesitating a bit as he tried to pick the right words to be as gentle as possible. Jack held back the sobs and screams threatening to escape his body, his hands shaking like an addict deprived from every

drug all of the sudden, like a starved man forced to walk the desert until every muscle collapse. Thick, silent tears rolled down his dark cheeks, looking up at the doctor as if pleading him to put him out of his misery. There's always a moment in everyone's life when everything ceases to exist as it was, when you know your life won't ever be the same and that real happiness won't ever come your way. And right now, that horrible, bitter moment came into Jack's life.

“How… is she…” Jack tried to form a sentence, failing as his mind was drowned by thousand questions and a complete emptiness at the same time, “Y-you have to treat her, doctor. Please. I didn’t know she had cancer. She never said a single word about it, never took any treatment.”

“I’m afraid it’s not that simple. If a patient refuses the treatment, there’s not much we can do. She’s legally able to decline the treatment as long as she’s mentally capable. She refused to be treated given the advanced stage of the cancer. It has spread all over her body. Lungs, stomach, liver, glands… the probabilities for the treatment to succeed and defeat the cancer are very low at this point. And even if there was still a small chance, I’m afraid there’s nothing we can do unless she consents to be treated.” The doctor explained with a soft voice.

Why wouldn’t she tell him? Why would Bella decide to hide such an important thing?

Why didn't she tell me?

She's been bearing all this all alone all this time...

“How is she now?” Jack mumbled, his eyes lost in a non-existent point as if he could see past the doctor and even the walls.

“She’s awake but very sedated.”

“There has to be something we can do. I’m her husband, don’t I have a say in this? In her health? Her life? I…” His voice cracked as a sob escaped his lips, pain now more than readable in his face, “I can’t let her die, doctor!” he cried out in a broken, weak voice

“I’m afraid there’s not much we can do. We can offer treatment for the pain to make the whole process less painful, but saving her is beyond ourselves. Now, I know you have a lot of things to process, but if you could fill up this form for us,” Jack saw the doctor grabbing a few papers from his pocket, the doctor’s words fading in a distorted unrecognizable sound as if he was under water. Jack stood up, completely ignoring the doctor and walking slowly as if time had slowed down, heading to the room where he knew his wife was at.

He opened the door and found his Bella, laying on the hospital bed and connected to a few monitors and intravenous fluids as if she was some sort of frail flower in danger of extinction that couldn’t survive without all those things attached to her like wires.

“Bella…” Jack breathed out, giving two long steps to reach his wife, “Why did you not tell me?” he added, going down on his knees to grab her hand, his tears falling on Bella’s digits.

“I didn’t want you to see me as a shadow of what I used to be. As something begging for one more minute of life. I’m not a beggar, Jack. Never was, never will be. And I don’t want you to ever pity me or see me as something weak. I wanted you by my side because you wanted to be, not because you had to stay because I’m sick.” She explained, a soft but bright smile painted over her face as if personifying wisdom and strength itself, some of that light so long gone shimmering in her deep, brown eyes.

“I stay and I will always stay with you because I want to, Bella, because it is my strongest and deepest desire to hold your hand until the very end. There’s not even one single thing in this whole world able to change that.”

“I know. That’s why I was planning to leave once I couldn’t take care of myself anymore. So you won’t see my fall nor see my dead body ever. Because I know you would stay by my side until the end of the world, even if it means letting your soul die as soon as I leave this place.”

“If you leave without letting me know why, it would destroy me maybe just as much, my beautiful, foolish Bella.” He said with glossy eyes, leaning closer to press his lips against the other’s, new tears silently rolling down his eyes as his hands moved to cup her very soft face. He parted his lips from hers, thinking in silence for a moment.

“Bella,” Jack said in a rather stern way and his wife already knew what the man was about to tell her. After years of marriage, they have developed some sort of mental connection, and as she knew what was about to leave Jack’s lips, she fakes a yawn. “you have to take the treatment. You can’t just wait for the end with crossed arms. There are many things to do to reverse this.” He knew there wasn’t much to do, but he refused to admit it, refused to accept it. Bella had to be with him. She just had to.

“Jack…”

“No. You have to take the treatment, Bella. Wouldn’t you tell me the same thing if I were in your state?”

“Jack. I’m too tired. I can barely think with all the pain I felt and with all the medicines they are giving me.” She said, part of it being true, part of it a lie for she was able to stay awake if she wanted to, “I need to sleep, Jack.”

And with that, the queen defeated the king. If Bella wanted to rest, Jack had to let her rest.

“All right. But we **are** having this conversation later, okay?” he said almost in a patronizing way.

“Okay.”

“I love you.” He said, placing a soft kiss on her forehead.

“Me too, Jack.” She said and closed her eyes.

Jack stood up and very slowly stepped away from her, his hand still holding Bella's as if not wanting to disconnect himself from her, but he needed to leave the room. He felt he was about to explode and he certainly didn't want to do such thing in front of his wife. His hand finally slipped from Bella's and he paced out of the room, heading outside the hospital with more and more thick tears cascading from his reddened eyes.

It was raining heavily as if the storm inside his mind, heart and soul could manifest in the dark sky of the night above him, as if nature responded to Jack's pain and cried with him. Maybe the clouds were aching for Bella as well. Such a beautiful woman certainly couldn't belong to earth after all.

Jack leaned his back against a few piled boxes and let those sobs come out to slowly turn into louder cries, pouring out all that contained anguish that was finally exploding.

"Why? Why do you do this to me? To her? Why would you take her away from me? Why? Why?!" Jack yelled at the sky, hoping he wasn't just invisible to God. "If this is your plan then I spit on it, on your paradise and your fucking lies! How dare you hurt her?! How dare you make **her** suffer?! She's everything I have. She is my world. She is my heaven. And you take her away from me? Fuck you, your kingdom and your lies!" He yelled at the sky and it seemed to respond with an angered thunder, "Fuck you!" Jack yelled and tossed one of the heavy boxes against a wall, and then another, and another, until he ran out of boxes. His foot landed on a huge garbage container, denting the metal inwards with a string kick followed also by another, and another and another until he stopped, panting heavily as his eyes got lost in the raindrops falling on the ground before a long, loud and very pained scream came from the top of his lungs and lashed the air of the night as if responding to that strong thunder with a stronger sound until he ran out of air, that visceral scream turning into soft, heart-breaking sobs.

"Please, don't take Bella away from me." He whispered, his voice weak like a defeated warrior giving his last breath before the final lunge. But then, a sound caught his attention, bringing him back to earth, frowning in confusion at first until he realized it was his phone ringing. He reluctantly grabbed the phone from his breast-pocket and answered the call.

"Yes?" Jack said after picking up the call.

"Agent Crawford, I'm Tiana García from the cybernetic department. I know you left due to a family emergency but," a feminine voice said.

"Yes, please, tell me. Did you find anything?"

"Yes and no. We were able to decode part of the encryption but it wasn't very fruitful. Every camera was connected to a remote system, its location its unknown, untraceable. The cameras transmit but seem not to receive anything at all. It's not an exchange of VPN or anything. They just… transmit. Is unidirectional. The thing is… William Graham's phone."

"What with it?"

"Somehow, someone hacked it. It's been emitting video and sound to that same untraceable source, or at least that's what I suspect. We can't prove it's been emitting since we can trace

the receiver, but someone did hack it. We found one single connection that violated the security and information of the mobile device, it was just s few weeks ago. There was a call that connected both VPN routes and we are deciphering the hacker issuer already. After the hacking, Graham's cell phone was no longer connected to the device that violated its privacy in the first place. I assume that after accessing the operating system of the cell phone, the hacker found a way to redirect the transmission of data to his private network. Although the private network that receives the transmissions is impossible to track, it is possible to track the first device that entered the mobile operating system. Whoever it was, apparently decided to risk being caught just to get to Graham. This hacker is no amateur. He knows very well what he does. He didn't dare hacking Graham's cellphone because of mere ignorance or for reckless. For some reason, he must have an enormous interest in him." The woman at the phone explained.

"How long will it take until you decipher the whole thing to get to a location or anything at all to know who's the bastard behind all this?" Jack asked.

"I'm not sure. We are already working on it but it's serious hard work. The VPN ID seemed to be dynamic. It's like making a puzzle with thousand pieces made of other puzzles. I can't say how long will it take for sure. But at least we know we have something to start working on and hopefully, get to a specific location."

"Call as many experts in the field as you need. I don't care if you have to leave the entire country without computer service to have this done. I need his location and I need it yesterday. Understood?"

"Yes, sir."

"Anything else I should know about the cameras or Will's phone?"

"Well, the metadata of certain files in Graham's cellphone has been shifted to a different code. Even if the encryption is-"

"In English, Garcia, for God's sake. You'll burn my brain." Jack interrupted, rubbing his eyelids.

"The person who hacked Will… it seems he looked into the phone that first time he hacked it. I know it's weird, but I think he was impulsive for some reason and looked at certain conversations Graham had and even kept some of the photos stored in his gallery."

"What kind of conversations and what kind of photos?"

"I'll name them in the order he saw them since the metadata shows the exact time of the privacy violation of each o-"

"English, Garcia. Give me results, not explanations."

"Sure, my apologies," Garcia said and cleared her throat, "He looked at Graham's chats with Dr. Bloom. Then at messages between Graham and you. He kept every single one of Graham's photos, the first one he downloaded was a selfie in front of a mirror wearing boxers

and a leather jacket. It wasn't the first photo of the gallery so he browsed through the photos and decided to keep that one first. The second one was I presume an old photo of Graham at his six, seven years old on Christmas receiving presents, opening a box that had a puppy in it. All the other photos are average. I don't know if it has any importance, but perhaps it's useful to make a psychological profile on the hacker." Garcia explained.

The fact that those were the first photos the hacker decided to pick did surprise Jack. He knew the Ripper had an odd interest in Will, but he thought it was all about his mind. Keeping a photo of William in his underwear and a leather jacket and one of him as a happy child receiving a puppy certainly doesn't fit the profile of someone just interested in 'William's mind'.

What does The Ripper wants with Will?

"Thanks. It's helpful information. I'll have doctor Lecter helping me with the psychological profile tomorrow. Give me a call if you find out anything else." Jack said and ended the call.

If he only knew what a bad idea it was to call Hannibal to help with the profile of the hacker.

"Hey, dude, what the fuck?! Did you break all this shit?!" a male nurse said after coming out from the back door of the hospital, seeing all the broken boxes and tossed things around Jack.

"Yes. And I wouldn't yell at me tonight if I were you." Jack said with a very deep and stern voice that made the nurse shiver and shrank as if trying to make himself look smaller.

"No problem, sir. I'll send someone to clean it up." The nurse said and quickly entered the hospital, getting far from Jack.

Crawford sighed, his eyes turning dull and empty once more as he looks back at the dark sky, that painful sadness and sense of abandonment filling him once more.

The cold water drops of the shower slowly fell over Will, running over his face, falling from his eyelashes and down to his body. The water was cold enough to make anyone conscious shiver, but Hannibal just couldn't feel the cold at all. His mind couldn't process it as it was only focused on the fact that Will wasn't reacting at all.

Did the teacup finally shattered? Did he broke his little lamb already? He had just brought him to his underground fairytale. He can't leave just yet, right?

Right?

"Please, Will, stay with me." Hannibal said, swaying Will's face between his hands, caressing it. "Please, stay. Just stay." He whispered and frowned upwards, feeling a knot forming at his

throat. As he looks at the unconscious empath burning with fever and incapable of moving or responding, Hannibal felt something very akin to what he felt that day when he was just a small boy, watching his sister running alone in the snow. He felt that same thing he felt when he saw Mischa back then and for a reason knew he would never see her again.

Fear. It was fear.

Hannibal felt fear.

One of Lecter's strong hands landed on Will's face, slapping him hard on the cheek. And then again. And again. "Wake up. Wake up, Will." And again. "Don't do this. Don't do this, boy." And again. "You want to end up on a damn table already? If you don't wake up I'll eat your brain and heart, open your chest as you still breath, you hear me?" And again. "Don't…" And again. "Don't leave… please." He whispered softly, weakly, realizing slapping William wasn't going to make him react and come out of that state.

"Please." He whispered under his breath and pulled Will's head against his chest, holding him between his strong arms. He rested his cheek on Will's head and closed his eyes as his fists clutched at the fabrics of William's shirt as if trying to stop him from leaving this world.

"Forgive me, my precious lamb. This isn't what I wanted for you, Will. I'm sorry. So sorry." He murmured quietly, his voice sounding so weak, breathy, as if there was something crushing his chest and piercing his lungs.

And then he felt it, the pain, crushing in into his body, into his soul as he gently rocked William between his arms as if trying to comfort the unconscious brunette for what he did to him. If he could only go back in time. Even seeing Will from the distance, from the shadows like a ghost quiet and secretly watching him as that one thing you just can't have was better than having him like this; gone, an empty case that's been ripped apart of the fire it used to hold inside. Long minutes passed, and Hannibal knew how much danger of irreversible brain damage was already. Will could still have his mind in the right place, yes, but the odds were getting lower and lower by the second at it seemed like the burning brightness of William's mind finally turned into ashes.

He almost had him. He was so sure he had him he didn't even realize how far he was pushing him to the edge.

If he could only stay back in that night under his umbrella, holding Will between his arms so he won't fall, so he won't ever fall again. But the minutes passed and passed, and it seemed like William fell into a place so deep and far away now that Hannibal just couldn't hold him safe this time.

Don't go. Please, come back to me, Will. Come back to me.

I want you here...

Hannibal's eyes felt wet with a liquid much warmer than the shower's water, the knot at his throat tightening as he feels the warm fluid about to fall from his eyes. But then he heard something.

Was it a cough?

Did Will coughed?

"Whe-where…?" Will finally spoke. It was a very weak whisper though, but he spoke, and that was all that mattered.

Hannibal opened his eyes widely, a very peculiar light blossoming in those usually very dark orbs as soon as he heard the other's voice. It felt as if Hannibal's soul just came back into his body, as if he could finally breathe after eons of holding his breath. He didn't realize he did, but he tightened his arms around William as if holding what was keeping him sane and breathing. He wanted to speak, but the knot at his throat was still there and he knew his voice would crack if he happened to speak at that moment.

Will gripped Hannibal's soaked shirt, clutching it in his fist as he felt as if he would fall somewhere beyond the floor and melt, his body just to weak to try and move.

"I'm… too cold." Will whispered with a shaky, weak voice, blinking away some of the water falling over him.

Hannibal's lips curled up ever so slightly. The fact that Will felt cold was a good sign. His skin felt insanely warm to the touch just a few minutes ago. If he felt cold now it only meant his temperature was finally stabilizing. And then Hannibal realized how cold Will's body felt against his right now.

"I know," Hannibal said after clearing up his throat so the knot would allow him to speak. "Let me get you out of here so you can warm up. I have dry clothes and a warm bed for you." He added, not able to fully erase that subtle smile from his face as he looks at William, one of his hands caressing Will's wet curls backward so the water won't bother his eyes.

"I'd… love that." Will said, not able to process at that moment the fact that it was Hannibal, The Ripper, the one holding him between his arms and offering him dry clothes and a bed. He was too weak and confused to think straight, and the only thing occupying his mind right now was gaining some temperature. Besides, the kind of drugs Hannibal injected him with cause temporary amnesia in most cases, making the person forget the most recent events and sometimes a whole day, and the amount of drugs in William was enough to make him lose a whole day and to be completely out of his system already. "Why… We in a bathtub?" he added, not caring to form full sentences.

“You had a terrible fever.” Lecter said, turning off the shower and crossing his arms under Will’s armpits and behind the other’s back. “Hold on to me if you can.” He added.

“Why are you… in bathtub too?” Will asked, a strong shiver making him tremble more as cold tortured his poor and very tired body.

“I had to hold you so you wouldn’t hurt yourself. You were convulsing.” The psychiatrist said, holding William as if he were a small, brunette koala being held tight between his arms as he stood up to carry him out of the bathtub.

“You are all soaked in water because of me again... Like that night under your umbrella when I almost fell on the mud.” Will said, a tiny smile creeping on his face, "But you caught me before I could fall."

Apparently, Will was too confused, probably confused enough to be able to remember Hannibal is The Ripper. It was something common after a very severe fever and after such strong chemical submission. It was as if Hannibal was that man William could rely on and trust. In a way, it was as if time did reverse, even if it wouldn’t last for too long, of course. Once the confusion vanishes, William would go back to hating Hannibal and try to run away from him or fight back.

“I told you I would be there to catch you if you fall.” Hannibal said, slowly scooping William up in us arms.

“Mhm-agh!” The brunette complained softly, “it isn’t necessary to carry me like a child.”

“Oh, really?” Hannibal said, a soft laugh escaping his lips, “tell me, can you walk by yourself right now? Because I wouldn’t recommend such thing after the episode you had.”

“Of course I can!” Will protested and tried to push himself from Hannibal to stand on his feet, only to find out he didn’t have strength enough to push Hannibal even an inch away. “All right, all right. I can’t. You win.” He added, rolling his eyes and sighing in defeat as he crossed his arms over Hannibal’s shoulders to hold himself from the back of the older man’s neck. A slightly smugly grin of satisfaction crossed over Hannibal’s face in response to William’s defeat.

As Will was being carried, he rested his head against the older man’s strong chest, not able to recognize the corridors around him. Not even one single spot of that place looked like Hannibal’s house at all.

“Where are we?” William asked, his eyebrows furrowing in confusion.

“Just another part of my house.” It wasn’t fully a lie. It was a part of Hannibal’s underground house after all.

“Your house is so big. I wonder how people don’t die trying to find the way out.” William said, a small and quiet laugh falling from his mouth as he looks up at Hannibal with big, tired blue eyes.

“Oh, they die trying to find the way out all the time.” Hannibal joked, his little pun holding so much truth within. But in his current state, Will didn’t realize and simply laughed softly in response, still not able to process or remember that Hannibal is The Ripper and that that joke was indeed much darker than he thinks.

The young empath snuggled a bit more between Hannibal’s arms in search for warmth, feeling his own body cold as ice and not able to stop himself from shivering. He usually hates whenever Hannibal happens to carry him like he did when he injured his ankle. But right now he felt way too weak and cold to complain, and to be honest, the warmth was more than welcomed. Poor man, if he only knew where he was and with whom.

“I feel so… confused. As if I was drugged or something. Even the colors look distorted. My body feels weak, soft, like... Jell-O. Now that I realize, everything feels too soft. ” Will whispered, frowning in confusion.

“Don’t worry. It’s completely normal after such fever. You’ll feel better soon.”

“Good thing you’re a doctor.” Will said, closing his eyes as he smiled subtly. “Shouldn’t we go to a hospital anyways? Something like that?” he added, opening his eyes once more to look up at Hannibal.

“Nonsense. I have everything you could possibly need right here.” Hannibal said as they reached the bedroom he had prepared for him.

William turned his head to look at the bedroom. The decoration didn’t look like the rest of Hannibal’s house at all. It was a very simple bedroom. The walls seemed to be of shinny metal, as well as the ceiling, the surface so perfect it reflected everything as the most clean mirrors. The bed had long posts of metal too that went all the way up to the roof, dark-red bedsheets made of silk and black velvet pillows were on the large mattress. The room had no windows at all, no TV, no details to give the place some sort of warmth visually speaking. There was a bathroom at one side, a wardrobe, two chairs and a small table, but not much beyond that. It was mostly like a luxurious prison cell with isolating sound thick walls, perfect for Hannibal’s plans.

“Minimalism really saves a lot of money in decoration, huh?” the brunette joked.

“And space as well.” Hannibal added with a soft chuckle, pacing towards the bed to place William down on the mattress, helping the empath sitting at the edge of the bed before moving to the wardrobe.

“I feel like everything is spinning.” Will said and rubbed his forehead. He tried to reach his feet to take off his shoes, feeling the room around him spinning even faster like a carousel out of control, “I’m… dizzy.” He trailed the words and stopped his attempt of taking of his shoes.

“Don’t move or you will throw up.”

“But I need to take my shoes off. They are like pools. I have to take them off, they're freezing my feet. And my clothes too once you leave.”

“Nonsense. I’m a doctor, Will. I’ll do it for you.”

Will swallowed hard, an odd knot tying up at his stomach and moving around like butterfly wings, a gentle blush appearing on his pale face giving his skin at least a little bit of warmth.

“N-no. I’m fine. I can stand the wet clothes.”

“Really? An episode like the one you had might leave your body weak as it is right now for many hours. Remaining in wet clothes for that long will get you sick. You’re wearing heavy materials, they’ll take quite a few hours to dry up by themselves. Do you want to end up with hypothermia or pneumonia, Will?” Hannibal said as he reached for dry clothes and towels in the wardrobe.

“I guess not.” William whispered very quietly as he looked down at the wrinkles in his still slightly wet fingertips.

Hannibal walked to the bed, holding the towels and the dry clothes, placing them on the mattress before kneeling on the floor in front of William. Will’s blush intensified a bit and he turned his head to a side in a futile attempt to hide his flushed cheeks.

Such an adorable shade of pink you have on that delightful face, precious boy.

Dr. Lecter gently held one of Will’s feet to remove one shoe and then the other one followed by the very wet socks. The empath’s feet were insanely cold as if he had been walking barefoot in the snow. Hannibal held them for a moment, warming them up a little bit with his hands, enjoying the very soft skin against his palms. The psychiatrist took off only William’s shoes and socks and the brunette already felt quite exposed.

“I hate this.” William whispered under his breath, mostly to himself, his blue-greyish eyes still avoiding Hannibal’s.

“I know.” Hannibal said and smiled softly.

“I still feel so confused,” William said whilst Hannibal’s hand gripped the waistline of the brunette’s sweater, pulling it upwards, “like, I can’t remember the last day. Can’t remember how or why did I come here.” He added.

“It’s all right,” the psychiatrist said, removing William’s wet sweater and tossing it over one of the chairs next to them, “you will remember.” He promised.

“I hope so, even if I feel like there’s something inside my head, something hidden in a very dark place… something I feel like I don’t want to remember.” William whispered and licked his cold lips, trying to warm them up. Hannibal started unbuttoning the brunette’s shirt from the top and William started undoing the buttons from above, his numb fingers too clumsy to do it properly but he felt too useless letting Hannibal do all the job. William’s chest felt so cold against Hannibal’s warmer hands, the difference of temperature making the empath shiver ever so slightly.

“Past feels real only when we remember it. Otherwise, is a well-crafted fairytale. You, Will, you don’t chase fairytales. Not the modern ones at least. Maybe the kind of fairytales the Grimm brothers used to write are more akin to the ones you chase. Stories full of blood, death and wolves chasing little red ridding hoods. No matter how dark the corner in which those memories hide, I’m sure you’ll find your way into that darkness.”

“I guess I can’t ran from it. Can I?”

“That depends on how much you enjoy being chased.”

For unknown reasons, those words sent shivers down the poor empath’s spine, feeling small like a weak rabbit in front of the big bad wolf… just like little red ridding hood. He bit the inside of his cheek and thought for a moment, another shiver hitting his body as Hannibal started peeling the wet shirt from his very cold torso. Oh, how he hated how small and helpless he felt at that moment.

Oh, how much Hannibal loved how small and helpless William looked at that moment.

“And what do you chase for, Dr. Lecter?”

“Me?” Hannibal said, tossing the wet shirt over the chair. His eyes caressed William’s stomach and chest slowly, reaching his neck, his plump lips and finally those big blue jewels, making William feel devoured by those eyes alone. “I chase for every delight this world has to offer.” He said, a soft smile tugging at his lips.

“Well, you certainly cook quite a few delights yourself, Dr. Lecter.”

“Call me conceited,” Hannibal chuckled softly, “but I wouldn't argue that.” He said, the statement having more than just one meaning.

“I think nobody would dare to argue that.” Will said with a small, polite smile.

Hannibal’s hand reached the waistline of Will’s pants, a soft gasp slipping past the younger male’s lips as he shuddered slightly at the feeling of those strong, warm hands against his lower abdomen.

“P-please… let me… do it.” The empath said, another blush crawling at his cheeks.

“Be my guest.” Hannibal whispered in that soft, velvety, deep voice, retrieving his hands to allow the younger man unzip his pants.

“Thanks.” William said, unzipping his pants and pulling them down just a little, trying to lift his hips to take them off but failing as his arm was still shaking and too weak to hold up his own weight. “Fuck…” he whispered under his breath.

“Here, let me help you.” Hannibal said, wrapping an arm around the other’s waist, “Hold on to me.” The psychiatrist said and William obeyed, wrapping his arms around the older male’s neck to hold himself as Hannibal lifted him up a little with his arm, his free hand gripping the fabrics of the brunette’s pants to pull them down. The cold air hit William’s now bare thighs, making him shiver slightly because of the chill. His blush turned so much deeper, feeling way

too exposed as the psychiatrist pulled the pants down, tossing them over the chair too once he took them off from Will's legs.

"I know you hate this, but I have to take your underwear off too." Hannibal said.

"Don't."

"Will…"

"Don't."

"For God's sake, Will, don't be so stubborn."

"I said 'don't'."

Silence filled the room for a couple of seconds, both men locking eyes with each other as if silently challenging a duel, blue narrowed eyes staring at narrowed dark ones intently.

"What a capricious thing you are." Hannibal whispered, the soft yet father-like tone that sounded somehow teasingly sending goosebumps over William's skin, "I'll close my eyes and place a towel over your hips as I dry you and dress you up. All right?" the psychiatrist added.

"Do I have any other choice?"

"No."

Fuck my life. Why can't I just feel okay already and get dress myself?

Seriously… fuck my life.

"Okay," William breathed out, closing his eyes and sighing in defeat, "do it." He added and then opened his eyes to make sure the doctor won't look at him, "But close your eyes."

"You do realize how childish it is to ask a doctor to close his eyes, don't you? I've seen thousands of naked bo-"

"J-just… shut up and close your eyes." William interrupted.

"Okay." Hannibal said, chuckling hoarsely and softly before closing his eyes. He felt quite amused by it, humored by William's behavior and delighted with his shyness. But that humored mood washed away and got replaced by something different as he blindly reached for Will's waist, his hands slowly caressing way down the empath's sides to search for the waistband of the other's underwear. He could feel how much William began shivering, suspecting it wasn't just because of the cold anymore. And, to be honest, William was beginning to regret telling Hannibal to close his eyes. The man had to search blindly, guided by just his fingertips, making the whole thing much more intimate, slow… soft.

Shit.

Maybe it was because the closeness and the nature of what they were doing, or maybe it was just the drugs in his system. Either way, William felt the world spinning madly around him and he had to help onto Hannibal's shoulders as the other man kept undressing him.

Hannibal's fingers gripped the other's boxers' waistband, pulling down perhaps a bit slower than necessary, feeling how smoothly the fabrics slid over that very soft skin, feeling how William's member popped out of the underwear as he pulled them down, hearing a slightly loud gasp coming from William's lips. With his eyes closed, Hannibal couldn't see the deep blush burning Will's face, but even without seeing him, he knew the brunette was a flushed mess.

Shit… Shit. Shit. Shit. Shit. Why does it has to be so slow?

Hannibal's hands cupped the sides of William's bare thighs, moving his hands way down along the soft, silk-like skin inch-meal, a tiny, breathy sound escaping William's mouth as Lecter's palms brushed the soft canvas of William's legs.

Soft as a feather. Innocent as an angel. Exquisite lamb.

"Hurry up." William whispered.

"Sure." Hannibal said, his hands moving just a little faster until he took off William's underwear completely, ending with the torture.

The older male dropped William's underwear, his hand blindly reaching for one of the towels to place it over the other's groin to cover him before opening his eyes to finally see that very deep and angry-red shade coloring the empath's cheeks. And Hannibal couldn't help but chuckle softly, one corner of his lips slightly more curled up, forming a rather wicked smirk.

"At this moment, I hate you." William murmured, almost pouting.

"How cruel and rude of you." Hannibal teased in a whisper that sounded so smooth, almost erotic. Will's lips parted ever so slightly, the psychiatrist's voice not helping at all with easing the mad blush over his face. "At least your face isn't cold ice as the rest of you, is it?"

"And you dare call me cruel an rude?"

"Indeed." Hannibal said, reaching for another towel to dry William up, caressing the delicate skin gently to collect the water over the brunette, taking his time as if he had nothing to do at all but to worship that body with that damn towel. Oh, how deeply William hated him right now.

"Why do you take care of me so much?" William asked, tilting his head with curiosity readable in his blue jewels.

“Why wouldn’t I? I enjoy your company as your doctor and as your friend. We take care of the things we care about, don’t we? Otherwise, it would be a contradiction.”

The words Dr. Lecter uttered made the empath blink a few times. Did Hannibal care about him? Why would he?

“Y-you… care about me?” William asked, a very confused frown on his face.

“Of course I do.” Hannibal answered, not even a single trace of hesitation or falsehood in his voice nor in his dark eyes that fixed on William’s, looking deep and intently into those oceans that seemed not to blink at all at that moment.

He… cares about me. Hannibal cares about me.

Poor William… if he could only remember already.

Once Hannibal finished drying William up, he grabbed from the bed the new pair of dark-blue boxers he bought for the empath days ago, taking the tag from the fabrics in front of William’s eyes so he would know it was a new pair in all sense of the word.

“Close your eyes again.”

“Sure.” Hannibal said and closed his eyes.

Dr. Lecter’s hand reached for the towel covering William’s groin, placing it at a side before slipping one of the brunette’s legs in the boxers and then the other one, gently pulling the fabrics way up -again, slightly slower than necessary- until the waistband of the underwear reached the brunette’s hips. As soon as Hannibal opened his eyes, his pupils were greeted by another blush spreading over William’s porcelain face.

“You blush ever so easily.”

“Thank you for noticing.” William said in a rather sarcastic manner, rolling his eyes but blushing even more nonetheless.

“You’re welcome.” Hannibal teased, a small smirk tugging at his lips. “Since you need rest, I think it’s better to wear just some pajama pants, don’t you think?” he added.

“Yeah, I guess so.” William said, not precisely thrilled by the idea of being half naked around Hannibal, but in a way, he felt beyond humiliation already, so he didn’t complain, not verbally at least since his face showed how not-thrilled he was.

Hannibal began putting the pajama pants on Will, who felt another wave of dizziness hit him.

“I feel like I’m on a damn boat.”

“You’ll feel better soon. I promise.” Hannibal said whilst William tightened his grip on the psychiatrist’s shoulders for more stability. Hannibal pulled the fabrics way up until William was dressed from the waist down, giving the poor empath some of his dignity back. The fine fabrics felt so soft against Will’s skin, the blue silky material making his pale skin look almost white as delicate snow.

“I’m going to change myself. I’m starting to feel too cold myself.” Hannibal said and stood up, “I’ll be right ba-…”

“Wait.” The empath interrupted the other, stopping Hannibal from walking away by grabbing one of his wrists.

“Yes?” Hannibal said, tilting his head to a side and raising an eyebrow ever so slightly.

William tilted his head as well, frowning a little as he looks at Hannibal intently, silence filling the room for a couple of seconds.

The marks on Hannibal’s face were there all along since William hit him in the face again and again, but now that the drugs started to metabolize a little, William finally noticed that the doctor whom always looks perfect had some bruises, small wounds and even a little bit of blood on his face.

What happened? Why is his face like that?

Did something worse than just a fever and convulsions happened?

“Your face…” William whispered slowly, “Y-you look like you had a fight.”

“I wouldn’t call it a fight.” Hannibal said. And he wasn’t precisely lying. He allowed William to hit him, let him release some of his anger and take it all on his face deliberately. That’s bit precisely a fight, is it?

“Then… what happened?” William asked quietly, one corner of Hannibal’s lips tugging up ever so slightly, subtle as a whisper in a music concert.

“You were out of control. I had to stop you.”

Did I... hit Hannibal?

William swallowed loudly and parted his lips, gasping a little as he didn’t know precisely what to say at first.

“I’m s-so sorry. I didn’t mean to. I don’t remember hitting you.”

“It’s all right, Will. Of course you don’t remember. Don’t worry. Soon all the memories will come back to you. Now, if you excuse me, I’ll change myself.” Hannibal said, looking down

at William's hand still wrapped around his wrist.

"Oh… sorry." The brunette said and released the older male's arm. Hannibal offered a small smile and nodded before grabbing the clothes and the towel from the bed, heading towards the bathroom that was connected to the bedroom, closing the door behind him once he was at the bathroom.

Why can't I remember? I need to remember.

Let's see. What's the last thing I remember?

Will's mind was a mess, as if whispered echoes kept mixing with other whispered echoes. But he knew there was something very important he had to remember, something that for a reason made him feel a tight knot at his throat whenever he tries to recreate the most recent past.

I remember… everything was red.

Why was everything red? How did it turn red and why?

There was a woman screaming…

Why?

William's thoughts got interrupted as Hannibal stepped out of the bathroom, dressed with dark-red pajama pants made of fine silk that wrapped his hips just perfectly, part of his v-line exposed. His torso was completely naked, his muscles bulging up and relaxing as he walked towards the bed. His hair was still slightly wet, a few silvery locks cascading over his forehead. The sight alone made William feel as if someone just turned on the heat, nervous as he pondered that perhaps Hannibal would want to sleep in the same bed with him to control his state or something. Maybe the fact that William got so nervous all of the sudden was what made the empath miss the stitches at Hannibal's right shoulders, the stitches that fixed the shooting and stabbing wound William himself created.

"A-are you… sleeping here too?" William stammered.

"That depends."

"On?"

"Many things." Hannibal said, sitting on the right side of the bed, "Hope the fact that I sleep with just pants doesn't bother you. I usually sleep as God brought me." He added, pulling the bedsheets a little more over his lap and softly patted the mattress as if indicating William to sit next to him, "Come. You need to rest."

"I… but-…"

"I promise I don't bite." Such a curious promise coming from the lips of a cannibal.

"I feel better. I'm sure the fever is go-…"

“Will,” Hannibal interrupted the nervous empath, “we already shared a bed before, remember?”

“Y-yeah… maybe that’s the problem.” He said rather sarcastically, his blue eyes suddenly avoiding Hannibal’s, “It wasn’t exactly what I would call a normal night.”

“You had your doubts that night. That’s all. You don’t have them anymore. There’s nothing to worry about, Will.”

But were the doubts gone? Or did William still feared he might feel attracted to his psychiatrist?

“I-…” the empath tried to complain again.

“Come and have some rest or you will force me to stand up and lay you down like a child if you don’t act like an adult.”

Shit.

Another gentle blush creeper over Will’s face as he swallowed again.

William hated the words Hannibal said, hated the patronizing yet somehow teasing and playful tone of his voice, that strong authoritarianism tangling at the undertones of his voice. He hated it, but it also made him feel weird in a way he couldn’t describe, almost tingly, a strange feeling spreading in his stomach like when someone is having a bad feeling or about to have a date.

“Then I’m the one being called ‘rude’.” William murmured, slowly crawling over the bed, cursing his dizziness until he reached the spot Hannibal patted before. He laid down, resting on his back over the very soft mattress. Hannibal pulled from the blankets, covering William and himself as he laid down as well but on his side so he could face the empath.

“I’m having like… flashbacks.” William whispered.

“Flashbacks…” Hannibal repeated Will’s words, “how are those flashbacks, Will?”

“Red. Everything turns read after something explodes. I don’t know what explodes. I can’t see it. I can only hear it.”

“Your mind is slowly filling the empty spaces. Tell me, how do you feel when everything turns red?”

“Like… time and space shattered. As if the very end came with the rage of a thunder, breaking the sky in half. Like… an emptiness filled with so much madness, but that madness devours it all, leaves a void at my chest. My heart feels eaten, digested… but I don’t know why. And the only thing left is pain, madness, and the need of something I don't know what it is, but it scares me."

“Why do you think you were left in madness and sorrow? What made you feel that way, Will?”

William bit down his lower lip and laid on his side as well to look at Hannibal, resting part of his weight on an elbow and his face on his palm.

“I think… something was taken away from me. Something important.” William felt the sorrow, felt a sadness he couldn’t understand, but had no idea where did it come from. “How can I forget something important?”

“Do you trust me?”

“Yes.” William said, but as soon as he uttered that word, he felt it was the wrong answer. He frowned in confusion but didn’t take back his answer. Why would it be the wrong answer anyway?

“Close your eyes.” Hannibal said and William obeyed, “Remember you’re not alone. No matter how far you go to try to remember, you’re not alone in this room,” The psychiatrist said, grabbing one of Will’s hand and placing it flat over his bare chest to let the other feel his heartbeats, “I’m here.” He added in a soft whisper.

“Okay.”

“Breathe with me. Match your breathing with mine. Slow. Deep.” Hannibal said, leaning a little closer to William as he breathed very slow and calmly. William's breathing tried to match Hannibal’s, breathing slower with each inhalation and exhalation, their breaths mixing in a warm, intoxicating breeze, “Yes, just like that.”

William did match Hannibal’s breathing, but definitely not his heartbeats. Hannibal’s heart was beating so slow and calm under William’s palm, the physical contact making William’s own heart beat faster than it should. But he was glad Dr. Lecter told him to close his eyes though. Having his eyes open and so close to his face would’ve made it all worse.

“Imagine that color. Imagine a red color exploding in front of you, spreading, staining your clothes, leaking into your skin and filling you within. Breathe the red in, feel it coloring your mind.” Hannibal whispered in the smoothest of voices, soft as velvet, as the breeze of spring.

William started imagining the color, seeing it all around him and leaking into him like poison, his heart beating faster and faster by the second. Hannibal gazed at his carotid and saw how fast his heart rate was, “I’m here.” Hannibal reminded in a whisper, tightening his grip around William’s wrist to press the brunette’s palm more against his chest as some sort of grounding method.

“I hear a woman screaming...” William murmured ever so quietly, frowning as if trying to remember pained him.

“Words?”

“No, not words… She screams in pain… and fear.” William whispered, his breathing hitching up a little. Hannibal leaned even a little closer, his lips just a few inches away from William’s. Even if the empath couldn’t see Hannibal with his eyes closed, he knew the man was too close to him.

“What pains her, Will? What scares her?”

“I… I don’t know.”

“What comes first? The screams or the explosion?”

William began panting softly against Hannibal’s lips, frowning and moving his eyes from left to right behind his eyelids as he tries to remember.

“The screams.” William said, feeling a very tight knot at his throat. “Once the explosion comes, she stops screaming.”

“Why?”

William tried to go deeper in his mind, panting more and more, deeper and faster. Cold sweat formed on his forehead even when he had no fever now, feeling as if tears were coming from his throat and traveling all the way up to get closer to his eyes.

“Why, Will? Why does she stops screaming?”

William started panting quite loudly now, his hit breath brushing Hannibal’s parted lips. The older man’s predatory eyes fell on those plump lips breathing fast as if tuning a marathon. How exquisite, how utterly tempting his lamb was.

“Can you remember, Will?”

Silence filled the room as William opened his eyes, his breath caught in his throat as tears welled up in his blue and now very glossy orbs.

“Because she’s dead.” William cried out as if remembering pained him, thick tears finally cascading from his eyes. His fingers sank a little at Hannibal’s chest as if trying to hold on to something as his porcelain face contorted into the most pained expression the empath had ever shown, “Alana is dead!” he cried out, his voice broken as Dr. Bloom’s chests, “She’s dead. She’s dead. She’s dead. She’s dead.-…” The empath started repeating frantically, turning into a shaky, crying mess as he practically yelled the words at Hannibal’s face, some of drool falling down his lips as PTSD wrapped around his neck like a snake. Hannibal crossed one arm under William and the other over him, wrapping both arms around the broken empath, pulling him against his bare chest to hold him tight but gentle. William buried his face and cried his soul out, spilling it along with all the pain over Hannibal’s soft, strong chest.

“Shhh…” Hannibal whispered as if calming a child as he rocked William softly between his arms, “It’s all right. You can go through this, you can recover, come back together.”

“She’s dead… dead… Dead. Dead. Dead…” The empath repeated and wrapped an arm around Hannibal, tangling his fingers at the older male’s soft locks as if he feared Lecter would pull away and leave him all alone in that empty, black tunnel of suffering, in that throat that swallowed him and pulled him down into pain and madness.

Hannibal was thrilled by how broken the empath was, by how he needed to grip on his hair for comfort like a needy child, pulling from his hair ever so slightly. Hannibal's hand caressed William's bare back, soft as petals and warm as summer sunrays. The empath pulled his face away from Hannibal's chest to breath, his arm tightening around the psychiatrist as he tested his chin on the older male's shoulder, biting down hard on his bottom lip to try and hush his loud sobs a little.

"I'll help you through this. You're not alone Will. You don't have to be alone ever again." The words were… strange. But soothing. And somehow, they managed to make the very hurt empath feel at least a little better, even if just a small, tiny bit.

William moved his face to slowly look at Hannibal, his face so close from the older male's one now. Lecter looked at those plump lips, noticing a string of blood over the soft bottom lip.

"Don't do that." Hannibal whispered, moving one hand to cup William's face, one thumb gently crossing over the brunette's bloody lip, "Hurting yourself like that isn't going to help you." He whispered so, so close from Will's lips as he moved his thumb away from the empath's mouth, caressing his cheek instead and staining it with the crimson liquid.

"I…d-don't..." William whispered, hiccupping due to all the crying, his face shimmering with the wetness of his tears, "I don't want to-" another hiccup interrupted him, "be alone. Would y-you stay with me, Dr. Lecter?"

Hannibal caressed William's face, spreading a little more of the empath's blood over his very soft cheek. The most genuine smile formed on Hannibal's face once he heard William's question, his dark, golden eyes teetering from the brunette's big, blue eyes to those plum and very inviting lips, leaning closer until less than an inch separated their lips. Hannibal could feel the warmth of William's lips that were painfully close to his, his heart beating faster as the only thing Hannibal can think of is kissing that man. He didn't even think about why does he wants such thing right now nor why would he even want anyone's kiss for real, finding himself too lost in the moment he was living, too lost in William's exquisite weakness and suffering.

"Would you st-stay with… me?" William stuttered between soft sobs, fear welling up within him as Hannibal still didn't replied to his question.

Hannibal exhaled hotly and smiled in such a soft way, a very peculiar light glimpsing through the darkness of his eyes.

"Where else would I go?" Hannibal breathed out, feeling as if with those words he'd just confessed something not even he understood. His heart skipped a beat as he anticipated the exquisite taste of the epiphany those lips would offer them once he feels them, once he finally allows himself to act on those needs he won't admit. Hannibal's hand went to cup William's nape so slowly, tangling his fingers in those messy curls as he breaths in though his mouth, Hannibal's prominent upper lip brushing William's soft, plump bottom one. William closed his eyes and Hannibal closed his, the psychiatrist feeling as if he had all the right to touch heaven and change it at his will, as if he could burst into million moths to navigate the skies. Lecter parted his lips to finally give in and kiss the man his lips crave for so much.

But fate and circumstances had other plans.

“You…” William breathed out, pulling his lips away from Hannibal’s only an inch. The empath’s cheeks were flushed in such a deep pink, his eyes hooded and lips glossy and inviting as sweet candy, “You knew.” He said so slowly, frowning and narrowing his eyes as he pierces Hannibal’s dark ones with his gaze. “You knew she was dead. You weren’t surprised.”

“Yes, Will. I knew.” Hannibal said, his hand cupping Will’s face once more, caressing the empath as if he were made of crystal.

“You asked me what came first. If the explosion or the screams. You…” William whispered, pulling away from Hannibal’s touch and moving away from him slowly, creating more space between them on the bed, “You wanted me to remember.” He murmured, more fresh tears welling up in his wide open eyes. His lips parted as if he’s just been stabbed, a million images, words and feelings kicking in as he slowly begins to remember the hell he’s been put into, the hell Hannibal crafted for him and only him.

“You killed her.” Will’s words slipped from his stormy and clouded unconscious and fell directly into reality just like that, every phoneme rumbling in the air like a funeral drum, destroying with its melody every fantasy, every trace and promise of happiness, every feature of his calm and sanity.

A very dark, sinister and predatory grin formed in Hannibal’s face and the fight-or-die instinct kicked in the empath’s body, giving him back quite a lot of his strength. William lifted his own weight on his hand to try and jump from the bed, only to be grabbed and stopped by Hannibal that had just reached William’s wrist, gripping it firmly and pulling from it, making William lose his balance and fell back on the bed. William fell on his back and Hannibal straddled the empath’s lap, the older man’s knees down on the mattress at each side of the brunette’s hips. The bigger male held the younger one’s wrists down against the bed, leaning his face closer to Will’s, a cold yet feral expression spread on the psychiatrist’s face as he looked deep into those blue, stormy jewels.

“I told you that you would remember, and I told you that I would catch you.” Dr. Lecter said.

“Let me go!” William yelled and clenched his jaw and tried to jerk away from Hannibal’s grip.

“Ah~ yes…” Hannibal breathed out and closed his eyes as he parted his lips as if pleasure has taken control over his features. William growled in response for the sight only angered him. Hannibal lowered his face, leaning closer to the empath and breathing out a rather wicked, low chuckle that sent shivers through the empath’s body, “I do love some good wrestling.”

“I said let me go!” William yelled, panting and kicking the air and the mattress in a futile attempt to hit the man above him with his feet.

“I’m afraid you’re not going anywhere, my dear Will. This is your home now. I made this place just for you. Several feet underground and isolated from the world by thick metallic

layers and bricks as walls-No on will find you here unless I want them to. This is your world now, Will, and you're all alone with me." Hannibal whispered close to Will's mouth.

William's panting brushed Lecter's face until the empath managed to breathe a little slower. He was still very weak to stand a chance in a fight. And even if he had all his strength, Hannibal was still very strong. William needed a plan, and plans require time. Even if he hated to admit it, William had to breathe in that psychotic, sick world for some time before finding a way to defeat The Ripper.

"I don't know when or how," William began, raising his head to lean closer to Hannibal, his blue eyes piercing Hannibal's with an angered, strong yet somehow cold gaze, "but I will be the end of you, Hannibal."

"Remarkable boy." Hannibal purred in such a smooth, almost flirtatious way, "Such a brave heart must really taste sweeter than the forbidden fruit itself. A flavor surely worthy of all the effort." Hannibal whispered, gazing down at William's lips as he licks his own.

"I'll bring you down and delight in your starvation." William whispered through clenched teeth.

"You delight in wickedness. Don't berate yourself for the delight later, or would only spoil the taste."

"I don't have your appetite, Hannibal. But I would definitely enjoy watch you twisting and aching for a damn bite, wrapped in chains like the animal you are."

"A prey can't capture a predator. Tell me, Will. For how long have you turned yourself into a mirror to reflect my face in yours? For how long have you been dancing with the Ripper, hidden in the comfort of your unconscious as you waited for me in that ballroom, night after night, dream after dream? If You want to find an animal to wrap chains around his neck so badly, then why don't you find yourself?"

"If I find myself, I'm afraid what I could find might want to eat you alive, Dr. Lecter."

The words reached Hannibal and sent waves of pleasure through the older male's body, as liquid ecstasy dancing within his veins, getting him high with William's intoxicating, sweet and wicked dark side.

"That's my boy. There is nothing I would want more than to help you find yourself, my ravenous lamb."

Chapter End Notes

Hannibal: *thinks* 'too much tension. I'll kiss him. I'll fucking dare to kiss him.
Will: *thinks* 'fuck, I wanna kiss him. I'll close my eyes.'
Will:....
Will: 'nah... I better fuck this up.'
Will: "wait! I remember shitty thing you ever did to me all of the sudden."
Hannibal:....
Hannibal: "You bastard!"
Will: *runs*
Hannibal: "come back and love me!"
Will: "no! I'll kill you, I am the night and will engulf you with my hatred and-..."
Will: *stumbles with nothing at all and falls, crying in gay.* "help me daddy."
Hannibal: *blushes in 50 shades of gay* "right away light of my life, reason to exist, angel of my heart."

No cliffhanger this time. You can't hate me so much if I don't leave a cliffhanger after being absent for so long, can you? XD besides... Hannibal suffered quite a lot in this chapter, and I know how much you like that :3
As always, thank you very much for all the kudos, the hits, everything. Specially the comments since that is what keeps me writing the most <3
Let me know on the comments how are you enjoying or hating this so far.
Also... Let me know any grammar mistake (yep. I said it before xD English isn't my language.)

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!